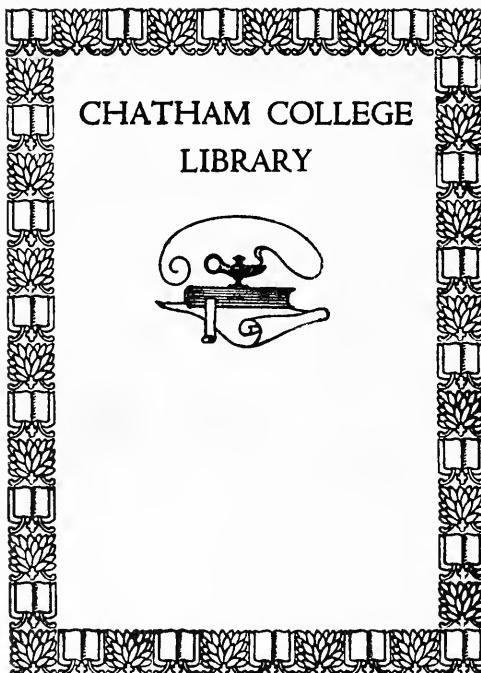


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THE SOROSIS

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Who was so wondrous wise;
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Ask to see our new Gaiter Boot
\$4.50 the pair

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Vol. XXII.

SEPTEMBER, 1915

No. 1

THE RESTORATION OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

Leila Hill, '16

Madeline's china blue eyes stared glassily from her pink and white face. Madeline was being very good, indeed. She wasn't always good when Polly Anne played with her, but today they were having such a wonderful time.

"Now oo be dood," cautioned Polly Anne.

Of course Madeline would be good. She had no notion of stirring from her present position, where she sat propped up against the back fence.

Polly Anne carefully patted and rounded the beautiful, smooth, dark brown pies and cakes. Madeline didn't care a bit if the pies, cookies, bread, and all were made out of one and the same batter. Nor did she mind if she had to pretend that she was eating. For of course a doll would only pretend to eat, anyhow. Polly Anne's baby eyes dwelt fondly on the form of her favorite.

"Oo nice old Madgie," she said absently as she patted away at a choice biscuit. Polly Anne was not clad in the proverbial checked gingham, the conventional uniform for making mud pies. Brown smudges and yellow grass stains spotted her dainty white frock and large holes rudely presented themselves in the symmetrical network of flimsy lace. Polly Anne's mother saw no reason why the child shouldn't wear the "dress up time" frock of the previous evening for morning play. So Polly Anne's bright morning face contrasted strikingly with the soiled elegance of yesterday night.

Although the hour was only nine-thirty, tea was spread on a flat stone and Polly Anne and Madeline were preparing to partake thereof.

When the last cup of water "tea" had been drained and the last morsel of goodies had been thrown behind the hedge, Polly Anne leaned back with a housewifely sigh.

"Oh, dear me, Madeline, now I've all deese dishes to wash! Oo play like a doody girl till I call oo."

And now Polly Anne washed dishes in earnest. She splashed and splashed in the soapy water till the front of her dress was all wet. She pushed the little loose hairs back from off her forehead and her hand ran into the bristling array of "kids" preparing "dress up" curls.

"I know, Madgie, oo must 'ave a hat. The sun will dess spoil oor complexion."

Evidently Madeline had no objections to being hatted. At least her complexion seemed to be a matter of entire indifference, for she still stared blankly. For the fortieth time Polly Anne cautioned her, "Now oo be dood," and set off in quest of a hat.

The sturdy, little legs trudged resolutely down the long lot. Vainly two plump arms stretched for the lowest leaf on the maple tree for it always just evaded the grasp of the mud-stained little fingers. On the other side of the brook the broad, smooth grape-vine leaves lifted their faces toward her. Polly Anne looked from them to the narrow plank that spanned the little brook. They were such beautiful, smooth, green leaves. Madeline would so love a hat of them. Cautiously one square-toed shoe placed itself on the plank, then another, then below her shone the shallow muddy water. Polly Anne hardly dared to breathe till she was racing across the high grass on the other side. Such a love of a hat as she did fashion—beautiful, big grapevine leaves with little sprigs of wild mustard and ribbon grass streamers!

"Now dis does here, and dis ober here," Polly Anne kept murmuring to herself.

At last she held it up, poised gracefully on four short fingers. Slowly she retraced her steps to the plank and started over. Never once did she allow her eyes to wander from Madeline's beautiful grapevine hat. But suddenly she was ruthlessly aroused from her silent adoration. Midway on the plank, with one foot poised wobbly before and one behind, she was arrested by the rude words:

"Halt! Give the pass word."

Polly Anne raised her baby eyes to two flashing grey ones peering out from under brother Billie's pale yellow hair.

"A-a-h, Billie, oo let me do past."

Polly Anne's voice quavered already.

"Not without the pass word."

"A-a-h, Billie, I don't know," choked Polly Anne.

"Retreat," ruthlessly shouted the soldier.

"I tan't."

There were real tears in Polly Anne's voice as she held aloft the beautiful hat and vainly tried to twist her head around to peer at the dizzy distance behind her.

"Then you're captured," joyfully shouted the young hero as he shouldered the clothes-prop lance. "Advance."

So Polly Anne was forced to follow, still clutching resolutely at Madeline's hat.

"A-a-h, Billie, oo let me do; Madgie and me, we're playin' house over by de date."

A sudden light flashed into Billie's eyes.

"I'll let you go if you'll play war with me."

"How do oo play war?"

"Oh, I'm the French Revolution an' all them burdocks over there, them's the enemy and I'm a-goin' to kill 'em all."

Billy's voice rose eagerly as he explained the situation. It didn't appeal to Polly Anne. Her lower lip began to protrude dangerously.

"I don't want to play no war. I want Madgie."

"I ain't a-goin' to let you go. You're my prisoner. But I tell you what, Polly!" Billie had a wonderful idea, "Madeline can play, too."

Polly Anne was rather doubtful, but the presence of Madeline would be consoling. Weakly she consented and Billie galloped off to bring the other captive.

Polly Anne's tongue clave to the roof of her mouth and her throat was dry as parchment as she saw Billie galloping back with Madeline flung over his shoulder, held only by a slippered foot.

Billie was all out of breath and excited as he came to a prouncing standstill. He had another wonderful idea.

"Oh, Polly! I know what you 'n me 'll do. We'll play Madeline's that queen that was in the war. What's 'er name?"

Billie was balked. He rubbed his head with conscious effort and gaped blankly heavenward.

"A-a-h, it was Marie—Marie—somethin', I think; I can't remember."

Then, after another interval of vain coaxing at illusive memory he had a thought.

"Mary, Queen of Scots! That's it—at least that's one that got her head cut off. an' we'll play that that's it, anyhow."

"Billie, dot her head cut off!"

Polly Anne looked anxiously at Madeline, who was now reclining peacefully in her arms.

"A-a-h, that's just like a girl! We're only playin', you know."

This satisfied Polly Anne, so she delivered Madeline over to the tender mercies of the "French Revolution."

"Now, I'll put her over there on the other side of them burdocks and then kill them all and get her and then execute her, see!"

Polly Anne didn't exactly see, but she was submissive.

"Now you're my prisoner, an' you sit right down here."

She settled herself resignedly in the assigned spot to await developments. But Billie's enemy seemed hard to conquer. Foot by foot he beat every unresisting burdock into juicy, pulpy nothingness before he advanced. By the time that the last brave defender had dropped from the side of his queen, Polly Anne's round pink cheek was resting softly on a dirt-smeared arm and she smiled softly in her sleep. With a shout of triumph the brave warrior flung his captive over his shoulder and marched her off to execution.

Half an hour later Billie, engaged in making a shield, was nailing strips of the old awning across a square board. The steady "knock, knock" of the hammer penetrated the semi-consciousness of Polly Anne's nap. She stirred restlessly, then rubbed her head. The stiff "kids" were very uncomfortable to lie on. Polly Anne sat up and looked about for Madeline.

"Where'd Madgie do?" she asked herself aloud. She looked over at Billie, then got up and looked around. Over by the pump she caught sight of Madeline's red dress. She hurried towards her, but what a sad sight met her gaze! Poor Madeline lay upon the wooden pump platform, face downward, or rather front of body down, for there, two feet from the discarded body, lay the head, with

china-blue eyes still staring glassily from the pink and white face.

Polly Anne looked once, she stood stalk-still, as if paralyzed, for one moment, then her two chubby hands flew to her face and the salt tears accompanied by loud sobs flowed freely.

Billie looked up from his shield-making. He slipped his left arm through the awning strips on the wood and with leveled lance came prancing to the aid of the lady in distress.

Polly Anne looked up when she saw him.

"Oo did it," she accused, and a new flood reinforced the quieted one. Poor Madeline, her favorite! Lilly was lots bigger, but she was too hard. Madeline's nice kid body was so cuddly and her smooth, china head was so nice and cool and not all over woolly hair to get into your mouth when you took her to bed at night.

"A-a-h, never mind, Polly. You see Mary, Queen of Scots, she did git her head cut off and I had to do it."

But there was nothing very consoling in that.

"Oo, big, bad Billie, I'm doin' to tell mamma on oo, I am."

Polly gathered up Madeline's head and body in a fond embrace. Billy foresaw trouble.

"Say, Polly Anne; I kin fix her if you won't tell."

Polly Anne's face began to look hopeful immediately.

"Tin oo, Billie?"

"Sure! Honest you won't tell?"

"Honest," swore Polly Anne, solemnly.

That night Polly Anne cuddled a restored Madeline to her heart. What matter if there was such an awful smell of glue about her and if mother said, "Dolly must be cold—you have her all tied up around the neck!" It was the same old Madgie.

THE LESSON OF EVIL

Louise Kindl, '17

Unrest and pain and sorrow are the shadows of life. There is no heart in all the world that has not felt the sting of pain, no mind that has not been tossed upon the dark waters of trouble, no eye that has not wept the hot, binding tears of unspeakable anguish. There is no household where the great destroyers—disease and

death—have not entered, severing heart from heart and casting over all the dark pall of sorrow. In the strong and apparently indestructible meshes of evil all are more or less fast caught, and pain, unhappiness, and misfortune wait upon mankind.

With the object of escaping, or of in some way mitigating this overshadowing gloom, men and women rush blindly into innumerable devices, pathways by which they fondly hope to enter into a happiness which will not pass away. Such are the drunkard and the harlot, who revel in sensual excitement; such is the exclusive aesthete, who shuts himself out from the sorrows of the world and surrounds himself with enervating luxuries; such is he who thirsts for wealth or fame, and subordinates all things to the achievement of that object; and such are they who seek consolation in the performance of religious rites.

And to all, the happiness sought seems to come, and the soul, for a time, is lulled into a sweet security and an intoxicating forgetfulness of the existence of evil; but the day of disease comes at last, or some great sorrow, temptation or misfortune breaks suddenly in on the unfortified soul, and the fabric of its fancied happiness is torn to shreds.

The poor man chafes under the chains of poverty by which he is bound and the rich man often lives in fear of poverty, or scours the world in search of an elusive shadow he calls happiness. Sometimes the soul feels that it has found a secure peace and happiness in adopting a certain religion; in embracing an intellectual philosophy; or in the building up of an intellectual or artistic ideal—but some overpowering temptation proves the religion to be inadequate or insufficient; the theoretical philosophy is found to be a useless prop; or in a moment, the idealistic statue upon which one has for years been laboring is shattered to the ground.

Is there, then, no way of escape from pain and sorrow? Are there no means by which the bonds of evil may be broken? Are permanent happiness, secure prosperity and abiding peace a foolish dream? No, there is a way by which evil can be slain forever; there is a process by which disease, poverty, or any adverse condition or circumstance can be put on one side never to return; there is a method by which a permanent prosperity can be secured, free from all fear of the return of adversity, and there is a practice by which

unbroken and unending peace and bliss can be partaken of and realized. And the beginning of the way which leads to this glorious realization is the acquirement of a right understanding of the nature of evil.

It is not sufficient to deny or ignore evil; it must be understood. It is not enough to pray to God to remove the evil; you must find out why it is there and what lesson it has for you. It is of no avail to fret and fume and chafe at the chains which bind you; you must know why and how you are bound. Therefore, you must get outside yourself, and must begin to examine and understand yourself. You must cease to be a disobedient child in the school of experience, and must begin to learn, with humility and patience, the lessons that are set for your edification and ultimate perfection; for evil, when rightly understood, is found to be, not an unlimited power or principle in the universe, but a passing phase of human experience, and it, therefore, becomes a teacher to those who are willing to learn. Evil is not an abstract something outside yourself; it is an experience in your own heart and by patiently examining and rectifying your heart you will be gradually led into the discovery of the origin and nature of evil, which will necessarily be followed by its complete eradication.

All evil is corrective and remedial, and is, therefore, not permanent. It is rooted in ignorance, ignorance of the true nature and relation of things, and so long as we remain in that state of ignorance we remain subject to evil. There is no evil in the universe which is not the result of ignorance and which would not, if we were ready and willing to learn its lesson, lead us to higher wisdom, and then vanish away. But men remain in evil, and it does not pass away because men are not willing or prepared to learn the lesson which it came to teach them. I heard of a child who, every night when its mother took it to bed, cried to be allowed to play with the candle; and one night, when the mother was off guard for a moment, the child took hold of the candle and burnt itself; after that the child never wished to play with the candle again. By its one foolish act it learned the lesson of obedience, and entered into the knowledge that fire burns. And this incident is a complete illustration of the nature, meaning, and ultimate result of all sins and evil. As the child suffered through its own ignorance of the real nature of fire,

so older children suffer through their ignorance of the real nature of the things which they weep for and strive after and which harm them after they are secured; the only difference being that in the latter case the ignorance and evil are more deeply rooted and obscure.

Evil has always been symbolized by darkness, and Good by light, and hidden within the symbol is contained the perfect interpretation, the reality; for, just as light always floods the universe, and darkness is only a mere speck or shadow cast by a small body intercepting a few rays of the illimitable light, so the Light of the Supreme Good is the positive and life-giving power which floods the universe, and evil the insignificant shadow cast by the self that intercepts and shuts off the illuminating rays which strive for entrance. When night folds the world in its black, impenetrable mantle, no matter how dense the darkness, it covers but the small space of half our little planet, while the whole universe is ablaze with living light, and every soul knows that it will awake in the light in the morning. Know, then, that when the dark night of sorrow, pain or misfortune settles down upon your soul, and you stumble along with weary, uncertain steps, that you are merely intercepting your own personal desire between yourself and the boundless light of joy and bliss, and the dark shadow that covers you is cast by nothing but yourself. And, just as the darkness without is but a negative shadow, an unreality which comes from nowhere, goes to nowhere, and has no abiding dwelling place, so the darkness within is equally a negative shadow passing over the evolving and light-born soul.

But why pass through the darkness of evil at all? Because, by ignorance, you have chosen to do so, and because by doing so, you may understand both evil and good and may the more appreciate the light by having passed through the darkness. As evil is the direct outcome of ignorance, so, when the lessons of evil are fully learned, ignorance passes away and wisdom takes its place.

But as a disobedient child refuses to learn its lessons at school, so it is possible to refuse to learn the lessons of experience, and thus to remain in continual darkness and to suffer continually recurring punishments in the form of disease, disappointment and sorrow. He, therefore, who would shake himself free of the evil which encompasses him, must be willing and ready to learn and must be prepared

to undergo that disciplinary process without which no grain of wisdom or abiding happiness and peace can be secured.

A man may shut himself up in a dark room and deny that the light exists, but it is everywhere without, and darkness exists only in his own little room. So you may shut out the light of truth, or you may begin to pull down the walls of prejudice, self-seeking and error which you have built around yourself, and so let in the glorious and omnipresent light.

By earnest self-examination strive to realize, and not merely hold as a theory, that evil is a passing phase, a self-created shadow; that all your pains, sorrows and misfortunes have come to you by a process of undeviating and absolutely perfect law; have come to you because you deserve and require them, and that by first enduring, and then understanding them, you may be made stronger, wiser, nobler. When you have fully entered into this realization, you will be in a position to mould your own circumstances, to transmute all evil into good, and to weave, with a master hand, the fabric of your destiny.

THE P. C. W. TYPE OF WOMAN

Olive Wolf, '18

From the point of view of a Freshman (of last year) it seems to me that the type of woman our college aims to turn out is the woman who will be of genuine service to herself, her home, her community and her generation.

How will she be of service to herself? If college has meant as much to her as it should, she is physically, mentally and morally able to bring to herself the greatest happiness. In the college gymnasium and on the athletic field, and with the regular hours and habits of college life, she has developed a strong and sound body, making her able to take her place in the world. The college curriculum has given her that mental discipline which makes her able to grasp and comprehend the thought of the whole world. She has more than mere book knowledge—she has a certain amount of wisdom. She has her own opinion, but she does not foolishly display her learning on all occasions. She respects the opinions of others and sees both sides of a question. She has personality—not eccentricity.

tricities. Along with her mental growth there has been a moral growth. Her religion is sincere, her ideals the highest. She is cultured, not veneered. She knows the refinement of simplicity.

So much for herself. How can she be of service to her home? Perhaps materially, but this is not always required of her. If it is required, she gives it ungrudgingly, as a matter of duty. But there is another service which she may render her home—that of a willing side partner to all the family, an unobtrusive adviser and burden-bearer.

"Freely ye have received, freely give." This must be her motto, not only in regard to herself and her home, but in regard to her community. She must be willing to use her best ability to aid the work of the religious, charitable and social undertakings of the district in which she lives. If she is conscientious, she cannot help being a potent influence here. She has learned to be democratic, excluding neither rich nor poor from her friendship, and so she is able to "mix" with her neighbors and influence them with her best thought. At college, in the various class undertakings or on the athletic field, she has learned to do "team work." This ability she must bring into the undertakings of her community, so that they may obtain effectual results.

Fate decrees that only a few of us shall be great, and so I do not think that P. C. W. expects any of its graduates' names to be written in history. However, our college has a right to expect of its graduate that she live a life which will serve as an uplifting influence for her generation. This influence cannot be lacking if her life is free from cant and false show, her religion pure, her ideals true and her service sincere.

THE RAMBLER

Gertrude Levis Frame, '16

My crimson rambler clung
To the rough gray stones of the wall,
Until its blossoms hung
At my window, the highest of all.

Alas! the rough winds blew,
Till they tore my vine from the wall,
My rambling rose which grew
At my window, the highest of all.

I thought my rambler dead
But it bravely struggled alone,
Till I saw from my bed
The red sheen of a rose full bloom.

THE GLORY AND THE SHAME

Melba R. Martin, '16

The logs in the stone fire-place crackled and sent up shooting flames. A red glow lighted up the little cottage and played in fantastic shapes over the floor. Then quickly it disappeared as if ashamed of the dreariness and bareness it had witnessed. The woman who sat by the fireplace shivered and drew closer to the warmth. Slowly and mechanically she reached out her hands toward the glow and held them there, seemingly regardless of the heat. Then she sighed, a deep, heart-rendering sigh, and sank wearily back in her chair.

"It is very lonely," she said, drearily. "So lonely." She sighed again and shuddered. "What was that?" she questioned. She laughed hysterically and glanced apprehensively at the shadows. "I believe I am afraid," she added unconvincingly.

A long shout was heard without. The woman started; then smiled grimly.

"It's the soldiers," she said. "They are going today--the last ones." She went to the window and drew aside the half-torn curtains. She looked out cautiously, but in a moment she let the curtain fall again and shook her head.

"It's too dark," she muttered, as she came back toward the fire. Her face saddened and became almost angry. "It means more misery," she continued to herself, "more wretchedness, more woe." She sat down again by the fire and stared at the flames. For a moment she was silent, then she said softly, "I was happy once--yes, happy--before--"

The shout without was repeated; nearer this time.

The woman started. "Yes, they are going now," she said. She rose and went quickly toward the door, but stopped as she reached it and stepped back with a bitter smile. "It's no use," she said, grimly, "They have orders. They are going now—the rest." She went back to the fire. It was almost out now. She stooped down and gazed at the embers. Her appearance was almost wierd. "See!" she said suddenly, and pointed to the fire. "See!"

As she spoke there was a rap at the door. The woman continued to gaze at the fire. The door opened slowly and a woman thrust in her head.

"Suzanne," she called. "Suzanne."

The woman still crouched by the fire. The visitor came into the room.

"Suzanne," she called again.

The woman on the floor did not seem to hear.

"See!" she said again. "The pictures—they are horrible." She covered her face with her hands. Then she pointed again to the dying fire. "It's going out," she said drearily, "like their lives."

The woman by the door stared at her.

"Suzanne," she said, softly, "will you not come out to see the soldiers leave?" She moved over and put her hand gently on the woman's shoulder. "Come," she said.

The woman seemed to understand. "Have they all gone, Martha?" she questioned wearily.

The shout was repeated.

"Listen!" the visitor said. "They are ready to leave." She stopped for a moment while the shout was repeated again. "Come," she continued, and her eyes gleamed with excitement. "Come!" she said again and she almost pushed the woman toward the door. "Hurry, or they will be gone."

The woman looked angry. Her voice expressed only weariness as she asked, "Are they going, Martha?"

Martha, who was already outside, returned for a moment to see if the woman was following.

"Are you coming, Suzanne?" she questioned impatiently. "You will miss it all and the soldiers are so handsome."

The woman spoke bitterly. "Now," she said.

Her visitor glanced at her questioningly but she did not have time to speak.

"Tell me," the woman asked, "are they the last, Martha?"

Martha nodded. "The last," she answered, "to go for the fatherland. Come, you will miss them, and they are so handsome."

"But they are only children," the woman muttered. "Children! Oh, it is wicked!" She seemed to become suddenly excited.

Martha looked at her with a condescending air.

"You do not love the fatherland," she said, pityingly. "We should be glad to be of service. It is our duty to send our men to war." She looked at the woman triumphantly. "Come!" she added.

The woman moved back toward the dying fire.

"Service!" she said slowly. "Service!"

Suddenly she knelt before the embers.

"See!" she said as she pointed toward them. "See!" She drew the visitor toward her. "See!" she said again and she shuddered as she covered her face with her hands. "They are dying—like the fire. The battlefield—the blood—"

For a moment Martha was affected. Then the shout came again from without and she looked up quickly.

"We must not think too much of that," she said, kindly. "Remember the glory, and their bravery—there is no need for pity."

"Pity!" The woman was scornful. "Pity!" she repeated. "It is not pity I feel for them. It is shame—shame—shame that men should descend so low."

Martha looked at her for a moment.

"You were always strange, Suzanne," she said. "I do not understand. The women of the village are proud to send their sons to war—proud and glad—only you. You do not love the fatherland, I think," she said, and she shook her head sadly.

"Love the fatherland?" the woman questioned. "No, you do not understand," she continued, bitterly, "you do not understand. Oh—you are fools! Love the fatherland? It is I who love the fatherland, I think. No, you do not understand."

They were silent for a few moments. The repetition of the shout broke in upon their thoughts. Martha's excitement and interest were kindled anew. The woman only frowned.

"They are going," she said. "It is good."

The woman did not speak.

"They are no cowards," Martha continued, "and we, too, should be brave. I sent my son yesterday."

The woman looked at her scrutinizingly, but still said nothing.

"I am glad—he will die bravely," Martha went on. "You alone—"

"I sent two sons. No, they took them," the woman said. "They died—bravely." She laughed scornfully and bitterly.

"But the glory," Martha insisted.

The shout was repeated and a voice shouted a command.

"Come, Suzanne," she repeated. "They are going now—come," and she hurried toward the door.

The woman sat still without moving until Martha's footsteps had quite died away.

"The glory," she said bitterly to herself, "yes, the glory. There will be no glory when they return."

She sat quietly for a long time. The silence was oppressive. It was growing dark outside and finally the woman rose and lit a half-burned candle. Carefully and lovingly she placed it in a window.

"When they come back," she said.

She was silent for another moment; then she continued.

"They say I am crazy," she said. "I know they are dead. But they will see the light. They will see it and return. He took them—the king—but they will return." She moved back to the fire and gazed again at the embers. She shuddered. "The blood—and the battlefields," she said, "and the injustice. Oh, it is wicked!" She rose angrily and repeated the words, "Wicked, wicked!" "And now—the children," she said, softly, "the children. Oh—."

The door burst open suddenly and a man entered. He was an officer, judging by his uniform.

"Suzanne," he called. "are you here?"

The woman looked at him.

"They have come?" she questioned.

He held out to her a long sheet of paper. She stared at him for a moment, then snatched the paper from his hand.

"You promised to tell me first," she said. "Thank you."

"There are many," he said, "but they died for the fatherland." She looked at him wrathfully.

"That is well," she said, scornfully. "For the fatherland."

She glanced hastily over the list of names the official had given her. Suddenly she uttered a sharp cry and looked at him with a frightened expression.

"Max!" she said. "Martha's son."

The officer nodded. "He died bravely," he said. "See, they sent the Iron Cross."

Martha did not seem to hear.

"Does she know?" she questioned.

"I promised to give you the list first," the officer answered. "I think she does not know."

The woman shook her head sadly.

"It is too bad," she said. "But I cannot pity. I, too, have suffered."

The door opened again and they turned to see Martha enter.

"Suzanne," she called. "It was beautiful. The soldiers were so handsome and brave. We cheered and clapped—"

She stopped short as she noticed the expression on the faces of her listeners. They looked at her sadly, almost reproachfully.

"What is it?" she asked. "You are not interested? You do not love the fatherland, I think, or glory."

Still the two said nothing. Martha looked from one to the other. Then she noticed the paper in the officer's hand.

"The list?" she questioned, and her face fell a little.

"Yes," the officer answered, quietly.

"Max?" she questioned.

The officer handed her the list. She looked at it without seeming to comprehend.

"Max!" she added, and looked from one to the other.

The officer nodded. The woman moved toward her. Then she stopped.

"I am sorry, Martha," she said.

Martha did not seem to understand.

"Max, Max!" she said dully.

Suddenly she screamed.

"Dead, dead!" she cried. "Oh, it's wicked, wicked! Suzanne—" she turned to the woman.

"I am sorry," she answered coldly.

The officer turned and began to walk slowly up and down the room.

"Suzanne," Martha called as she lifted up her head, "Suzanne! Oh, it's wicked, wicked!"

Suzanne smiled bitterly and scornfully.

"Say something!" Martha shrieked. "Say something!"

Still the woman said nothing.

"Oh, you are not sorry," Martha continued, "you are not sorry. You have no heart, no pity—"

The woman laughed scornfully.

"No, I have no pity," she said. "No pity, but shame, shame, shame, that men should be so wicked."

Martha was angry.

"You do not know," she cried; "you have never suffered."

The woman laughed again.

"No," she said, "I have never suffered. I have lost two sons—that is all—two—but I—I think of the glory."

She looked at Martha angrily.

"Think of the glory," she said, "the glory and the honor."

Martha looked up.

"You are cruel," she said weakly. "Cruel."

Again the woman laughed.

"You told me I did not love the fatherland. You told me to think of the glory and the honor."

She went toward the officer, who had been watching the scene sadly, and took from him something that he had drawn from his pocket.

"He died for the fatherland," she said, as she went toward Martha, who was crouching on the floor. "He died for the fatherland. Think of the honor—and the glory. See—see—it is the Cross—the Iron Cross," and she laughed and held it aloft.

OUT INTO THE MORNING!

Out into the morning!
When the sun peeps o'er the earth,
And the world is hushed in wonder
To see the new day's birth.
And catch a glimpse of the glory
That the new-born leaves behind,
As it parts from the soul of creation
And speeds in the cycles of time.

Out into the morning!
To see at the gates of the east
The vanishing smile of a thousand years
Giving the day release.
And it lingers softly and gently,
In memory, a little while,
As the light in the eyes of a baby
Is the gleam from an angel's smile.

Out into the morning!
For the vision fades away
With the dew, and the first awakening,
And the heat of the full-blown day.
Out into the morning!
Ere the angel whisperings die,
And the secret of creation
Is gone from the eastern sky.

MEMORIES

Estelle Shepard, '17

What strange things are our memories! We store up in them all that our senses perceive. Not merely the happenings do we remember, but what we saw—the gestures, the surroundings, what we heard—the intonations of voice, the footstep; what we smelled, touched or tasted. So closely are these senses related that when memory is awakened by one sense, the others troop to its support

and so revive the scene that we may say with truth, "We lived the scene over again." What a tiny thing is required to bring us floods of memories! Have you ever looked through someone's else memory book? It was full of such seemingly insignificant trifles, a place card, a pencil, a bit of tinfoil, a program. Yet each of those trifles is burdened with memories for someone. They seem trifles to you, because you lack the memories that make trifles weighty.

If you should look in my memory book, you would see a blue printed pamphlet of about sixteen pages, with the heading:

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
EAST CENTRAL STUDENT
CONFERENCE
Eagles Mere - - - Pennsylvania
Jun 25 to July 5, 1915

"In accordance with the purpose of the Student Young Women's Christian Associations the purpose of this Conference shall be to lead students to a fuller knowledge and more faithful service of Jesus Christ; to help them in facing the difficulties and opportunities of college life, and to bring before them their responsibilities for the furtherance of the Kingdom of God at home and abroad."

You may look through those pages eagerly, or you may finger them curiously or indifferently, according as Eagles Mere is a reality or only a name to you. To me those pages bring memories of ten memorable days. Of all the memories one stands out more clearly than the others.

We had gathered in the auditorium, a roughly built oblong building with walls and ceiling unfinished by plaster or by paint, with large, plain glass windows, and crude benches made of three planks, one for the seat and two for the back. There four hundred and seventy-five girls sat, eyes on the speaker, a medium-sized, heavy-set man, with a thoughtful face, rather sad at times. An easy, reposeful manner, a clean, deep conversational voice, and an irresistible overflow of wit, made us listen to this man as he explained the principles of Christianity.

As I listened I could see through the window I was near a wide

stretch of untouched nature. Sunlight flooded the whole scene. It fell, warm and bright, on the tall, straight trees. Each twisting, twirling, young green leaf caught a portion of it, and glistened like an emerald. Fragments of sunlight lay on the thick underbrush of weeds and blackberry vines. A chattering chipmunk scampered along the ground. A couple of wild canaries, like bits of the sunlight, chased each other among the trees. Some tree frogs and crickets were holding a joint concert, each trying to drown the other with noise.

Dr. Ross was saying: "Relief in God is a normal condition of the human mind. It is easier, and more natural to believe than to disbelieve. And what is God? He is the home of the ideal, the energy driving through the world for good, and the permanent behind the transient. We often speak of God as Almighty, but the meaning of such a word is beyond our limits of conception. We must limit Him. We may conceive of Him as a Person plus Infinity. He is a Person at least, but He is infinitely more. He is a Person in the sense that your person cannot communicate with Him. If we discuss the character of God, we find three simple characteristics. These are very simple, indeed, and self-evident, it may seem, yet their importance lies in the very fact of their being self-evident. They are: First, God is one; second, God is good; third, God is a spirit. Let me explain each of these.

"A monotheistic belief is a difficult one to maintain. As modern men and women, we need to emphasize more strongly the oneness, and not the trinity of God. I remember when I was a boy I had three Gods. One was God the Father, a terrible, fearful judge; another was Jesus, whom I loved and wished to follow, and the third was the Holy Spirit. I knew He was a God, but I hadn't any idea of what to do with Him. We forget too often that our God is one.

"I have said one of the characteristics of God is that He is good. You must believe one of three things concerning God's relation to this world. Either that He is unconscious and does not know what is going on; or that He is unreasonable, and torments us; or that He is love, and, therefore, good. If you believe, then, in the goodness of God as revealed in the Bible, then you must believe that He forgives sin. Forgiveness is not an easy thing. Nature does not forgive. Break one of her laws, and you are punished, but not for-

given. Man can hardly forgive a deep injury done him. But God is always ready to forgive sin, no matter what it costs Him. The goodness of God means not only that He forgives sin, but that He inspires men. He maintains Himself close to men that He may win them back, and He has already provided a means for their forgiveness.

"The third characteristic is that He is a spirit, not in any 'spookery,' sense, but in the sense that as a spirit, He cannot be confined. He is more than we can conceive; therefore, to confine Him means to limit ourselves to what we already know, and thus to narrow ourselves. Idols mean a confined God, and necessarily a narrow-minded people. And God, the Spirit, is to be served ultimately by a spirit. Our spirits must be right or we cannot worship God. For this reason, religion is not a series of acts, but an attitude.

"Knowing these characteristics about our God, that He is a spirit, we can believe that He is not static up there, but kinetic here."

We sang a hymn, and then sat bowed in silent prayer. The silence was meaningful, as though to each of us had come the words, "Be still and know that I am God." Softly the choir chanted, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Amen." And we rose up, and went out.

GERHART HAUPTMANN

Leora M. Lewis, '16

Gerhart Hauptmann was born in 1862, in Obersalzbrunn, a small watering-place in Silesia, where his father at one time was the proprietor of the three principal hotels. The poet's paternal grandfather, who in his early days was a poor linen weaver, also became a prosperous inn-keeper. In 1874 Hauptmann was sent to the "Realschule," at Breslau, the capital city of Silesia. But much to the disappointment of his father he proved quite an unsatisfactory student, and, after three years, he left the school, to turn his attention to agriculture. But he soon returned to Breslau, this time to study art, for which he showed exceptional talent. But his constant rebellion against the management of the Royal Art School caused him to leave in a very short time, and, although technically unqualified to enter the university, he was admitted to the University of Jena

as a history student, by special permission. Thus, at the age of twenty, he was undecided which vocation to follow—the fine arts or literature. After a few semesters at the university, he opened his sculptor's studio, first at Rome and later in Germany, where he was quite busy drawing and modeling from life. Then he suddenly decided that he wished to prepare himself for the vocation of an actor, but he soon was compelled to give up this idea because of his inability to overcome the lisp in his speech. Meanwhile he had married, and by means of his wife's fortune he was freed from the anxieties of earning a living and from the proverbial poverty of the artist. In 1885, he removed to a place in the vicinity of Berlin, and in that year he began his literary work.

His first work was a lengthy epic poem entitled "*Promethidenlos*," which was followed by a collection of lyrics which he called "*Das bunte Buch*" ("*The Neatly Book*"). In 1889, Hauptmann made the acquaintance of Arno Holz, who gave him the final impetus to "realism." Hauptmann had been tending in that direction for some time. This tendency toward "realism" is one of the most prominent notes in all of Hauptmann's plays. He wrote twenty-two dramas, of which the most important are: "*Vor Sonnenaufgang*" ("*Before Dawn*"), "*Einsame Menschen*" ("*Lonely Lives*"), "*Die Weber*" ("*The Weavers*"), "*Hannele*," "*Die versunkene Glocke*" ("*The Sunken Bell*"), and "*Der arme Heinrich*" ("*Poor Heinrich*").

"*The Weavers*" was written in 1892 and produced without government sanction in Berlin, February 26, 1893, by the Society of the "*Freie Buehne*." Then, beginning September 25, 1894, the play was produced one hundred and seven times at the "*Deutsches Theater*," in Berlin, and was produced in translation at the "*Theatre Libre*," in Paris, as early as May, 1893. In 1895, it was performed in German in the Irving Place Theatre, New York. It was written in dialect but Hauptmann later translated it into literary German. The play is a naturalistic tragedy, the sources of which, Hauptmann was in a good position to obtain, since he himself was a descendant of poor Eilesian linen-weavers, as he says in his dedication: "You, dear father, know what feelings lead me to dedicate this work to you, and I am not called upon to analyze them here. Your stories of

my grandfather, who in his young days sat at a loom, a poor weaver like those here depicted, contained the germ of my drama."

The first act of "The Weavers" gives us a picture of the relations between these down-trodden laborers and their employers. The scene is laid in the basement of Dreissiger's house, where the weavers bring their finished webs. We get the pitiful tale of Heiber, who asks for his wages in advance, because of his wife's illness, and the case of Baumert, who has been compelled to kill his dog to procure food for his family. The whole act is a picture of the utter misery and helplessness of the poor weavers, and of the harsh and cruel treatment to which they are subjected by Dreissiger, the manufacturer, and by Pfeiffer and Neumann, who are in his employ.

The second act takes us to the home of one of the weavers. The two daughters, Emma and Bertha Baumert, are busy at the loom, while Mother Baumert sits nearby bemoaning her lot. Then a neighbor, a Mrs. Heinrich, enters and pitifully tells of her starving children, for whom she has come to borrow food, but in vain—for Mother Baumert has none to give. After Mrs. Heinrich has left, old Baumert enters with Moritz Jaeger, a former citizen of the village, who has just returned from the army. He is horrified at the condition of the weavers and, when he hears of their plight from old Baumert, he is aroused against Dreissiger, and reads their the song called "Bloody Justice." The weavers decide to sing the song to Dreissiger, so that he may be moved to alleviate their condition. The song tells of the cruel treatment that they are compelled to suffer at his hands.

The third act is the scene in the public house of this little village of Peterswaldau, and here the weavers, under the leadership of Jaeger and Becker, are planning to revolt from the authority and power of Dreissiger. Between the third and fourth acts the rebellion has come to a head. In the fourth act, in Dreissiger's house, he and his wife, and their guests, Pastor and Mrs. Kittelhaus, are suddenly aroused by the mad crowd outside. Jaeger is brought in as a prisoner, but the crowd demand his release. At this point Dreissiger sees the danger of their position and he and his wife and their guests leave. The weavers then break into the house and destroy everything. They become absolutely wild and nothing can curb their

mad action. At this point, where the weavers despoil all the rich furnishings, we have the culmination of the action, the climax.

The last act terminates the rebellion, but the defeat of the _____, and their subsequent imprisonment, was not sufficient to fill the entire act; so Hauptmann added the incident of the reactionary weaver, Hilse, who refused to enter into the rebellion and who is shot accidentally by a bullet that enters his room from the mob outside. Thus, this last incident adds a very personal element to the whole play, by giving an individual instance to sum up the condition of the weavers.

Structurally, the play is far from perfect. There is no hero, except the mob, and the acts are not put together with any great dramatic skill. The play has no plot. Its action is static and it merely presents people, and conditions as they are. One of the notable points of the play is Hauptmann's use of contrast. It is especially noticeable in the scene in Dreissiger's house, when, in the midst of all the luxury of his home, the mob appears on the outside the occupants are forced to leave, and the weavers finally enter and destroy whatever they can lay hands on.

The conditions of the play were undoubtedly true in Silesia in the forties of the past century. But to consider such a man as Dreissiger as typical of the propertied class today would be altogether unfair. Of course, it is true that there always exists a certain antagonism between capital and labor, but this play would certainly be an exaggerated picture today.

But the power of this drama to draw worth deep, human sympathy is the principal reason that it has established Hauptmann in public opinion as one of the greatest tragic writers of Germany.

COLLEGE IVY

By Marie Kendall

Your sentiment lies not around
The autumn leaves upon the ground,
For daily there you work and play
And plan a longer time to stay.

You have it with you all the year,
In brightest green and autumn sear;
You tread upon the ivy leaf
When you are happy or in grief.

And know it not, it seems so small
A thing for sentiment to touch at all.
The ivy leaf too small a thing
For college folk of it to sing?

Ah me! 'Tis true as true can be,
You've left the ivy leaf for me
To gather, press and save for you
Until it seems no longer new.

When you return a future guest,
With a degree and knowledge blest.
No matter that your stay be brief,
I know you'll see the ivy leaf.

And then your heart will turn and say,
"It seems to me but yesterday
That I was on this hill at play.
What wondrous things I've thrown away!
The Ivy Leaf."

THE SOROSIS

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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EDITORIALS

A new Sorosis staff assumes its duties with the present issue. With the exception of two, the Board is composed of entirely new members. It enters upon its year's work with a great amount of enthusiasm, and with many hopes and much faith

THE FUTURE? for the coming year. The Board believes that great things are possible for the Sorosis of 1915-1916, just as firmly as it believes great things are awaiting our college in the near future. Let us all—every girl, Freshmen as well as those who have been associated with the paper in the past—let us all foster this faith in the future of our paper and of our school. Faith insures interest, hope, confidence—things requisite for success. The paper needs your interest and your support. It has need of your best work, the highest and the noblest that you can give. It has need not merely of a half dozen or more of writers, but of every

girl in the school. If you contribute not something—the very best that is in your power to give—the Sorosis and the school will suffer. You will also.

The Sorosis welcomes the Freshmen. We extend to you our heartiest greetings, and best wishes for your success in the new life upon which you are now entering. We welcome you as the largest

Freshman class in the history of our school. We
GREETINGS TO are glad that our college is growing in numbers
THE FRESMEN year by year, as well as in influence and usefulness.

Again we greet you—this time as P. C. W. girls. We are glad that you have come to share in our interests, our studies, our amusements, our recreations, in our hopes and plans for the future; we are glad that some day you too will cherish the same memories; that your lives will be touched by the same noble influences; that in your hearts will burn the loves and sentiments that P. C. W. enkindles within the breasts of all her true daughters. Most heartily of all, we greet you as individuals, as friends of the future. We want to know you—you as distinct from everybody else. As true friends of the future, let us bridge the intervening, getting-acquainted days, and say to each other: "What if I had not come to P. C. W.—I would never have known you!"

The Pittsburgh Exposition is one of the things we Pittsburghers are proud of. It is one of a very small number of successful annual expositions. Ours is a success largely because of the good
OUR EXPOSITION coneerts we have. Some of the best orchestras and bands come to give us of their best. This year, like so many others, we have promises of enjoyable music. The Exposition is attractive not only for its music, but also for its booths and exhibitions. We often say, "The Expo is just the same as ever," but we still feel impelled to wander around and to peep and pry into everything. Have you seen the P. C. W. booth at the Expo? It is exceedingly interesting to all P. C. W. girls. There are pennants, and pictures of May Day, the Senior

play and of other events. We are glad that as girls of P. C. W. we have a share in adding to the success and interest of the Exposition, of which we are proud.

E. S.

"How quickly the summer has passed!" "How glad I am to be back!" "I'm not at all ready for study." "If we only had a month's more vacation!" "It is too warm to work!" These exclamations and many similar ones have been heard in the college halls during the past week. We hear some

NATURAL—
THAT'S ALL! of them many times. A lazy voice drifts around the corner: "Oh, how warm it is! I wish I were back in the mountains." We recognize the voice, and although we smile to ourselves thinking how characteristic of the speaker are the words and the tone, yet the voice has touched chords of sympathy deep within us—because we, too, are very human. The air grows warmer, the atmosphere closer; and we wander aimlessly through mountain forests; we, too, feel the caresses of whispering sea breezes; and glow from a morning plunge into the cool waters of a lake; our head falls from its upright position and rests comfortably and dreamily upon the "math" problem that we have been endeavoring to solve. It rests there, but not for long; for suddenly a voice breaks into the even, happy tenor of our dreams: "Marjorie, aren't you going to class? It is five minutes past twelve." Dreams depart and so do we—back to class rooms and Latin, German, "trig," back to duty and the pursuit of knowledge.

But though at work, the mountain breezes persist in lingering; the birds on the trees sing of summer adventures; and work and duty are synonymous. We leave the class room, we slowly roam in the general direction of our next recitation, and then, fortunately, we hear another voice, not languid and slow, but brisk, happy, alive with all the qualities a proper human voice should possess. "Oh, how glad I am to be back! I could hardly wait to get to work again!" We stare in astonishment and we recognize the speaker, the best Latin or English student in the school, the girl who can speak German three times as well as we can and—we think, of many things, but not of mountain scenery or seaside adventure, not of canoeing,

fishing, swimming, but nevertheless, we think. We think of courage, pluck, grit, nerve, duty, work—thoughts that send us into the next class determined to make our best recitation. Work and duty are a joy; our pet ambition looms large again; and even the air does not seem as suffocating as before. The longer we think the cooler it becomes, until, finally, we find ourselves before an open fire place, burning the midnight oil, in the wild raptures of inspiration; our poem or our story grows as we sit there, and success, not far distant, beckons us onward, as the flames darting brilliantly upward.

Yes, it is natural to want to lie on a bed of moss under a canopy of green leaves, to want to swim side-stroke, trudgeon or simply to tread water; but when we hear a class-mate exclaim, "Oh, how glad I am to be back at work again!" it is not natural to continue sleeping on the soft moss, or to keep on treading water. We rise with a bound, and eagerly press forward, our eyes on some goal that shines white and beautiful in the distance. Yes, it is very possible that all these varieties of exclamations may come from the same lips within a short time. It would be natural; therefore possible, certainly. But let us take heart; for although we are swayed between summer thoughts and those of winter and work, the days are destined to become cooler—ever cooler—for Autumn must pass before long. Simultaneously will thoughts of the water, the mountains and the seashore become less frequent, until, finally, all will have departed as we gaze into the embers of a good winter's fire—while the flames of inspiration and originality burn on earth once more.

Do not forget the Woman Suffrage Amendment, which will be voted upon November 2nd. If you wish to see the women of Pennsylvania enfranchised, exert your influence now.

JUST A WORD! There are four million women now entitled to full suffrage in the United States. If the women of Pennsylvania are enfranchised the ballot will have been given to half as many women as in all the other states combined.

THE ALUMNAE

Pauline Burt, 14, has returned to Mount Holyoke.

Anne Rutherford, '14, is teaching in the high school at Washington, Pa.

Marguerite McBurney has been elected assistant chemistry teacher at Wilson College.

The marriage of Miss Bessie McCaffrey and Harry W. Stoebener took place in August.

The marriage of Miss Jennie McShery and Dr. Smith, of Chicago, took place in the early summer.

MUSIC NOTES

The School of Music has just completed the purchase of twelve Krakauer upright pianos, a Steinway parlor grand for Mr. Whitmer's studio, and a Steinway concert grand for the chapel.

More students of music were registered the first few days than in any other similar period in the history of the College.

A Sunday evening devoted to music composed by Mr. Whitmer will be given at Shadyside Presbyterian Church this Fall. One of the compositions will be an anthem published just a few weeks ago and inscribed to this choir.

Miss MacKenzie, Mr. Mayhew and Mr. Whitmer will present a recital before the two schools the end of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew presented a song recital recently in Worcester, Mass.

Mr. Whitmer has been invited to present a paper before the Music Teachers' National Association, which meets in Buffalo, N. Y.

This will be his third appearance before this organization within three years.

The motet recently written by Mr. Whitmer for the Cecelia Choir of the Western Theological Seminary will be presented this season. It is written over the Eighty-fourth Psalm, for solo, chorus, organ, harp and violin.

The College Glee Club is again beginning its duties. We are well aware of this fact from the familiar sign which decorates the Bulletin Board each Thursday, "Glee Club Rehearsal, 1:30 Today." In a very few weeks we expect to hear such a volume of sound issuing from the chapel that Pennsylvania College will know it has some singers. In the meantime, however, we ask all the new girls who enjoy to sing and who wish to become members of the club to visit Prof. Mayhew's studio for a slight consultation (the only requirement for membership). We are hoping to start out with a greater number and with greater enthusiasm than last year. With this as a start, we cannot help but have a splendid club, one which will be a credit to our college. Therefore, girls,

Let's rally round the Glee Club,
Rally once again,
Singing the songs of Alma Mater.

THE EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT

The Expression Department looks very promising this year, as we have a great many new students who are taking this course. Miss Kerst's assistant, Miss Betty Berkebile, from Toledo, Ohio, is an active and enthusiastic worker, and we are expecting great results. She is a graduate of Wellesley College and Leland Powers School, in Boston. Besides assisting in the Expression Department, she will have charge of the Freshman English and the Dramatic Club. With the co-operation of all the students, we can do active work in this department and the year will be a successful one.

THE Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. holds religious meetings on Wednesdays at 9:45 A. M. We belong to the National Y. W. C. A., and are constantly working with the organizations in other colleges. The main purpose of the Association is to make Christ dearer in the hearts of the girls, and to fit its members for leadership in their own churches. The Association is a great moral force in college, and any student interested in a clear, strong, honest life among students will find that she can serve in the Association, and is needed by it.

We have a very earnest cabinet, and one that is willing to do anything that will make the Association mean something of real value to each individual member. Bible and Mission Study classes are being planned. We hope to have some Bible classes the First semester, and Mission classes the second. The Religious Meeting Committee is planning a very interesting program for the year. The Finance Committee is very enthusiastic in its plans for raising a large sum of money, both for the Conference fund, and the Missionary fund. One of the main features is the Christmas bazaar. Everybody will please start early to make her donations for the bazaar, because it must be a great success. We want to send a large sum to missions, and P. C. W. will never be satisfied again with a small delegation to Eagles Mere. Other colleges have large ones. So will we.

But all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. We can play, too, as was seen at the party, Friday, September 17th, and the Social Committee is planning some more good times. The Association News Committee is going to keep us well informed with the work that is being done by the National Board, and by Associations all over the country. So won't everybody co-operate, and help make this year one that is worth while? A hearty welcome is extended to all who don't already belong to the Association, to faculty as well as students. Come! Help us make this year a happy one.

COLLEGE NOTES

While we girls have been away on our vacations, it is plainly to be seen, some one has been "doing things" around the college. The

building almost looks brand new. It smells that way at least. Every hall has been freshly painted and varnished! And other things have been done. Old familiar rooms have disappeared to give birth to new equipment. The "dens" have been buried; but from their graves has blossomed a more respectable and a fuller life. The new arrangements for the students are proving themselves much superior to the old accommodations (however dear they were!). The student life has been concentrated in the hall leading from the library. Two library alcoves have been added, one for the study of economics and education, and one for science. Here strict silence must be preserved. There are, however, two rooms where scholars may study and talk at the same time—the home room (where we keep our books, etc.) and the lunch room, adjoining. The latter is provided with tables which may be used for study, when not in the performance of their proper functions—that is, when they are not being used as lunch tables, from 12 M. to 1:30 P. M. Opposite the lunch room is a new cloak room, very attractive and well equipped. A number of additional class rooms have been provided; also a new physics laboratory with a dark room. The old Sophomore den is being used as a storage room for the Physics Department. The entire third floor of Berry Hall, with the exceptions of Miss Meloy's class room and the Junior den—now a committee room—is being devoted to science. Another addition is the new rest or sick room in Berry Hall, where during certain hours of the day a trained nurse, Miss Marshall, is available for consultation. The old Senior parlor is being used by the Expression Department. It still retains its parlor-like atmosphere. It will be available for club meetings.

P. C. W. was represented at Eagles Mere this summer by Dorothy Errett, Estelle Shepard, Kamala Cornelius, Ethel Bair and Dorothy Minor. Kamala was in the house with the foreign legation and the other girls shared a cottage with delegates from the Heidelberg University.

On Wednesday, September 15th, we assembled in chapel for the first time in our new school year. Dr. Acheson conducted the service and gave us a very inspiring talk. He spoke of the two classes of girls that are in college—the girls who "come" because

they themselves are prompted to come in order to fulfill their ambition; and the girls who are "sent" by parents who desire their daughters to have the advantages they missed or who want their daughters to have the college training which will fit them for a social position in life. No matter how willing the faculty may be to inspire students, it remains for the student to bring the gray matter and the character to work with. He spoke of achievements of women in the past and showed us the wonderful opportunities open to the college-trained women of today. Surely after such a talk we will all set our aims higher and strive harder for new triumphs!

Our dean, Miss Coolidge, enjoys the distinction of being the only woman upon whom Washington and Jefferson College ever conferred an honorary degree. She received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from that college last June. The entire student body congratulates Miss Coolidge.

A faculty tea, in honor of the new members, was given by Miss Coolidge on Thursday afternoon, September 16th.

The first meeting of the Woodland Hall Student Government Association was held Wednesday evening, September 15th. The constitution was read, proctors were appointed and the house rules went into effect.

There are quite a number of new girls in Woodland Hall this year. Every room in the dormitory is taken and it was necessary to place some of the Colege girls in the Dilworth Hall Dormitory.

WHERE WERE THE FACULTY?

When school closed the faculty separated, going north, east, south and west. All claim to have had a delightful summer.

Miss Coolidge with her mother spent a very restful vacation at their home in Massachusetts. They took many automobile trips through the state, visiting old friends and schoolmates of Miss Coolidge.

Dr. and Mrs. Acheson took a southern trip, but returned home about four weeks before school started.

Mr. and Mrs. Putnam spent the summer at Digby, Nova Scotia.

Miss Brownson and Miss White took a course of study at the University of Wisconsin, in Madison. Later Miss White visited her sister in Gettysburg.

Miss Bennett spent her vacation at her home in Cleveland.

Miss Meloy was at Columbia University, in New York, and the remainder of her time she spent at home.

Miss Ely visited in Colorado.

Miss Randolph remained in Pittsburgh and enjoyed a very pleasant summer.

Miss Kerst visited her home in Greenville, Ohio, where she worked on some new pageants.

Miss Holcomb was at West Springfield, Mass., where she spent the greater part of her time motoring. She also visited in Connecticut, but motoring is the most delightful pastime.

Miss Abbott spent her vacation at West Falmouth, on Buzzards Bay, where she enjoyed all of the seashore pleasures.

Miss Butterfield spent the summer at her home in Vermont.

Miss Green went to her home in Granville, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew were in Boston and Worcester, Mass., and in Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Mackenzie was in Wyoming.

Miss Stuart and her sister spent a month in New York. They had a wonderful time.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitmer spent their summer in the Blue Ridge Mountains. They visited for some time in Waynesboro, Pa.

Miss Llewelyn says she had a "despicable" time this summer.

She worked very hard, with the exception of three "pleasant" weeks at home.

Mrs. Kendall was very busy traveling all over the country for new scholars.

Miss Brownlee took a trip to the Pacific Coast and visited the Exposition.

Miss Lovejoy spent part of her vacation in Idaho and the remainder in the country in Massachusetts.

Miss Duff enjoyed housekeeping at New Wilmington.

Miss Betty Berkebile, of Toltdo, will assist Miss Kerst in the Department of Expression. Miss Berkebile is a graduate of the Leland T. Powers School and the Curry School, in Boston, Mass.

Miss Georgia Proctor, of Danville, Ky., a graduate of the Northwestern University, has taken charge of the library work and the history department of Dilworth Hall.

Miss Wallace, of Dilworth Hall, has been unable to return to us this fall on account of illness. Miss Eva Davidson is taking charge of her work.

Lorna Burleigh, '15, has been elected assistant chemistry teacher.

Miss Ella Moore Marshall, of Williamstown, Va., will be the resident nurse in college this year.

FROM THE SHADES OF THE PAST

The class of 1915 began their summer gaily at a house party in the Allegheny Mountains, at the home of Lorna Burleigh's grandmother, Mrs. Sarg. Here they became better acquainted than ever, and separated with mutual regrets. There were a number of reunions during July and August at the homes of Mary Estep, Olga Losa, Louise Kindl and Betty Cameron, where old joys were talked over and new ones planned.

All the girls have had busy pleasant summers in varied lines. Lorna had a month in the mountains and several weeks at Washing-

ton and Atlantic City. Betty, it is rumored, has found a new interest in life besides cooking, and though quietly at home most of the time, life has not been dull for her! As usual, Janet traveled, this time out west where she saw the Fair and many other strange sights. She is, however, a loyal Pennsylvanian still. Grace had a strenuous vacation doing playground work and tutoring besides, but she came out of it blooming. Louise also spent the warm days on a playground, but finished up with a jolly trip to Lake Erie, where she crowded two months of play into a few days. Mary Estep and Mary Jefrie were supposed to be at home, but truth compels the statement that they could seldom be found there. Jane visited around among her friends quite a bit and tells thrilling stories of life with "Fairy" Gibbons and Martha Dunbar. Olga taught some "young ideas to shoot," or, to speak plainly, she tutored most of the summer. Virginia was not well so took life calmly and had a few short trips with her mother.

As to the future of this great and glorious class:

There are five "schoolmarms"—Mary E. in Kentucky, Grace at Ellsworth, Pa., Betty at Mt. Lebanon, Pa., and Jane near home. Lorna will be assistant chemistry teacher at P. C. W. Janet will be a lady of leisure in Butler. Louise we are sending back to P. C. W. to keep green our memories. Mary J. is talking of taking up law. Olga will be at home with her mother, who is not well. And Virginia—she has not announced her plans, but they are eagerly awaited by the class.

WHAT THE SENIORS DID

Rose Geary spent a month in Kentucky.

Edna Gaw and Amelia Slater had a lovely time resting up at home.

Margaret Lee spent the summer at Lake Contrary, Mich.

Rebekah Crouse had a fine time in camp at "Frisco," and also found time to help in the summer Bible school.

Miss Kerst spent a very pleasant summer at her home in Green-

ville, Ohio. She was kept very busy taking "auto" trips and working on pageants.

Alberta Banerot had a wonderful time at Bemus Point, Chautauqua.

Mildred Nichols took a trip to Columbus and Dayton, Ohio, and had a fine time "buzzing around" at home.

Kathryn Robb spent most of the summer in the country.

Grace Woodrow and Leila Hill played hard and to good advantage.

Ethel Bair and Dorothy Errett represented the class at Eagles Mere. As usual, the girls had a fine time. Dorothy also spent a couple of weeks in Buffalo, N. Y.

Helen Steele enjoyed a four weeks' stay at Uniontown.

Gertrude Frame was busy at home, but found time to have a good time.

Leora Lewis spent part of the summer in Scottdale.

Seba South enjoyed a trip to Walloon Lake, Mich.

Helen Thompson spent vacation "nach dem Haus"; however, she had lots of fine "auto" trips.

Alice Laidlaw visited in Philadelphia.

Melba Martin had a "wonderful time" at home.

The Seniors welcome Mary Stratton. Mary attended summer school at the University and will graduate with us this year.

Francis Boale enjoyed a trip to Indiana, followed by a delightful stay in the mountains.

Martha Gibbons visited with Martha Dunbar, Janet Johnston and Francis Boale.

Lillian Weihe spent most of the summer at home, but had a fine visit with Dorcas Beer.

Alice Greer had a pleasant trip motoring to Atlantic City.

NEWS OF THE JUNIORS

Carrie Bailey was at home this summer, and did a little studying. Edna Balsinger visited in the country for a couple of weeks.

Leah Claster has had a summer which was "one glorious, good time."

Martha Crandall spent a few days with Ruth Gokey, at the latter's home at Greenhurst, Chautauqua Lake.

Martha Dunbar visited Martha Bamford for a short time.

Dorothy Eggers was at Atlantic City for a week or two.

Jane Erret spent a part of the summer at the seashore.

We are sorry that Edna Evans is not returning to college this fall.

Louise Frazier is with us again to study music.

Ruth Gokey had a delightful vacation at Greenhurst, on Lake Chautauqua.

Five of our number—Jo Herald, Mary Stratton, Dorothy Stoebener, Esther McCracken and Dorcas Beer—have been improving their time by taking summer courses. We admire their ambition.

Ruth Law spent the summer at home.

Elizabeth McClelland enjoyed a couple of weeks of farm life. She needed the rest, after her strenuous task of trying to teach her two little cousins to crochet.

We welcome Louise Kindl to our class. She has decided that she cannot be contented with a certificate and intends to "achieve" a degree.

Helen Pardee spent two weeks at Chautauqua, then returned to Wildwood, where she spent the rest of her summer.

Louise Reinecke has been doing playground work at Washington Park.

Estelle Shepard, after a delightful ten days at Eagles Mere, spent a few days with Helen Pardee, at Wildwood.

Aline Van Eman spent a few weeks on a farm.

Katharine McKenzie was at home this summer.

Pauline McCaw has been in Warren, Pa., visiting Martha Crandall. She also spent a few days with Ruth Gokey. We are sorry she is not returning to P. C. W. this Fall.

Helen Jackson was at Mt. Clemens for a short time.

VACATION AND THE SOPHOMORES

Kamala Cornelius returned to the college on September 9th, after a happy American summer. She enjoyed a camping season at Eagles Mere and at Canton, Pa., and then a seaside visit with one of her camp friends, returning by way of Bryn Mawr, to visit other camp friends. After it all she is joyous to be at the college again.

Charlotte Hunker and Winona Sterling enjoyed a two weeks' visit to Atlantic City this summer.

Elizabeth McKenzie spent the summer quietly at her home in New Cumberland, W. Va.

Margaret Smith did not return to P. C. W. this fall. She has entered Mount Holyoke College. We wish her success in her work there.

Hilda Yount is going to teach in a township near Greensburg this year.

Florence Morrison and Martha Temple also spent the summer at home.

Rachel Alexander spent her vacation at Muskoko, Canada.

Martha Heinsling and Marian Ulrich are not returning to P. C. W. They have decided to remain at home this year.

Gertrude Bradt spent the summer at Red Bird Beach, Lake Erie. Ellen Crowe and Dorothy Minor visited her there.

Katherine Keck went to summer school at Pitt.

Ruth Logan attended a house party at Point View, Pa., and also visited in Canada, on Lake Erie.

Elizabeth Eggers volunteered in the play grounds, in the North Side, and then visited in Atlantic City.

T H E S O R O S I S

Elizabeth Ward expects to enter Geneva College, at Beaver Falls, Pa.

Josephine Paul spent the summer in Atlantic City.

Dorothy Bergman will enter the Sophomore Class at Smith College this fall.

Ruth Kauffman did playground work during the summer.

Katherine Myers spent the summer at home.

Lorena Van Kirk visited Florence Younkins for a few weeks.

Esther Evans and Ruth Lang spent the summer at home.

LIST OF FRESHMEN—(Incomplete)

Ayles, Helen.....	
Armstrong, Imogene.....	Vandergrift, Pa.
Applestein, Lillian.....	
Black, Winifred J.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Blatt, Cecelia Marion.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Brand, M.....	
Brownlee, Martha.....	Washington, Pa.
Buck, Rachel.....	
Crawford, Mary Alice.....	Sewickley, Pa.
Cowen, Marguerite.....	
Crouse, Sarah D.....	Sharpsburg, Pa.
Davis, Ethel.....	Homestead, Pa.
Emery, Camilla P.....	Greensburg, Pa.
Errett, Marjorie R.....	Carnegie, Pa.
Evans, Marjory.....	
Farr, Florence.....	Avalon, Pa.
Findley, Belle Bryson.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Hamilton, Margaret E.....	
Hooff, Virginia L.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Jefferson, Christelle.....	Aspinwall, Pa.
Leech, Sarah Gladys.....	Ebensburg, Pa.
Leopold, Henrietta Josephine.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Long, Alice R.....	
London, Bertha.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
McDonald, Paulene M.....	Mt. Oliver, Pa.

McEllroy, Eleanor.....	Edgewood Park, Pa.
McMillan, Ruth L.....	Latrobe, Pa.
Philput, Mary.....	
Post, Marion.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Reed, Lucile.....	Crafton, Pa.
Ryan, Anna M.....	
Richards, Mary.....	
Seaman, Ruth M.....	
Shaffer, Mary.....	Beaver Falls, Pa.
Sheppard, Jane L.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Smith, Margaret E.....	Latrobe, Pa.
Spencer, Ethel.....	
Taber, Laura H. M.....	
Taylor, Bonnie F.....	Brockwayville, Pa.
Taylor, Martha E.....	Edgewood Park, Pa.
Thoburn, Margaret.....	Ben Avon, Pa.
Weston, Eva.....	Gallitzin, Pa.
Wolfel, Emma.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Workman, Margaret.....	Washington, Pa.
Williams, Myra.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.

SPECIALS

Allen, Mary	McCurdy, Elizabeth	Stevenson, Elizabeth
Bowman, Helen	McCullough, Mildred	Somerman, Anna
Dawson, Mary Wallace	Reel, Harriet	Seanor, Marguerite
Gardner, Helen		

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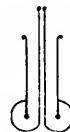
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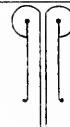
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Vol. XXII.

OCTOBER, 1915

No. 2

A SONG

Melba R. Martin, '16

I sit alone
On the silent shore;
The billows moan
With their deafening roar,
But I sit alone on the gloomy shore,
Thinking of thee; thinking of thee.

The waves dash high
On the wind-swept rocks;
The sea-gulls fly
With a joy that mocks,
But I sit alone on the gloomy shore,
Calling to thee; calling to thee.

The mist is cold
On my weary frame,
My grief is old
As the stormy main,
Still I sit alone on the hated shore,
Sighing for thee; sighing for thee.

The stars look out
On the whitened sand,
And all about
Is the hated land;
I must sit alone on the dreary shore,
Weeping for thee; weeping for thee.

T H E S O R O S I S

EDUCATIONAL DRAMATICS FOR CHILDREN

Jeanne Mahey

The date of the first play can no more be set than can the date of the first sound that heralded the birth of language. Play is as old as communication. At first, with the savages, language was entirely lacking, and only through pantomime and gesture was the transmission of thought possible. Imitation is a deeply rooted impulse; and we can imagine the children and even the elders, finding joy in the imitation of this presentation until it became a set play, in which several might take a part, the more successfully to work out the real act.

The first drama, therefore, had a social origin and grew out of racial imitation. Today, a great play makes for public sentiment and influences ethical relations as all the sermons of the world cannot do.

The strong dramatic impulse of a child shows development at an early age. He plays horse as soon as he can run. He reproduces everything that presents itself to his consciousness with any force. He is his father, his mother, his sister, his brother, etc., in turn; he plays doctor for his dolls, and is storekeeper and conductor.

The dramatic impulse admitted, the question is to find good methods to take advantage of it in our training. It will prepare the child for actual living in the world as will no other means. Operating spontaneously, the dramatic instinct induces those real life processes, whereby the Being makes contact with the Environment to respond with various reactions. The educator dealing with the dramatic instinct thus comes into control of natural activities, and may select, develop, and regulate them to accom-

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plish his educational intent. He does not train dramatic talent for "a show," nor for the stage, and does not invite nor use talent at all. He co-operates with a universal instinct to develop the whole human being towards life and citizenship; in fact, he deals with the re-creating power of life, especially in connection with the children of the slums.

Educational dramatic work first profits the player. To supply entertainment for an audience is not the primary intent; entertainment value to the audience is merely a guarantee of the right educational method of preparation. The pleasure is the test of the effect, and not the effect itself; the true effect is something done to deep desires, through certain moods established in the doer and the hearer, in which there is a sympathetic exchange of feeling of worth and beauty.

Contacts missed in real-life environment may be supplied in selected dramatic environment, and qualities may be thus stimulated by required exercise that they may react upon the real life environment. All art does this in a greater or less degree. It establishes these moods of relaxation and sympathy, in which life becomes broader as it becomes more restful. The child must be kept in touch with the common life; and his experience must be broadened at every point, while he is made to enter sympathetically into all manner of life situations.

One very successful method that I used with the children of the Kingsley House district was as follows. After telling or reading a story, or having one of the children tell it, "doing" was always proposed, and ways and means discoursed. Public opinion nearly always ruled, the noisy majority being held in check by frequent reference to the point of view of the minority. Interest in the desire to tell the story so that anyone seeing and hearing us would know it more clearly than if he had read it, nearly always did away with all instinct of self-exhibition.

A performance, done with gusto, that fully profits the players, never fails to interest the audience. Vocabulary is purified, voices are moderated, manners influenced, and mistakes correct

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themselves in the eager freedom of movement and common interest. Thus, the tendencies of individuals are controlled in helping to bring out desirable traits, and in checking the undesirable.

Stories involving crowds are best, as more children can take part, and where everyone has a part the keener is the interest. Then the second, or third time the same story is played, some of the former important characters take their places as trees, as scenery or as a part of the crowd, and enjoy it just as well. Continuous action in one place must be possible.

The animal stories are very good for the younger children, as they bring about the spirit of close contact with nature; the child feels himself akin to the animal and the plant. This spirit of imaginative union and sympathy with all of nature's moods and aspects is what we wish above all else to keep alive in the child. The rest follows; emotional affinities lead to intellectual interests and practical attitudes. The playing of stories and interesting tales is not only of recreational and educational value after school hours, in clubs, but is used to great advantage in the school room itself, although the development is very slow.

Geography and history, usually extremely hard for the beginner, may be made attractive and interesting if properly presented. It has been a hard struggle to rescue geography from the enumerative, cataloguing method which it has employed in the past, and which puts all the stress upon memory, and none upon observation and imagination. The school geography of the past stands as an example of all that is inartistic in education. Geography is largely the story of the world and not an inventory of its contents. It is better to teach less of facts, and to see that the facts taught are precisely those which give to the child vivid pictures of the world as it is in its relations to man's practical and aesthetic interests.

Also any history that is worth teaching is an artistic portrayal of the truth of the world. It is selective and purposeful. It aims to inspire feeling, teach values, convey tradition, increase

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the area of common possession in social groups, and to permit the child to re-live the world's story.

Of course, the old education was far from wanting in strong moral ideals and in discipline; and for feats of pure learning, and for sheer intellectual training, it would have some right to claim superiority to the newer methods. In one way, however, there has been a great advance, or, at least, a great change. There is now far more of the aesthetic and other pleasures in education. Except for a little singing, marching and other concerted action there was little in the old school that appealed to the senses. Now we make much of pleasure; there is much free play; and other activities that appeal to the sense of the beautiful; decorations and form are far more recognizable as values than they were in the schools of our fathers.

No one, perhaps, would yet feel competent to say what these changes mean, what the future of art in the school will be; and certainly there is, as yet, no adequate knowledge of the principles of aesthetic education, nor of the place of the aesthetic experiences, in the school. Most of the teachers, however, must feel that there is power concealed in the child's responsiveness to all that is pleasing and beautiful, which trait we do not control nor develop as we might. There are times, it may be, in the experience of all teachers, when they perceive that more true educating can be done in a moment when all the child is touched by the right influence, than by hours of drill and recitation. The power of intense feeling and interest is perhaps never felt more clearly than when one observes the effect of a good story upon a group of children and their intense desire to act it (or "do" it).

One modern teacher tells how she kept herself above the level of treating history as a mass of facts, and regarding chronological tables as the highest symbols of the truth. She met the children on their own ground and broke down the hard and fast line between fact and fiction.

The class was on the subject of the Pilgrims, and the teacher found the children hard to interest. One day she suggested

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writing a play about the Pilgrims and presenting it to the parents. This suggestion was met with a quick enthusiasm, but the class couldn't decide what part of the history of the Pilgrims to take for their subject, as they had studied but a small portion. There was immediate incentive for further investigation, especially as the subject was to be decided by the children. All finally agreed to take the incident concerned with the treaty between Massasoit and the Pilgrims. One pupil suggested what he thought would happen in a given situation, who would speak, and what he would say. This the teacher wrote upon the blackboard. Others then suggested their ideas, which were also written upon the blackboard. Then the merits and faults of each were discoursed. (No effort was required to make the children talk; the difficulty, however, lay in knowing at what point to stop and take up another step). The decisions were decreed by the majority, or, in a written lesson, each wrote out what he thought would come next in the drama, and handed it in. In this way, the play took nearly three weeks to be put into shape. When actually presented, however, the children did it in less than ten minutes.

The number of judgments formed and the value of the spirit of fair consideration are subjects beyond estimation. Besides considering the excellent knowledge of the Pilgrims which the children gained, their imaginations had been exercised, and yet held within bounds by the strictly historical; and their oral and written expression showed vast improvement. When the play was finished the children decided who were to play the different parts. This develops assurance in a naturally timid disposition, and acts as a restraint upon the over-bold.

The child is sure to work more enthusiastically in the correction and improvement of something he has himself produced naturally, and with zest, than in the study of something in the making of which he has already had his attention fixed upon the formal aspects of language.

Correction of a few faults at a time will make more headway in the improvement of language than teaching criticism of every

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fault, and insistence upon perfection at every step. Much criticism of language in the school is likely to make the child feel that he can do nothing right and that correct speech is an impossible ideal, which can at best be approximated only at the price of eternal watchfulness. What is wanted, of course, is habit reduced to unconsciousness. To keep technique out of sight, and not to drag it into the foreground. The bane of all language teaching is consciousness of form, limiting free expression, and drill upon a too narrow range of content, taking the time that should be given to the enrichment of the mind.

But by the modern method (as shown in the teaching of the Pilgrims' history) of visualizing literature and history, the child learns the inter-connectedness and harmony of facts in such a way that his inner nature is aroused while his intellect is instructed.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

d. 24. September, 1915.

Liebes Fraeulein Randolph:

Vielleicht wollen Sie gern etwas ueber meine Sommer Arbeit hoeren? Ich habe den ganzen Sommer auf dem Kinder-spielplatz gearbeitet, wo ich die kleinen Kinder lehrte. Natuerlich war es schwer, meine ganzen Sommerferien hindurch zu arbeiten, und es machte mich sehr muede, aber es war sehr interessant.

Letzten Sommer hatte ich mehr Fremde als ich diesen Sommer hatte, und ich fand die kleinen Italiener, Griechen, and Negar viel interessanter als die anderen. Aber sie muessen alle Spielen lernen and gluecklich sein und ich liebe sie alle.

Diesen Sommer gab es zwei kleine Maedchen, die jeder liebte. Sie waren beide ungefaehr drei Jahre alt und gerode so lustig wie dreijaehrige Kinder sein sollen. Die enie, Lillian, hatte schoene braune Loekken und dunkel braune Augen die wie Sterne

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blitzten. Immer waren ihre Kleider zu kurz und zu alt und ihre Struempfe zu kurz und fast immer waren ihre Loecken fest auf ihrem Kopf gebunden and kleine Loeckchen hingen ueber ihren Hals und ihre Stirn. Die andere, Dolores, hatte schoenes gelbes Haar und tiefe blaue Augen. Gewoehnlich trug sie gute Kleider aber ihr Gesicht war immer vom Zuckerwerk klebrig. Diese Maedchen waren immer zusammen und deshalb nannten wir sie "die Untrennbaren." Wohin die eine ging, dahin ging die andere.

Wir hatten viele liebliche Kinder und unter denen war ein kleiner Knabe mit rotem Haar und grossen, runden Backen, und vielen Sommersprossen. Er war ein riehtiger "clown." Als wir unseren Spieltag oder "Lolly-Pop Gesellschaft" hatten, schmueckten wir ihn als Possenreisser und er war sehr komiseh.

Als Finale der Sommer Arbeit halten wir eine "Lolly-Pop Gesellschaft," bei der wir ein "Puneh and Judy" Schauspiel hatten. Dann dramatisierten die aeltere Maedchen "Cinderella" und die kleineren Maedchen tanzten in schoenen Papier Hueten. Am Ende, nachdem wir viele Wettsaeufe gehabt hatten, gaben wir allen den Kindern "Lolly Pops." Wir gaben ungefaehr sieben Hundert "Lolly Pops" aus und dann muessten einige weggehen ohne eins zu bekommen. Wir freuten uns sehr als jener Tag zu Ende kam.

Es gibt viele traurige und viele schoene Sachen auf dem Spielplatz.

Es ist schwer den ganzen Sommer im Wind und Wetter zu arbeiten, obgleich es interessant ist, und ich weiss nicht ob ich es naechsten Sommer tun werde.

Liebe von

Ihrer Freundin,

ESTHER EVANS.

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WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME

R. L. C.

"The bell is out of order—please knock." My hand dropped, arrested in its movement towards the door-bell. The words were written upon a card nailed to the weather-boarding. I stared at them fixedly for a moment. Instinctively, I guess it was, my eyes then sought the windows and swept over the porch. Yes, the windows were grimy and the summer furniture still graced the outside, soiled and distinctly out-of-place in a cold October day. What did Volinda mean?

I wondered vaguely if I might have mistaken the house. But no, the number in brass numerals over the door was 209—Volinda's address. For several years after I had been her bridesmaid I had sent letters to 209 Bedford Avenue. There could be no mistake. Moreover, the upright, triangular writing under the broken bell could belong to no one other than Volinda. She had acquired it in her last year of college.

I knocked on the door; but received no answer. Thereupon, I knocked again, this time harder and louder, endangering a pair of new, white kid gloves. I imagined I saw through the glass in the door a movement within, and waited, in expectation of seeing the door opened by a dainty, little maid in black and white.

The door was opened, but not by a maid. A man, tall and unshaven, hair rumpled, and collarless, stood on the threshold staring at me, a little uncertainly, I thought. At first I failed to recognize him. The next instant, however, he smiled and said, "Good-morning." Then I knew him. He was Volinda's husband, at one time Mr. John Blaine of the Third National Bank, of New Oxford. What his occupation at present might be was doubtful. I had not seen him since the wedding. At that time I had considered him the handsomest man I had ever met. Joe, my husband, by the way, was at that time an incognito.

"Good morning!" I responded, smiling. "I don't believe you remember me."

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The man's face brightened in recognition.

"Why, Mrs. Shandon!" he exclaimed in the old frank voice I had admired in him. "How are you? Just come in!" He held the door wide open.

"I hope Volinda is at home," I said, as I stepped into the reception hall.

Instantly a sort of frightened, back-stepping look came into the man's face—and I knew something was not exactly as it should be. It was the kind of a look that men wear when they are extremely uncomfortable. I had once seen it in Joe, on his being requested by his sister-in-law to wipe a panful of dishes. It was rich with meaning.

"No, she isn't, I'm sorry to say," he stammered, awkwardly. "She—she isn't—at home, she's away. But you'll want to see the children and stay anyhow—"

"Oh, thank you," I interrupted, taking a seat in a dark room off the reception hall, "but I can't stay long. I merely dropped in for a few hours and will have to catch an early train." Secretly I mused that I could put in the intervening time shopping down town.

The room was dark, ill ventilated and very cold. I refused when Mr. Blaine requested me to take off my wraps. He must have read my real reason.

"It's rather cold, I'm afraid," he apologized. "The fire was very slow in coming up this morning."

"Oh, it's all right!" I smiled, shivering from my head to my feet. "Furnaces are sometimes very stubborn things to manage. Joe has his troubles, too."

Volinda's husband seemed to appreciate my effort. His restraint became a little less apparent. He asked me how I liked the weather and I answered that it was fine for walking. At that his face became animated, and he started to express how great his appreciation would be of a walk out into the country, when, horror of horrors, something invaded the room that sent him to the kitchen and me to the front door! From the rear of

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the house it came, stealthily and pervasively—the fragrance of something burning. Mr. Blaine's face reddened to crimson. He started up violently.

"Oh, the eggs!" he called out, and ran for the region of the kitchen.

Left alone, the highly disagreeable smell of burnt eggs in my nostrils, I wondered where my friend Volinda might be. Subduing an impulse to follow Mr. Blaine's retreat, I arose, and going to the door opened it, letting the cold air flood the house.

As I turned to re-enter the parlor I heard a child's cough. It came from the upstairs. It was rather violent and distressing, and I wondered if Volinda's husband was doing anything to relieve the little fellow. Volinda had two little boys. I had received an announcement at the birth of each, and had sent five Christmas presents to the one and three to the other. The younger child was William Theodore, according to the announcement. I wondered if it was little Billy who was in distress. John James, sounds which penetrated to the front of the house.

I hesitated properly, for a moment, between an impulse to rush upstairs to the child who was coughing and a desire to render assistance in the kitchen.

As I balanced in the direction of the stairs Mr. Blaine appeared in the door leading from the kitchen into the reception hall. He held open the door wide enough for me to secure a fairly typical impression of that most domestic of all the parts of a house. I frankly confess that my kitchen is not always in a condition in which with distinction to receive visitors—but never in my life had I beheld such an one as that from which Volinda's husband issued! He caught my glance, and, with embarrassment, hastened to close the door, but he was prevented by a little voice behind him.

"Let me in, daddy," said a little boy, pushing his way around his father. The child had dark hair and large brown eyes like Volinda's. It was John, Jr., I surmised.

I could see that Mr. Blaine was very uncomfortable—and,

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standing there with the kitchen as a background, he had sufficient reason to be. I felt sorry for him; I knew he wished in his heart that I would vanish out the front door never to return. I would have been obliging, if I could have disappeared gracefully. That, however, was impossible. Besides, the state of the kitchen was calling, demanding, compelling.

“This is Johnny,” said Volinda’s husband.

The little fellow looked cold. I shut the door, then going up to him, kissed him.

“I’m glad to meet you, Johnny,” I said. “I’m your Aunt Kate.”

“Aunt Kate!” he said, eagerly. “Are you Aunt Kate what sent me the engine and the elephant?”

I nodded, and Johnny smiled at me as though at an old friend.

“You’re cold, aren’t you, Johnny?” I said, holding his little, cold hand in mine.

He nodded gravely, and said, looking up into my face:

“The eggs, they burned. Daddy and me ain’t had any breakfast.”

“Johnny!” commanded his father sternly. “Mrs. Shandon, I’m sorry—”

“Mr. Blaine, please don’t apologize,” I interrupted, and reached for my hat-pins. “I understand your troubles perfectly well,” I laughed. “Don’t you suppose I ever burn anything?” (I did when I first kept house.)

By this time I had removed both my hat and my coat and had hung them on the hall-rack. Mr. Blaine’s face was a study—but I had resolved.

“Mr. Blaine,” I said, “I wish you would consider me as part of your family today. I really came to spend the day with you, and I’ve decided to visit you though Volinda isn’t here. And won’t you please let me cook the eggs for you? I—you know there is nothing I like to do better than to cook.”

Mr. Blaine stared at me strangely.

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"Oh, no, Mrs. Shandon—I couldn't think—" he stammered.

"Mr. Blaine, please let me. I'd feel so much more at home," I smiled.

"At home!" the man reiterated. Then he laughed. I liked him for it. I would have admired any man who could have laughed in such a situation.

"Mr. Blaine," I said. "You'll let me get you some breakfast (it was ten-thirty then), and you may see to the furnace."

He looked at me for a moment and then said in a voice I liked:

"Mrs. Shandon, you're a brick!"

Then I set to work—and I had never worked in such a kitchen before. It was disreputable to a degree. Stacks of dishes filled the sink; baskets of vegetables and fruit littered the chairs; the stove was suggestive of other meals that had been burned or had boiled over. I lit the oven and then wrapped Johnny in a coat which I found behind the pantry door. He sat huddled beside the stove while I prepared breakfast. I found some bacon, and more eggs. In fifteen minutes I had a fairly respectable breakfast cooked and on the table.

Mr. Blaine came up from the cellar, his hands covered with soot. But he had succeeded in getting the fire under way, and by the time breakfast was ready a good heat was beginning to come from the register.

Mr. Blaine and Johnny sat down to breakfast.

"This looks like a meal," Volinda's husband laughed, as he seated himself. "I think you are wonderful, Mrs. Shandon. You see, Volinda's been away about a week, and things haven't been going so well. The maid left the second day and Johnny, Billy and I have been keeping house since."

Volinda gone for a week, and Mr. Blaine keeping house with those two, little children! But he hadn't said where Volinda had gone.

"Mr. Blaine, you're a genius to get along at all. It's a shame! Does Volinda know the maid has gone?"

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"Why—why, yes, I guess she does. The maid threatened to leave, you see," he stammered along. "Of course, Volinda is not accountable for that—she had to go."

"Of course! She's at home, I suppose," I ventured.

"No—not at home. You see she's been to a number of cities—sort of a campaign, don't you understand, Mrs. Shandon? It's the Cause she's working for."

The Cause! Could he mean Woman Suffrage? Was Volinda out making speeches in favor of Woman Suffrage? Thinking back over our college days I decided that she was. Volinda had always embraced new fads; she had gone from one thing to another in college, now interested in athletics, now heart and soul engaged in social service work, and now enthusiastically offering herself as a Student Volunteer. Volinda had always been a girl with the desire to do things; however, she had never been consistent and had too often neglected real duties. And now she was away from her home a week at a time lecturing on Woman Suffrage! It was just such women as Volinda who were an injury to the Cause. I myself firmly believed that suffrage was one of woman's duties; I was just as firmly opposed, however, to militancy or to the neglect of the home. Suffrage meant merely an added duty.

"You believe as Volinda, I suppose," Mr. Blaine said, looking up from his bacon and his eggs.

"Yes," I nodded. "It's a duty."

"Yes, it's a duty necessitated by the present feminist movement. Otherwise, Volinda might have been here to have received you," he ended, laughing.

I thought some things which I did not express. For one thing, I felt sorry for Mr. Blaine. I also believed in Woman Suffrage—but let anyone pity my Joe!

Suddenly a child's cry came from the upstairs. Little Billy again. Mr. Blaine started up from the table.

"That's Billy," he said. "He must be awake."

"I heard him coughing a while ago."

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"Yes, I'm afraid he caught cold yesterday," Volinda's husband said, in a worried voice. "He didn't seem very well last night, either." Mr. Blaine left the room and went upstairs to Billy.

I then undertook the task of dish-washing. The sink bore testimony to a great need; it was a compilation of dishes, kettles and pans, accumulated from many meals. I rolled up my sleeves, tied an apron around my waist, and set industriously to work.

When I had half finished Mr. Blaine came down stairs carrying little Billy. He had dressed him in a little blue sailor suit. Billy was a pretty child, resembling his father. He didn't look well, however. His face was flushed.

"Billy boy doesn't seem well this morning," his father said. "I think he's a little bilious."

I spoke kindly to Billy Boy, but he only gazed gravely at me.

"Do you think he could have eaten anything that might have hurt him?" I said. "What did you have for supper?"

"Mr. Blaine looked doubtful for a second. Then his face grew grave. The next instant it broke into a smile.

"I made tomato soup last night," he said. "I wonder if it wasn't that! It was too sweet and we added vinegar to improve it. Billy ate a lot."

"Mr. Blaine!" I exclaimed in horror.

We covered Billy up well on the lounge in the drawing-room. Now and then he coughed. It was his cold that I liked the least. Mr. Blaine suggested sending for the doctor, and I encouraged him to do so. Mr. Blaine telephoned and the doctor said he would be around in the afternoon.

I finished the dishes, and swept and dusted the kitchen, changing it into an entirely different room. Mr. Blaine assisted me. You could plainly see that he was not an apprentice at household work. He had seen like employment before. I got dinner, and Mr. Blaine, Johnny and I all sat down together to a good meal. It was a success, even though I had cooked it. At least, Mr. Blaine and Johnny seemed to enjoy it.

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"Mrs. Shandon, you're an angel of mercy," Mr. Blaine said, for the third or fourth time that morning. I appreciated the spirit that prompted him. "You don't know how much you'll be missed. I don't see how I can let you go. Can't you stay, Mrs. Shandon?"

I had informed him that it was necessary that I make the 4:30 train home.

"I'm sorry," I answered, "but it really is impossible. You see Joe has been away on a business trip since yesterday. I ran down while he was away to see Volinda. You see, Mr. Blaine, I have to be home when Joe is there, and he'll be back late tonight."

Volinda's husband gazed at me rather oddly. What had I said to disturb him?

"Yes, of course," he said, half mechanically, "you have to go." Then he added, "I expect Volinda home tomorrow. It will be a week tomorrow. You see, she went this week because I could stay home with the children. It's my vacation."

I said nothing, but thought a lot! If Woman Suffrage demanded—I knew better, however! The trouble was not with the Cause, but with its advocate. I wondered that a husband of Volinda could still retain such great faith in a cause which she advocated. I could easily see how so many people could be its enemies.

I washed the dinner dishes, and put the downstairs more or less in order. The house was warm at least, and the kitchen in a condition to work in. Little Billy, however, seemed to grow worse. His cough continued and he seemed to have developed a fever. I was worried about him and wished every hour more and more that Volinda would come home. I knew that I must go soon, and I felt that Mr. Blaine was worried. Although Billy was undoubtedly not seriously sick, he was in need of his mother's care. The doctor finally came—a little before I had to leave. He looked at Billy, felt his pulse, and appeared rather grave. "He's pretty sick, and his cold's bad. You want to take good

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care of him," he said to me. I guess he thought I was Volinda.

I was worried. Joe expected me that night. I couldn't stay, but it was absolutely necessary that Volinda be home.

"Where is Volinda today?" I asked. "Near the city?"

Mr. Blaine's face lightened a little.

"Why, yes. She speaks this afternoon at the city hall, I believe. She was to come in from C—— this morning."

"You say she is in New Oxford now?" I said.

Mr. Blaine nodded.

"Well, I tell you what I'll do, Mr. Blaine. I think Volinda ought to be home—Billy is sick—and—and I'll stop in on my way to the station."

A look of relief came over the man's face. "Mrs. Shandon," he said, grasping me by the hand. "You're a brick! You don't know how good you've been today."

A few minutes later I had on my hat and coat and, having said good-bye to Johnny and Billy, stood at the door ready to depart.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Shandon," said Mr. Blaine, shaking my hand. "You're an ideal woman," he smiled at me, "a veritable queen, so to speak."

"Oh, thank you," I said, and added in fun, "Even though I am a Suffragist!"

I looked up at him laughing, but he did not respond to my merriment and I wondered why. Indeed, he looked quite grave and stupid.

* * * *

I ran into town in twenty minutes. Volinda was speaking at the Town Hall. I, accordingly, steered for Sixth and Diamond. I had never attended any suffrage meetings in such a public place before, and was a little timid about entering; also it was late and undoubtedly about the close of the meeting. I stepped into the vestibule, and was directed by a man in uniform to the proper door.

The large room I entered was about one-third full. A hand-

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ful of men were interspersed among the women. All eyes were fixed upon the platform in the front of the room. The attention of the audience was so engrossed that I don't believe anyone was aware of my entrance.

I did not at first see the speaker, but only the assembly, men and women with eyes directed upon the same object, faces burning with enthusiasm, enthralled, hypnotized. My eyes moved in the same direction and I saw the speaker for the first time. It was Volinda—Volinda of college days, Volinda of star-parts in Dramatics, Volinda of the soft and mellow voice; but, if Volinda of old was capable of winning crews of hearts at one evening's performance, of inspiring enthusiasm for that which she advocated, I wondered what this woman might not effect. She was refined, cultured, handsomer than when a girl. As a spectacle she was perfect, tall, graceful, well-poised; clad in a blue velvet dress that fitted to a T; on her auburn hair a little creation of a black turban with a white aigrette; her dark eyes were brilliant, her cheeks glowed red. Instinctively I found myself looking about for the foot-lights and the American Beauties, and wondering just what role she now was taking.

I soon learned. Her voice, well-modulated, mellow and clear as of old, now vibrated with dignity and pride, royal tones such as she had employed in Queen Maria. I caught the words:

"Woman is not the slave of man nor his unequal. Because she does not herself have the franchise, does not mean that she is man's inferior. It is she who is the motive power behind the throne; it is woman who trains and molds man. His infancy is in her hands. Need she fear to intrust the ballot to the hands of the boy whom she has guided and influenced aright? Need she fear that he will misuse his vote, if she has rightly trained him?"

A wild applause here ensued. Volinda's mouth twitched in a slight response; but she immediately continued in the same regal manner.

"Will her son not reflect her influence in his vote? It is

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not necessary to drag the mother from the home, from her duties to place her slip into the ballot-box."

What was she talking about? At first, mesmerized by her enthusiasm and impetus, by her voice and manner, only words had reached my brain. I had applauded with the others. But what had she said? I didn't know exactly. Something didn't seem right. I had studied logic and had forgotten most about it—but this!

Alert for ideas, I listened. Volinda's voice rang in solemn mandate:

"She is queen of the home—not a slave, but queen."

Although rather theatrical, I could find no fault with that. Neither could the audience, it seemed. I was almost afraid the men would fall down on their knees, in homage to their sovereign.

A distinct change in Volinda's voice drew my attention. The queenly quality had gone; her tones were softer, milder, beautifully modulated, but very sad and sorrowful. And her face! Maria Stuart's regal beauty had vanished and in its place was the divine loveliness of a Madonna, the face of a woman sad for the sufferings of others.

"The children," she was saying. "What shall become of the little ones! If woman becomes embroiled in polities, she must necessarily neglect her home. And that means the children. They will suffer. The annual death rate of babies will increase. Little human lives will be sacrificed to the unnatural desire of woman to assume the duties of man.

'For every suffragette that walks the streets
A poor little sick baby dies.' "

Volinda! I almost called her name aloud. What did she mean? Was she mad? I looked around, expecting to see her dragged from the platform, literally torn to pieces.

The audience, however, was not rising up in anger and protest. Some stirred, it is true—but to find their handkerchiefs. Eyes swam with tears. Some of the women sobbed. The men

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looked deeply concerned. Altogether, it was a sorry scene.

Stupified, bewildered, unable to believe my senses, I gazed from speaker to audience and back again. After a while my eyes fell upon a large sign in the back of the room. Staring at me were the words: "Anti-Woman-Suffrage Confederation."

Anti-Woman-Suffrage Confederation! I caught my breath, stunned, mystified. Volinda, an anti-suffragist!

My eyes slowly returned to Volinda. She stood silent, her face still divinely sad, her eyes dark with suffering, her soul struggling.

As I looked her expression slowly changed. The climax had been attained—and the emphatic pause. Now for the finale.

"Woman's place is in the home," she continued, in a more normal voice,—but I did not listen. Instead, I heard Billy coughing and saw his father's worried face. (Yes, and now I knew why he stared so strangely when I said I was a suffragist.) And most vividly of all, I saw her kitchen!

Volinda finished the next moment. Leaving the platform she took a seat in the first row.

I went up to her as quietly as possible. She was very surprised to see me.

"Why, Kate!" she exclaimed, kissing me on the cheek. "How delightful! Where did you come from? How is Joe?"

"Fine, thank you. But pardon, Volinda, I came to tell you that you had better go home. I've been visiting you today and had to leave—"

"Oh, no, don't! Can't you stay?" she broke in effusively.

"No, thank you. Joe is coming home tonight. I just thought I ought to stop on my way to the station and let you know that Billy is sick."

"Billy sick?" she asked, in some anxiety. "What's wrong with Billy Boy? Didn't John take care of him?"

"Why, he has a fever. The doctor said he didn't think it was serious, but that you would have to watch him carefully."

"Oh, of course!" The anxiety had left her eyes. "Oh,

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Kate," she said, enthusiastically, "what did you think of my speech? Don't you think it is wonderful work? Nothing else has ever so fully engaged me heart and soul. And John believes in it, too. He believes, of course, that woman's place is in the home."

I smiled, but said nothing. I didn't wish to convert her. I had at first thought she was a suffragist, and I was glad I had found out my mistake.

THE "WHY" OF THE PLAYGROUND

Grace Woodrow, '16

"Oh, yes! I suppose we have to give the children in the cities a place to play, but it seems as if we are spending an unnecessary amount of time and money on such things these days. Children always have played and they always will play, so why should we try to teach them?"

That is just what we must consider. "Children always have played and they always will play." There is an inborn desire in every child that makes him play and he unconsciously tries to satisfy this desire, and if an opportunity is not given him to do so by fair means, he will try foul. It is the game element that tempts a boy to tease the "cop," hop on wagons, and ring door-bells. He does not consciously desire to injure life or property, but he must do something. A probation officer asked a boy who had been sent to Juvenile Court for stealing apples why he had stolen them. "Do you like apples so well," she asked, "that you could not pass them without taking some?" "Oh, no," he answered, "I just wanted to see that 'cop' chase me." It was the game in it that appealed to him.

The instinct to throw is born in every boy, and he will throw whether it is a baseball game, or at a cat or someone's window. And in our city streets and alleys there is little chance for baseball. In most places it is absolutely forbidden. The children must use these alleys—they have no other place to go—and if we

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succeed in crushing out these natural impulses, they will turn their attention to things that are worse: cards, shooting crap, and will become thoroughly initiated in all the tricks that may later go to make up the professional gambler. And yet, at times we seem rather proud of these natural tendencies that have come down through all the ages since man was a savage and when running and throwing were the means by which he kept himself alive. But are we not contradictory in hiring policemen to arrest boys for doing what their nature demands?

It is here that the playground can do its best work. The boy should feel that here at last is the place where he is not at odds with everyone, but where he may come and be a boy. And it is in the playground that the gang spirit of the boy should be turned into the right channels. This instinct to form gangs may, if guided rightly, result in some of our best institutions. A gang is often as willing to work toward a good end as toward an evil one, if only the members feel they are working together with a common interest. Co-operation is one of the big things in life, and something we are constantly working for. We find it all ready for our use in the gang, if only we can find an interest to stir the better spirit in the gang. And it is the playground that should supply this interest. The boys will find it somewhere and if the playground is not as attractive as the back-alley haunts, they will not come. A supervised gang can become one of the most helpful influences in the field. If the members are made to feel that they personally have a responsibility in keeping order and in holding up the standard of the playground, half of the director's work is accomplished. But one of the most serious faults in the Pittsburgh playground system is that there is no place for a large number of the boys who are at the gang age. The playgrounds for little children will not admit boys over ten. And when those just a little over that age go into the field equipped for the older boys, they are either chased out by the big boys who do not want to be bothered, or they are told by the director, to stand back or they will get hit, or to get away from

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the apparatus, which is too dangerous for them. A real live boy between the ages of ten and fourteen is hardly likely to want to "stand back." He will go somewhere where he can be in things, and it is in this way that the playground loses permanently many of the boys they should hold. Many of them do not come back. By the time they are old enough for the big field, they have become too closely attached to their new associations, or they are working, or worst of all, they remember the playground as a place where they were not wanted at a time when they sincerely did want the playground.

But the boy is not the only one in need of the playground. The girl, with her play instincts, can find no outlet for them in her own home. She is usually burdened with one or two children younger than herself, whom she must mind. It does not matter where or how, just so she takes them out of her mother's way, and keeps them quiet. If there is no playground near, then the street or the alley is the only nursery. And there she must keep a constant watch over them or they will stray away from her and get under the wheels of some passing wagon or truck. The "little mother's" life as a child is lost. She must be a woman before she has had her rightful share of childhood. A child in mind and body, she is burdened with the care of a family. If, however, there is a playground near with its baby swings for those who cannot walk, and its sand piles for those a little older, what a change comes about in the little mother's life! She can bring her family there and knowing they are happy and contented she can herself make up in some small way for the childhood she has missed. She does not need to sit and hold the baby. When it goes to sleep, she can lay it in one of the baby swings, and, even though she sits near it, her arms are at rest, and she is free to play with the other girls at their raffia or paper construction or to make trees and to dress dolls for their sand plays. Or she may get into some active game that brings every muscle of her body into play and makes her forget for the time being some of the cares that are on her mind most of the time. An

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even greater benefit than this is gained, however. For the little mother finds that although she has a baby to care for, she need not sit holding it all the time. And this is the mistaken idea so many of the grown mothers have. If there is a baby in the family, they seem to think that the only thing that can be done is to sit hour after hour holding the baby; the home and the other children are sadly neglected. Through the playground influence the little mothers thus come to see how much happier and contented both the baby and the one who cares for it are, and that everything else need not be neglected while caring for the baby.

Here, too, the little girl gets her first idea of house play. In her home everything is serious. There is no room or chance there for play. There are real dishes to be washed, not toy ones; and the broom is a large, heavy one, not at all suited to her height. But in the playground, she finds little tables, toy dishes, and brooms that just fit her hands, and she eagerly joins in with the other girls, each keeping her own house, going to visit her neighbors, buying sand cakes from the boy playing in the sand pile, sweeping the yard of her house, and doing all those things which girls seem instinctively to know belong to the running of a house. These house plays are of great value in the training of the child, and every play director does well to encourage them, for here may be fostered the best kind of a home spirit—something that will be of inestimable value to the coming generation of home makers. Here, even the little girl whose home life is almost a farce and who has been accustomed to little but quarreling and hard feelings at home, enters into the spirit of the game and cooperates with her play neighbors in forming a community. It is very seldom, however, that any of the boys can be induced to play. Occasionally one will be found who will condescend to be "the pap," but he usually takes care that he can find a play going on in some other part of the field in which he can join during the time when he is supposed to be at work, also that he is at work most of the time, so that if any of the teachers or any visitors happen to come around they won't think he is playing

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house with the girls, because, if it were found out, his reputation would certainly be ruined—so he thinks. It is not right that we have allowed this spirit to grow in the boys and even have encouraged it by urging them into the active games and telling them that they are too big to play with girls. Why should the boys not want to play at being fathers as well as little girls at being mothers? They seem to think they will be classed as “sissies,” if they do. The nearest a boy will get to a house play is to keep a baker shop or grocery store and have other, smaller boys delivering his goods to the girls’ houses. Or, he may make furniture (wooden, not paper!) for their doll houses and then he wants it understood that he is not getting any fun out of it himself; he is only doing it because girls can’t do things like that and so he has taken pity on them and will help out.

But it is these very boys who are of most help to the director when anything unusual is being attempted on the field. They are willing to make all sorts of things, perform themselves, and see that the others do their part. We had a circus at Ormsby Park this summer and much of the credit for its success was due to our boys. It took them quite a while to get settled down and to begin work, but when they were once started, there was little they were not willing to do. They were clowns, and animals, and cowboys, and they entered into it with an enthusiasm that carried things along as no amount of scolding or coaxing on the part of the directors would have done. One thing came up in our circus, however, that we were all sorry to see; that is, the Charlie Chaplin influence. When we first began to talk about the circus one boy called out, “Teacher, lemme be Charlie Chaplin!” and immediately about twenty-five began to shout: “No! Me! Me! I can do it beter’n all of ‘em, teacher. This is how he walks.” And they did their best (or worst!) to imitate his characteristic walk. There was certainly nothing funny about it. Little boys, seven, eight and nine years old trying to walk with that drunken swagger—it made you feel as if you wanted to gather them all up and take them away somewhere on a desert

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isle, if necessary, where they would never see a "movie." Some of them told us that they were paid ten cents a night for acting Charlie Chaplin in some of the moving picture theatres nearby, and this is where they were spoiled. Their families probably laughed at them and told them how funny and "cute" they looked, and made the poor little fellows really believe it.

One must, however, be on the field and really see these things and hear the children talk, both to each other and to the teachers, to fully realize what the playground means. Even then it is hard to know what place it fills in the individual child's life. During the months of July and August, when there is no school, it practically fills the lives of some of the children. They come at nine and stay until the gates are closed at twelve; and are back again about half past twelve waiting to get in, although the field is not open until half past one. Then they stay, most of them, until about half past four, and some until half past five, when the field for little children closes. Some of them come back at night and play around in the sand and on the swings. How much they are learning and of what value the playground influence is going to be to them later in their lives, we cannot estimate; but we are safe, at least, in saying that that it will be better than that exerted by the gathering places in the alleys and sheds, that they would frequent, if they did not have the playground to come to. Should we not then try to make the playground attain to the very highest standard possible and to instil in it so much life and wide-awake, wholesome fun and pleasure, that the children will want to come to it, and that afterwards, when they are out of its direct influence, they will always think of it as standing for those things in life which are highest and best?



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CONTAGION OF CHARACTER

Margaret Lee, '16

When you are reading one of the numerous articles of the day on the germ theory, and you gasp with wonder at the great amount of trouble these little invisibles can cause, does it ever occur to you that there might be another army of little invisibles which can cause just as great an amount of goodness and happiness? Well, there is. This is the army of the germs of character, which, when they are bad germs, can cause quite as much trouble and unhappiness in the world as the germs of disease, but which, when they are good, can often produce bushels of goodness and happiness.

Our physicians tell us that we inherit no disease; that what we inherit is a weakness in some particular organ or organs. They tell us that when we come in contact with a disease common to the organs, the germs lay siege and the disease develops.

I don't believe that it has ever been determined just what the organ of character is, or where it is situated in the body, but it is a known fact that everyone has character, and, furthermore, we consider it the greatest insult to have anyone tell us that we haven't any character. Well, since everyone has character or wishes to have it, everyone must have an organ of character; and, if there is nothing else in the world which can escape the attack of the germs, certainly character cannot.

Just as there are the several different kinds of germs of disease (tuberculosis, typhoid, etc.), so there are the different kinds of germs of character (love, truth, promptness, etc.). But disease germs are always bad while character germs may be either good or bad.

Now, from all this you are likely to believe that character is very easy to acquire—if you wish to be kind and honorable,

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just stick close to someone who is kind and honorable. But this does not always work as it did when you stuck close to your little brother to get the mumps so that you, too, could stay home from school. If your organ of character hasn't got a susceptibility in the divisions of honor and kindness, the germs of honor and kindness will have no place to attack. If there is only a faint touch of susceptibility, it is going to take a long while for the germs to conquer. On the other hand, if the divisions of honor and kindness are very susceptible, the germs will be masters in a short time. The organs of character are the same as the organs of the body. The stronger the organ, the longer it can withstand the siege of the germ army.

Throughout the centuries, the germs of character have been quite as busy as the germs of disease. In our New Testament we find the twelve apostles, each one breathing in the Master's germs of faith, hope and love, eleven of them being gradually conquered by these germs and becoming noble men. But the twelfth we find to be a traitor, seemingly unaffected by the character of his Leader. Can we not say that the character of Judas had no susceptibility in these divisions and so was able to withstand the attack of the germs of faith, hope and love?

Coming down to the seventeenth century we see a poor, wicked, sinful tinker, wandering about the streets of London, frequenting the evil houses, delighting in mischief. We see him marry a poor woman whose only possession is a book, "The Plain Man's Way to Heaven." She loves the book and reads it to her husband. Almost immediately we see the tinker become a great minister and writer. Now it would be folly to think that John Bunyan's organ of character never had any division of goodness. What we must believe is that the division of goodness was very susceptible, so that when the germs laid siege, they did not have much to overcome.

For the example above, we might say that, in one respect, character germs are more contagious than disease germs. We can read about a disease and yet not have the least fear of an

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attack of the germs from the reading. But there is scarcely one of us, who is not at some time affected by the germs of character of the hero or heroine of some interesting novel. John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has had a great effect upon the people of all ages.

But it is not necessary for us to seek out the lives of people who have lived in centuries past, to find the little germs of character at work. Watch them attacking the girls in our own college. It is much more interesting. In the fall notice how the Freshman watches the Senior. See her follow the Senior into chapel. See her praise what the Senior praises, condemn what the Senior condemns, gradually do the same thing the Senior does. But what is most interesting is to examine ourselves. Do you ever wonder why you can now get along so beautifully with a certain girl, with whom you simply couldn't agree when you were Freshmen? Whose germs have been victorious, yours or hers? Possibly a third army of germs has conquered both of yours.

It is when we come to think of our friends as armies of germs that we begin to know what they really mean to us. It is then, too, that we see how important it is for us to mingle with others, if we are to develop to our best. This was the thought of MacKenzie, when, in his "Manuel of Ethics," he said: "The first requisite for the development of the virtues is to unite ourselves with others in the pursuit of some end or ideal." I think that most of the P. C. W. girls realize the truth in this sentence, but it will not hurt us to keep in mind, not only while we are in college but after we have gone out from our Alma Mater, the old verse of Mr. Bradley: "You cannot be a whole, unless you join a whole."



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PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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EDITORIALS

On November 2nd, the Woman Suffrage Amendment will be voted upon in this state. We believe that woman suffrage is not only a matter of state or national concern, but that it is vitally connected with human progress, with world development. Franchise, which means self-government and a voice in making laws under which men and women must live, is an inherent human right. It is not a privilege. It is an inherent right, because

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the only means by which the enjoyment of those things that give value to life can be assured, is by giving men and women a voice in determining the conditions under which they shall live.

If liberty, if the right of self-government, the right to determine how they shall live, how they shall labor, what compensation they shall demand for their labor, etc., are matters of right for American men, then we believe that they are matters of right for American women, who share the burdens, the cares and the responsibilities of life.

If the right of self-government is an inherent right, why should it be confined to human beings of one sex? It is true that in the dark ages of ignorance and superstition woman was not considered a human being, but a species of property. We have, however, advanced beyond that today. Woman, it is generally conceded, has such a thing as a soul; also, taken collectively, she is neither imbecile nor insane.

Moreover, we believe, that women, by the use of the ballot, can better safeguard their interests as property owners, as builders of homes, as mothers, as wives, as workers side by side with men, than by relying upon the chivalry of men or upon any special privilege which may be granted to them, just as men who labor can better safeguard their interests through their own unions than by relying on the philanthropy or sense of justice of even the best employers.

Justice Charles L. Guy, of the New York Supreme Court, defines the whole struggle as to the recognition or non-recognition of woman as a political factor, as a battle between democracy and autocracy, as the age-old conflict between special privilege on the one hand and the great body of the people on the other. We believe this to be true. The very arguments advanced today against the franchise to women have, in the past, also been advanced against man's higher development, against every effort made by him to raise himself to a higher plane and to the enjoyment of a larger liberty.

It is thought by many that woman is still unfit for the ballot.

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We might as well say no one should go near the water until he can swim. It is doubtless true that many women are unfit for the ballot; but not more so than the majority of men were unfit for it when they first secured it. It is the use of the ballot that will make women fit, as it has made men. For we believe that the ballot ennobles mankind, that it is one of the greatest educational forces in the world.

We all agree that the home is the ideal place for women; but under man-made conditions there are more than eight millions of women in the United States who have not been furnished by men with sheltering homes, but are forced to seek a livelihood at various occupations in competition with men, and very often for the support of their aged fathers or invalid husbands.

It is often claimed that if women voted it would disrupt the home. It does not seem possible, however, that any home that deserves the name of home, any home based upon mutual love and self-respect and the recognition of each other's rights, where the children learn to love and reverence both their parents, that any such home could ever be disturbed by the fact that in the interests of the household and in the interests of the community both father and mother had a voice in public affairs.

Many questions require woman's vital interest. As workers and wealth producers women are as much concerned as men with the laws that regulate the relations of employer and employee; women property owners have as deep an interest in all matters affecting taxation and the expenditure of public money as male property owners have; as mothers responsible for the mental, moral and physical welfare of their children they are vitally interested in all laws appertaining to education, the suppression of vice, the preservation of morality and good order; as housewives, women are deeply concerned with tariff laws and all legislation which affects the cost of living; as wives and mothers they have a direct and vital interest in all laws relating to marriage and divorce and the custody and guardianship of children.

Believing as we do, let us one and all exert our greatest in-

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fluence to help to make November 2nd a day of triumph for the Equal Suffrage Cause in Pennsylvania.

The Pittsburgh Branch of the Drama League of America is certainly a wide-awake and potent educational factor in the community. Whenever a play of literary value comes to the city, the League sends out circulars endorsing **THE DRAMA LEAGUE** it, and in this way supports the highest type of drama. In addition to the regular meetings for members only, the League has also several open meetings during the year when prominent persons and authorities on the drama are the principal speakers. This season, as an innovation, the League has a booth at the Pittsburgh Exposition, which is certainly worth while seeing. And not only because of the great good which it has accomplished, but also, because several of our Faculty and Alumnae are among its most prominent members, we ought to support the Drama League in all of its endeavors.

L. M. L., '16.

The routine of college life is established. We have almost learned our schedules by heart, and can go to class now without first hunting through all our books for a worn sheet of paper with a diminutive copy of our schedule on it. From **FRIENDSHIP IN THE CONCRETE** early in the morning till late in the afternoon we are hard at work, or hard at play. And if our routine is established, so also are the events that break the routine into what we call "College Life." Since that first Wednesday, when all the presidents of the organizations spoke to us, each organization has planned carefully for the year, and already plans are being worked out. But though each of these organizations is a "monotony-breaker," there is a factor that plays a larger part in destroying monotony. This factor is friendship. Women who have been out of college for

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a number of years, value their college friendships as much as anything else obtained during their four years. We often hear of friendship in the abstract; but when we think of our own specific college friends whom we have now, and who are comrades in hard lessons or in good frolics, we can realize how much we will treasure these friends after college days are over.

E. S., '17.

THE ALUMNAE

Janet Brownlee, '14, is teaching in Washington Seminary, Washington, Pa.

Elizabeth Cameron, '15, is teaching in the High School at Mt. Lebanon, Pa.

The engagement of Eva Cohen, '09, to Mr. Leo Jackson has been announced recently.

Grace Davies, '15, is teaching in the Ellsworth High School.

Jane Johnson is teaching this winter in the High School at Monessen, Pa.

Silvia Wayne, '13, is substituting in Allegheny High School.

Mrs. Samuel Everhart, formerly Frances Gray, is receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son.

Pauline Burt, '14, is assistant teacher in chemistry at Mt. Holyoke.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The following program was presented in the Chapel during lecture period by the Faculty of the Music School, Wednesday morning, September 29th:

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Prelude and Toccata.....	Lachner
	Miss MacKenzie
“The Sailor’s Life”.....	Traditional Old English
“O Mistress Mine”.....	Queen Elizabeth’s Original Book (1611)
“Whither Runneth My Sweetheart?”.....	Bartlet (1606)
“I’m Weaving Sweet Violets”.....	Parry
“Like a Garden After Rain”.....	Allitsen
	Mr. Mayhew
“Meditation” (Thais).....	Massenet
“Scherzo”	Van Boens
“The Swan”.....	Saint-Saens
	Mr. Brosky
“Nocturne”	Chopin
“Arabesque”	Leschetizker
“Caprice Espagnole”.....	Moskowski
	Miss MacKenzie
“Hamlet’s Solilouy”.....	Buck
“O Sweet Content”.....	Mrs. Beach
“Tell Me Where Is Fancy Bred”.....	Cole
“Road Song”.....	Whitmer
“Ole Blabbity Blab”.....	Whitmer
	Mr. Mayhew

Mr. Whitmer played all accompaniments..

The Glee Club is one of those organizations which you can never “down.” So we therefore make our appearance in this second issue of The Sorosis to report that we are still progressing. Our rehearsals are well under way by this time. The enrollment now exceeds twenty-five. Perhaps there is yet some girl who feels that she would like to come into the club. Don’t be backward, for it’s never too late to develop your talents.

Mr. Mayhew has been asked to be on the program for the benefit of the Kindergarten Association for Woods Run, October 22nd and 23rd. The program will be given at the Schenley.

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THE EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT

Miss Kerst will appear on the program given by the Congress of Woman's Clubs of Western Pennsylvania, in this city, October 30th.

The Department of Expression has more students than in any previous year. There are now ninety college students taking the work. Four of the private students are beginning certificate courses.

We regret most deeply the inability of Miss Berkebile to continue her work in the Expression Department. Ill health made it necessary for her to give up the position, and to take an extended rest.

The Dramatic Club had a very enthusiastic first meeting, and very interesting plans are in progress for the year's work. They will be announced later.

Miss Herst has been invited to become an active member of the American Pageant Association.

Y. W. C. A.

The party given Friday, September 17th, was very successful. A large number of students were present, and everybody had a good time. One of the enjoyable features of the evening was the contest in dressing clothes-pin dolls. The dolls bore evidence to much artistic skill on the part of their mistresses. After a very careful examination, the judges decided to award Kathryn Robb with the prize. After this contest the assembly was divided into several groups. Each group gave a "stunt," some of which were very clever. Refreshments were served on Woodland Hall porch, after which we all gathered in the living room and sang college songs until time to go home.

September 29th we had our first meeting of the year. There

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was a large attendance, and some very interesting reports of the Eagles Mere Conference were given. Kamala Cornelius gave us an interesting comparison between our mountains and the mountains in India. She also gave us a very good idea of the wildness and woodsy appearance of Eagles Mere. Dorothy Minor gave us an interesting report on the social life of the Conference. We would have liked very much to have seen the Japanese girls give their fairy play. They must have been graceful. We were introduced into the Bible Study classes by Estelle Shepard, who reported on a class led by Rev. D. M. Fales, of Galesburg, Ill. This class was a study in the relationship of the earthly facts of Jesus' life to the spiritual life of the modern college student. Dorothy Errett gave a report of some of the most interesting evening meetings, and Ethel Bair reported the last meeting, and spokè of the spirit of the girls as the Conference closed.

VESPERS

Sunday evening, September 19th, the Vesper service was held on Woodland Hall porch. Dr. Acheson gave a very inspiring and helpful talk. Miss Butterfield honored us with a solo.

Sunday evening, September 26th, Miss Brownlee gave a report of the convention of the Woman's Board, U. P. Church. She was sent west as a delegate to this convention last summer. It was a most interesting talk, and, from all she said, the meetings must have been exceedingly successful and beneficial. Mr. Mayhew sang for us.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Not all the girls of P. C. W. have enjoyed the privileges and opportunities that student government affords. It is only because those of the past have striven after the highest ideals that we have such an advantage. Four years ago our Student Gov-

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ernment was organized. During these first years it had the loyal support of both the Student Body and the Faculty. It has been tried and proved. Now it claims your support for the coming year. It is up to us of the present to do our best and to prove ourselves worthy of this trust, that we may hand down to those coming after us the means to become "as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace."

M. N.

THE OMEGA

The Omega Society held a business meeting Thursday afternoon, September 30th. It was unanimously decided to take up the study of contemporary English and American novelists for the year's work. Thursday afternoon, November 18th, was chosen for the open meeting. After thorough consideration, the society adopted a program which it hopes will be very entertaining.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS

Organization

Our Athletic Association, like all college activities worth while, is well organized. The organization consists of the president, the secretary and treasurer, and, in addition, we have an athletic board. This board is composed of the president, secretary and treasurer, the college basketball captain and the manager, the tennis manager, and one class athletic representative from each of the four classes, and as new activities come up during the year, the new captains and managers. This athletic board meets once a week to decide upon, arrange and see to the successful carrying out of all the various athletic activities. As the result of a law passed by Student Government last spring, all the girls are charged the athletic fee of fifty cents, and so each and every girl is a member of the College Athletic Association and is privileged to enter all its various contests.

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Tennis

Each college year opens with the tennis tournament (doubles). Each and every girl is urged to enter her name, and, after all have signed up, the schedule is carefully made out by the tennis manager. Although the position of tennis manager has been adopted this year for the first time, the experiment is proving a great success. The girls were wise in electing Miss Kindl, who has in so short a time made the tournament what a college tournament should be. After the college champions have been decided they then compete with the champions of Dilworth Hall. The winners of this match last year were presented during chapel service with a prize from Dean Coolidge; also, they received their school letters.

In the spring the singles are carried out in the same way; and the best player receives, on the night of the Dilworth Hall commencement, a silver loving-cup, which she may keep for one year. If the same girl wins three consecutive years, the cup is hers forever. Here again the school letters are awarded.

Hockey

The fall is the time for hockey and the Athletic Board is trying very hard to get up several college hockey teams. Although hockey has not been played at P. C. W. for several years, there are quite a number of girls interested in it, and we desire and urge every girl to come out once a week and do her part to make hockey a success.

Baseball

After the Thanksgiving vacation, basketball practice starts full and fierce, "full," because we must have all the girls in the college, and "fierce," because our captain, Miss Beer, has the "win or die" spirit. We also have a manager this year for the first time, and we feel sure, that with Miss Beer and Miss Jane Errett at the head of our team and with Dr. Acheson back of us, that

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this year our team will break the record. We have hopes of competing with other college teams, both on our floor and on theirs. These players receive school letters. Besides the college team we have the class teams, and (although not so much scientific work is displayed) the class teams are great fun. Every girl should come out and try for her own team. Each team plays the other three teams twice. A schedule of games will be arranged this year, so that all the games will be played off. The girls making the class teams receive their class numerals; and if they make their class teams three years they win the school letters. Also, during the year, we have several games between the house girls, i. e., Dutch vs. Irish, Antis vs. Suffragists, and Second Floor vs. Third Floor. These games are usually played on special evenings.

Track

With spring comes our track-meet, and although we did not have time for our meet last year, we will try harder than ever and make it a success this year. Surely every girl can enter this track-meet, if only to be in the obstacle race.

The Walking Club

This year we wish the club to be a leading phase in athletics, because walking is the very best exercise for young and old. Surely everyone will compete for the championship.

Swimming

One day a week will be arranged for a swimming class and all must join this class for the reward is—a perfect form.

In conclusion, let me urge and beg each and every girl to come out for athletics, because it is our first duty to keep well and strong.

Jo Herald, President of A. A.

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COLLEGE NOTES

On Monday morning, September 20th, a meeting of the Athletic Association was held directly after chapel. Miss Ada Spriggs was elected treasurer of the association and Miss Louise Kindle tennis manager. Miss Kindl spoke about tennis and Miss Beer about basketball. There is a new rule this year, that every girl who takes part in athletics must present a health certificate from a doctor. Everyone should do this as soon as possible so that athletics can start at once. This year we want each class to have a regular basketball team, so that we can play more class games than we had last year. Another thing, Dr. Acheson says we can play about six games with outside college teams. Certainly now we should be able to work up more enthusiasm. Everybody come out and play.

Our first Student Government meeting was held on Wednesday, September 22nd, after chapel service. Dean Coolidge spoke to us first. She said that our Student Government Association in its third year should be at its height and should accomplish great things. We were very proud to hear from Miss Coolidge that she had received a letter from a college in Maine requesting information concerning our student association. Our college had been recommended by Miss Florence Jackson, who spoke to us last spring. It is gratifying to hear that our association attracted outside attention. Miss Coolidge appointed Miss Laura Tabor to act as temporary chairman of the Freshman class until the regular class election could take place. The presidents of the different clubs and organizations then spoke about the work of their respective bodies.

The dues for Student Government, Athletics and The Sorosis are not to be paid with the tuition. Each class has a collector to whom every member must pay her dues by the end of October. The president of the association appointed Seba South, Jane Errett, Ruth Long and Marion Post to have charge of this collecting.

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Friendly Soph to Margaret Brown, '14 (at the Senior Dance)—“Are you a new Freshman?” Miss Brown considered it as an excellent compliment.

The other morning after chapel we attempted to sing our college songs. From the volume produced, it was evident that even some of the upper classmen were unfamiliar with them. Copies of the songs are posted in the book-room and should be copied and learned by every student.

Another illustrious class have had their last annual party. But the fact that they would never again entertain the Faculty and Students did not dim the pleasure of the evening in the least. the event (or shall we call it the main episode?) of the evening was the formation of '16 by the class and the singing of their class song. This was followed by the regular dance program. Everyone had a good time. I think the feeling of all was expressed by a member of the Faculty when she said that the only fault she could find was that it was too short.

On Tuesday, September 28th, a Faculty tea was given in Woodland Hall. The hostesses were Miss Ely, Miss Meloy and Mrs. Rowe.

We are glad to have Dr. Acheson back again. We all missed him during the latter part of September.

The Sophomores held a fudge party in the old Senior parlor, on Friday afternoon, September 24th. The party took the form of a reunion, and the diversion was making fudge and then eating it. And such nut fudge as it was! Ask the two Seniors who were treated to some. We then had the pleasure of watching for Dot's “man,” who, strange to say, created quite a sensation among the sedate Sophs.

Eulalia Fournier recently resigned her office of reporter for the Sophomore Class. Olive Wolf was elected to fill the vacancy.

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Sophomore class elections have taken place. The class officers are: President, Charlotte Hunker; vice president, Janet Hill; secretary, Rachel Alexander; treasurer, Elizabeth Sheppard. The representative on the Athletic Board is Lorena VanKirk.

CLASS NOTES

1916

The Seniors are all back and boast a new member to their class. Everybody is hard at work, studying and talking over good times in the "gab" room.

Leora Lewis has adopted a new style of footwear. It is thought that "odd" boots will be worn this winter.

Heard in "Annex One": "Has anybody here seen 'Payne'?" "Oh, dear! are you using it?" "May I have it next?" "I've promised it to Alice, and Margaret gets it next, and then Helen, and Gertrude,—but after that you may have it."

Response: A groan—"And it's three-thirty now!"

The Seniors take this opportunity to suggest to the Sophomores that they would show great consideration not to use the "Senior Parlor" every Friday.

Four years of practice in step-climbing have developed the lungs of "'16" to such a degree that they can out-sing every class in the school when it comes to class songs.

Friday, October 2nd, the Seniors treated themselves to a delightful spread on the porch of Woodland Hall. As usual, the "eats" were delicious and everybody had a "gorgeous" time.

It is thought that if the apple tree were removed from the tennis court the loss of many a set of tennis might be averted.

T H E S O R O S I S

The Jolly Juniors

By "Jolly Juniors" we do not mean that we possess merely frivolous jollity and lack a serious outlook upon life, which attitude becomes us as upper-classmen. We realize that this year begins the home stretch of our college career. College days are half over for us, in spite of the fact that we can hardly realize that we have been P. C. W. students for two whole years.

But the class of '17 isn't the kind of a class that will stand by and idly watch the activities of others, even though we are dignified (?) upper-classmen. Already we have begun our social functions. Wednesday afternoon, September 22nd, the Juniors gave a spread for the Freshmen, on Woodland Hall porch. Everyone tried to learn the names of the new girls, and we had a regular "getting-acquainted" party.

This year, on account of our not having our accustomed dens as lounging places, each Junior house girl has adopted a Junior day girl, to whom she has offered the use of her room at any time. In this way, the day girls do not feel so keenly the loss of the den, for they know that there is at least one room where they can come and go as they please, and in which they are always welcome. The resident girls are also thoroughly in favor of the arrangement, for each girl always likes to have the feeling that her room is "useful as well as ornamental."

The Sophomores

During the summer the 1918 class lost a few of its members. Dorothy Bergman, Martha Heinsling, Marion Ulrich and Hilda Yount did not return. A few new members have joined us and to them we, the Sophomores, extend a hearty welcome.

When The Sorosis goes to press, the Sophomores are eagerly awaiting the party which they will give for the Freshmen on Friday, October 1st. We expect it to be a great pleasure to play hostesses to the newcomers.

T H E S O R O S I S

We still mourn the loss of our beloved "Freshman" den. No more will J. H. and E. G. haunt that much-worn couch. No more will its walls re-echo with our learned discussions of the subjects of the day. But, there is consolation for every fate, and we must console ourselves with this, "Perhaps, 'tis better so." Nevertheless, we still feel that we are bound together by a common interest and that ours is the class.

Freshman Notes

Freshmen, do you know that ours is the largest class that has ever entered the gates of P. C. W. and that big things will be expected of us? Will you ever forget the first day? We came up to register, feeling rather scared and shaky, and the first thing we knew we were sipping delicious punch and talking to everyone as if P. C. W. had always been our home. We had heard such awe-inspiring tales of the way Freshies are treated in some colleges that we were unprepared for the warm reception that awaited us. Now we know that P. C. W. is much nicer than other colleges and that the Seniors and Juniors and Sophomores of P. C. W. are much niceer than any other Seniors and Juniors and Sophomores.

One great lesson we have learned:—Upon meeting a girl, first ask her if she is a Senior. If she is not, next inquire if she belongs to the Juniors. If not, try Sophomores, etc. This takes time, but it pays.

On Wednesday, September 22nd, the Juniors gave a party for the Freshmen. It was beautiful on the porch at Woodland Hall and we will never stop talking about the "eats." Sandwiches, salad, candy, ice cream, cakes—ask any Freshman and she will give a glowing account.

A large delegation from our class enjoyed the Senior dance on Friday evening, September 24th.

THE SOROSIS

Laura Tabor has been elected our president; Marion Post, vice president.

Miss Gardner, of our class, is spending a month in Texas, after which time she will return to school.

Marion Post is our representative on the Athletic Association Board.

Now we have to stay in the background when the class songs are sung, but wait—committees have been appointed and are hard at work. Margaret Hamilton is chairman of the committee on yells, and Marion Post of the song committee.

We are looking forward to the "Animal Party," to be given by the Sophomores on Friday, October 1st. All the parties have been the best ever, and we want everyone to know how much we have appreciated and enjoyed them.

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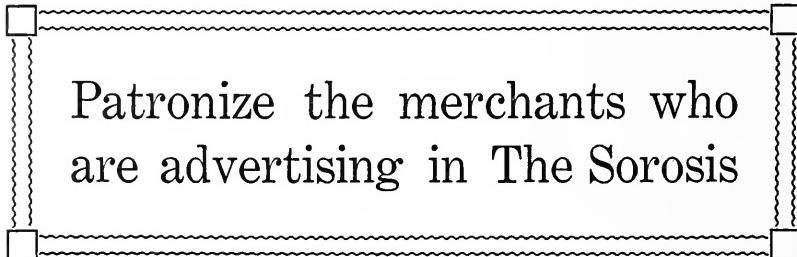
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Who was so wondrous wise;
He thought a business he could run
and never advertise.

Take heed and learn the moral
Of this sad and mournful tale,
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—Ex.

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Miss Helen E. Pelletreau



Vol. XXII.

NOVEMBER, 1915

No. 3

A TRIBUTE TO MISS HELEN E. PELLETREAU

President of Pennsylvania College for Women,
Pittsburgh, Pa., from 1880 to 1894

Janet L. Brownlee

I knew Miss Pelletreau so well, that I do not hesitate to say that she would not care for public tributes except as they may be helpful to others, especially to the young women who may hear them.

Throughout the greater part of Miss Pelletreau's life her chief interest was the advancement of young women. During the twenty-four years in which she was connected with this college, her influence over the young women of this city and this community was far-reaching, stimulating and always wholesome.

It was my privilege to be associated with Miss Pelletreau, as a member of her faculty, for a number of years immediately preceding her resignation as president of this college, and thus I had the benefit of her long experience as an educator, as an administrator, as well as that of her high social position in this community; and I feel that I owe a great debt of gratitude to community; and I feel that I owe a great debt of gratitude, greater than I can express publicly, to her and to those whom she had closely associated with her.

Miss Pelletreau had the true conception, that a college should be managed by its faculty, and the heads of the departments, although not organized as they are today into different committees, were her advisory committee. She also had rare

THE SOROSIS

judgment in selecting members of her faculty from her own alumnae; there are many present today who will agree with me in this statement, when they think of the splendid work of Miss Clark and remember that it was under Miss Pelletreau that Miss Meloy began her successful career as a teacher.

Miss Pelletreau, besides being fortunate in her varied activities as a teacher and administrator, was also a popular public speaker. I recollect a most interesting series of lectures on Parliamentary Law, which she gave to the students, and which she was called upon later to give in different public places. I remember, after a summer she had spent traveling abroad, the delightful talks she gave to the students and to different clubs concerning her travels and especially concerning the lives of authors, whose homes she had visited.

I must not fail, also, to speak of Miss Pelletreau's home life. For one or more years after I became a member of the college family, Miss Pelletreau's mother lived with her. Mrs. Pelletreau was an invalid, not leaving her room except in her chair and with her nurse. She was a woman of great intelligence and rare refinement. Miss Pelletreau's devotion to her mother and the mother's unobtrusice worth were a silent influence for good which permeated the home life; so that I count it a blessing that twice in my connection with the college, in the first years and then again in the last two years, these last in the life of Mrs. Cutler, we have had in our midst a beautiful presence, that has quietly showed to us all, older and younger, how life may be lovely and helpful even to old age.

The love and the loyalty of those who serve are often a great tribute to the character of those whom they serve. Mary, Edward and Maggie were faithful in their service to Miss Pelletreau, and their loyalty to her has never ceased. Edward, for years, at each anniversary laid flowers on the mother's grave. The last letter I had from Miss Pelletreau was one thanking me for letting her know that a great sorrow had come into Mary's life. In the letter she said, "I want Mary to know that I sympathize with her in all her sorrows." No letter came to me in which Maggie was not remembered.

Miss Pelletreau's great friendship, the one which was helpful to us all, was her friendship with Miss Pike—a friendship which lasted until dear Miss Pike left us. I had the privilege of attending the church that Miss Pike attended. I seldom left the church without speaking to Miss Pike; and there and also in her own home, as I was leaving, Miss Pike would say, "Now, Miss Brownlee, do you think that you have told me everything about the college? I shall be writing to Miss Pelletreau and she does not like it if I do not tell her of what is transpiring at the college." Miss Pelletreau never ceased to love the college and to be interested in all of its activities.

At different times Miss Pelletreau has visited in Pittsburgh and has seen her pupils and friends; but I think that no visit was more satisfactory to her and to her friends than her last visit at commencement time, 1911, when she and Miss Pike were the guests of the college, when she met her own girls, made new friends of the undergraduates, enjoyed the courtesy of Dr. Lindsay, the kindness of Dean Coolidge, and the distinction of receiving a degree on commencement night from the college which she loved and for which she had labored so faithfully.

Miss Pelletreau in her latter years lived in Brooklyn, N. Y., with her sister, Mrs. Matthews, and her niece, Mary Matthews Clark. She was devoted to Mrs. Clark's children as she had always been to their mother. She had taken a prominent part in church work and in civic work so long as her health permitted.

Miss Pelletreau was much interested in Dr. Acheson's acceptance of the presidency of this college. She had known his mother in her early days. It was a comfort, therefore, to her family and friends that Dr. and Mrs. Acheson could be present at the beautiful service held in this chapel at the time of Miss Pelletreau's death and burial. It was a comfort to her teachers and pupils that such a service could be held. I like to think that that service was pleasing to her, and no less this service which is now being held in this room, where for so many years Miss Pelletreau led our devotions and gave rich counsel to bright, happy, oftentimes thoughtless, but true and earnest girls, like these girls who are listening to this service today.

THE SOROSIS

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR MISS HELEN E. PELLETREAU

Held in the Chapel Wednesday, October 27, 1915

PROGRAM

Organ Prelude.....	Mr. Whitmer
Hymn—"He Leadeth Me."	
Scripture Reading.....	Dr. Aeheson
Response.	
Anthem—"No Shadows Yonder" (Gaul).....	College Glee Club
In behalf of the Trustees.....	Mr. Oliver McClintonck
In behalf of the Alumnae.....	Mrs. John M. Pardee
Violin Solo.....	Mrs. Walter Mellor
In behalf of the Faculty.....	Miss Brownlee
Prayer.....	Dr. S. J. Fisher
"Alma Mater."	
Benediction.	

**A SUMMER FANCY**

Ellen B. Crowe, '18

One day I saw a fleecy cloud,
Sailing in the sky;
"Twas small, but such a dainty thing
I could not pass it by.

So bright, so vague, so full of charm,
Its beauty drew me on;
I gazed in rapturous delight,
And then—my cloud was gone.

A little cloud, so like the dream,
I cherished in my heart:
I saw her, loved her, felt her power,
And then—watched her depart.

THE ACCURSED SHEKEL

Gertrude Levis Frame, '16

I entered the big, handsomely furnished bedroom quietly. Uncle Ezra lay apathetically in the heavy brass bed, his attractive, swarthy profile clear-cut against the white pillow. He was not ill. There were no traces of disease in his Oriental face. The fiery soul that shone from his magnificent black eyes was burning his life away; that was all.

"Well, uncle," I said, gently, "what do you want?"

"Oh," he answered, nervously tracing the design on the bedspread, "nothing in particular!"

"Oh, I thought you called me! Then I had better go downstairs again," I replied complacently, "Mr. Elhof may be here any minute."

"Don't go!" he exclaimed. "Put the blind up further, can't you? Don't you suppose I want some light?"

Without a word I turned and raised the curtain slightly.

"Well, Ruth, are you trying to blind me?"

I did not answer, but pulled it down again just a little.

"Not so low, child," he growled, pettishly.

I raised it half an inch. There wasn't a sound.

"Will that do?" I questioned, demurely.

"I guess it will have to," he grumbled.

I started for the door.

"What's your hurry? Come on back here."

"What do you want? There's a thousand and one things downstairs for me to do," I explained patiently.

"It's about time for my medicine," he parried.

I looked at him surprised. He usually refused to take his hourly doses, and it was fifteen minutes before the hour.

"It's not time for your medicine," I said firmly.

"It must be," he returned stubbornly.

I made no answer but started to leave the room again.

"Ruth."

"Well," I answered.

"Read to me a little while. Don't you suppose I get tired of lying here with nothing to do?"

"Shall I hire a nurse for you? Your affairs need my at—"

"No! No! Nurse be d——," he interrupted. "I want you. Let my affairs go hang!"

I was startled. This was so unlike Uncle Ezra! What ailed this man who was usually so fond of being alone?

I picked up "Daniel Deronda," his favorite novel, from the table, and began to read aloud from it. As I glanced at him from time to time, I discovered he was giving the book scant attention. So I quietly stopped, and closed it. He started nervously, and drew his black eyebrows together.

"Well, why did you stop?" he demanded.

"Because you don't really want me to read. You are anxious to get something off your mind, and you don't know just how," I explained.

He gave me an approving glance. "You're no fool, Ruth. Come here, and sit down again."

Once more I sat down in the chair beside his bed, and waited patiently. For a long time he looked out of the window as if trying to find inspiration in the rain-laden foliage of the tree tops.

"Ruth, you know I'm not going to get well," he said, tonelessly.

My throat contracted, and my lips twitched. "Yes," I nodded dumbly.

"I hate to die. I'd much rather live, and see what's going to happen next, but I guess it's not possible. I hate to leave you, too, but you're pretty well able to take care of yourself." He stopped again, and looked out of the window. The scene was dispiriting enough.

I laid my hand on his. "What is on your mind, Uncle Ezra? I'd like so much to do something for you." My voice broke. I may have imagined his eyes grew softer, for he answered gruffly:

"Oh, that's all right, child. I don't need any help. But, Ruth—"

"Wait a minute, uncle," I interrupted, "it's time for your medicine."

"Oh, bother the stuff! I have something I want to say." Still, he took it like a lamb.

"Now you can go on," I said, encouragingly.

"Ruth, all my wealth, even this house, must go to your cousin David. Do you realize what that means?" he asked, solemnly.

I laughed, and played with his hand. "Oh, is that all you have to worry about? I have the fifty thousand mother left me. What more do I want? David told me a long time ago that you were going to leave everything to him."

"David must have had some reason for telling you that," he said shrewdly. "What was it, Ruth?"

My cheeks grew hot, and I hid my face in the pillow. I was not fond of thinking of my first and only proposal.

Uncle Ezra chuckled, and put his hand on my hair. "I'd like to have been there," he chuckled. "His proposal must have been quite loverlike."

I was startled. "How did you know he proposed?" I exclaimed.

His eyes grew hard and cold. "Because I knew he wanted something that he could get at most easily by marrying you!"

I drew myself up. "I'll give it to him sooner than marry his, the money-grabber!" I exclaimed, vehemently.

"Tut, tut, Ruth, not so passionate! Only promise you'll never give him the only thing I can leave you," said Uncle Ezra quietly. "But you are so angry with David that you have not asked me what it is I have for you."

It was true, but still I thought I knew. Uncle Ezra was a coin connoisseur, and had made his wealth by old coin traffic. "Is it your cabinet of coins?" I asked. The cabinet was a small collection of the rarest coins.

He shook his head, smilingly. "Not quite. They also are promised to David. But what I intend to give you is a coin,

the queen of all coins. David would give his hope of eternity to possess it. Ruth, do you know how much I paid for it? Can you guess?"

"How can I?" I replied, "I have no idea what it is like."

"Well, I'll tell you. Years ago I inherited it. David contrived to steal it. And child, I who hated him, promised to leave him all my wealth if he would return it!" Suddenly he raised himself in bed, and his eyes blazed with hate and anger. "Promise me, Ruth, that you will never marry him."

I laughed scornfully. "Don't worry, uncle. You couldn't make me marry him! I loathe him. Besides, I have settled with him for once and all. He'll not bother me again."

"Don't you believe it. He'll move heaven and earth to get the coin without stealing it. For he knows it loses its power when stolen," said my uncle.

"Its power? What on earth is this coin you speak of? What power can a piece of metal have?" I asked, incredulously.

"I am forgetting," answered Uncle Ezra, holding out a little key. "Get that tin box from under the head of the bed, and unlock it with this."

I did as I was told. On top of a mass of papers lay a red morocea case.

"Take out the little case and open it," commanded my uncle.

I snapped it open. In it lay a dirty silver coin of great age. Uncle Ezra watched me eagerly as I picked it up. At its touch my fingers thrilled. I looked at it closely. On one side was a Hebrew vase, on the reverse a branch bearing three bell-shaped flowers.

"You have several of these," I said, puzzled. "It is a Jewish shekel."

"Not of those, child, not of those!" he exclaimed. "That is the Accursed Shekel."

Instinctively I dropped it with a low cry of horror. His fingers closed over it caressingly as it fell on the bed.

"And you would give it to me," I cried.

"It's curse will be your blessing. It will make you rich, as it has me," he replied, solemnly.

"How can a mere coin control human destiny?" I scoffed. "Surely you, who are so sensible, have no faith in such old wives' tales."

"Ruth, superstition is one of the most powerful forces in the world. We are all affected by it. My reason tells me not to be superstitious. My imagination and my barbaric nature cause me to act otherwise. In the end superstition is stronger than reason and what we believe comes to pass through the force of our belief. The result is materially the same as if our superstitions were natural facts, and not—not superstitions. So it has been with me. So it will be with you."

He lay quiet for a while; his eyes closed wearily.

At last I spoke. "But what is the superstition connected with the shekel, uncle?" I asked.

He roused himself, and held up the coin. "This, Ruth, is one of the thirty pieces Judas received for betraying the Saviour."

I gazed at the coin horrified and fascinated. "How can it be?" I asked, skeptically.

"Listen. When the dead body of Judas was cut down, this shekel was found in his money bag—"

"But Judas had returned the thirty pieces of silver. At least he threw them down on the temple floor," I interrupted.

"Yes, but when they were picked up and counted, there were only twenty-nine!" answered Uncle Ezra.

"Yet I don't see—" I began.

"Of course not. You know the Jews are famous for their oral tradition. The man who cut down the body of Judas kept the coin as a lucky piece. He became wealthy. He passed the coin and the facts on down to his son, who also gained riches. So it passed on from son to son for over a thousand years. Seventy years ago the line failed. The last of the family, a wealthy banker, bequeathed the legend and the coin to my father, who was then very poor. My father laughed at the tale, but it was so well borne out by facts that he began to believe it. He, as you know, became rich. Such is my story, little one, and to you I bequeath my lucky piece." He held out the coin for me to take, but shuddering I pushed it away."

"No, no," I cried, "I don't want it, it's accursed blood money!"

His eyes dilated and he started up, as the coin rolled on the floor. Then he suddenly choked, and fell back on the bed with purpled face. Frightened, I grasped the medicine that had been provided for such an emergency, and poured it down his open throat. Then I waited in agony. He made no move. "Uncle, uncle, wake up!" I cried, "Oh, uncle!" No sound. I shook him violently, without result. Then I knew he was dead, and I fell forward on the pillow.

II.

When I came to myself, David was standing beside me. On seeing his squat figure, and loathsome, snaky face with its hypocritical mouth, I shuddered and hid my face in the pillow. He pulled me to my feet, and said:

"Come, Ruth, out of here; this will never do."

With a quick look, he took in the tin box and the papers, and the empty morocco box. He looked at me, a question in his eyes. I pointed to where the shekel lay on the floor. He picked it up, and placed it in the case. Without a word he handed it to me, and we left the room.

All day I tried to forget my troubles by putting things to rights. David, I succeeded in avoiding. We did not meet until dinner, which we ate in silence. At last he arose and stepping behind his chair, leaned upon it.

"Ruth," he said, clearing his throat and straightening his collar.

"Yes," I answered, without looking at him.

"Ruth, you are alone now. You need someone to look after you and take care of you now that uncle's gone," he continued, "and was obliged to leave you nothing. I'm sorry, for you are accustomed to luxury and that sort of thing, you know. So I'll forgive you the injustice you once did me, and marry you." He looked at me complacently.

My face flushed angrily, and I arose with a bow of mock gratitude. "I thank you, Cousin David, for your extreme con-

descension, but I'm sorry to say, you're acting from mistaken motives. I have plenty for my real needs; luxuries I can do without. It also appears you are unaware that I have not only taken care of my uncle, but of myself, this last six months. Anyhow, girls of twenty-two are considered well able to take care of themselves. So I will not demand the sacrifice you so generously offer to make. Good night."

I turned to go but he grasped my wrist, and held me back.

"Reconsider," he said quietly, but his eyes gleamed fiendishly and my wrist pained.

"No," I answered, firmly, "my decision is final."

His face grew crimson. "Well, then go, and be d——," he hissed, throwing my hand from him.

I quickly turned and hurried to my room. I locked the door and leaned against it panting. It was already dark. Rain beat drearily and monotonously against my windows. The gas light sputtered fitfully. Lurid shadows played on the walls, and I saw my uncle's contorted face in every corner. With a gasp I flung myself face downward on the bed. For the first time in my life I was afraid. With an effort I pulled myself together, and undressing quickly, crept into bed, leaving the light burning. The shekel I put under my pillow. I couldn't sleep. Restlessly I rolled and tossed from one side of the bed to the other. "What should I do with the shekel?" passed and depassed through my upset brain. I pulled the box from under my pillow and took out the coin. At the touch of it on my palm, exquisite thrills passed through my arm, and my fingers to the very ends. It was mine, all mine! It would bring me wealth and power. I would not have to pay the price. Was I not a true Christian? Besides, I would give my wealth to the poor. My portion would be mansions, silks and satins; not to mention jewels, rich scintillating jewels and sparkling gems. And yet—and yet, would it all not be bought with the shekel, the accursed blood money? I shivered and my fear returned. Once more the shadows danced on the walls and the ceiling. David's loathsome face was there beside my uncle's. Then suddenly I caught sight of my mother's picture on the wall opposite me, and I fell asleep.

In my sleep I dreamed. The shekel had fulfilled its function. I was the richest of all women. What mattered it if I had no true friends, if children shrank from my money-grasping hands that gleamed with jewels? For I had built a vast model tenement, and a huge orphan asylum. Wasn't my name on every charity list of prominence? So I had a right to live in my princely mansions, and dress in Paris modes for my own delectation. Then I was riding in a cushioned automobile along a city business street. On either side were vast, white stone skyscrapers. Crowds surged hither and thither. At last we had to stop. Before us stretched a vast concourse of people, jeering and laughing at a figure in the market-place. The man stood meekly and sorrowfully with manacled hands. Beside him was the auctioneer crying, "How much am I offered?" while beyond the people yelled, "Get the hook!" "Can him!" "He's a back number" and the like. Suddenly the man's eyes were raised to my face. They were the Christ eyes, and I half rose, but like a dirge through my soul went the words in those reproachful eyes, "I do not know you!" Then with a start I awoke.

The first traces of day were creeping through the window. The rain had passed over, and the world was fresh and clear. Quickly and feverishly I dressed. My heart was light for my decision had been made. I slipped on a cap and sweater. The coin I put in my pocket, leaving the case behind. My shoes I slung over my shoulder by the laces, and, thus equipped, I slipped quietly out of my room and down the stairs. All the while I had the creepy feeling that I was being watched. At the parlor door I stopped and glanced in at the corpse. "I'm sorry, uncle," I whispered, "but I cannot help it. The accursed coin would destroy my peace of mind." I gently opened the front door, and crept out. I sat down on the doorstep to put on my shoes.

The fresh morning air revived my good spirits, and I walked briskly down the street. It was so early that the streets were almost deserted. I noticed a man in a long overcoat, and slouch hat a half square or so behind me. "Some mill worker," I thought, and promptly forgot him. I soon turned the corner into River avenue, and made my way to the bridge over the

Juniper. Halfway across I leaned on the iron railing and looked down at the little river.

Quietly and steadily, almost conscientiously, it flowed on. A feeling came over me that my own life might flow on as monotonously. My decision wavered. "Should I or should I not?" Again visions of wealth assailed me. I drew out the coin and looked at it. All my uncle had said returned to me, and I thought of Judas hanging on the tree, the shekel in his purse. With the coin tightly clenched in my palm, I leaned on the rail, and gazed dreamily into the dark river.

The hollow sound of a man's footsteps on the bridge brought me to myself, and once more I faced the question, "Peace of mind or wealth?" I stretched my arm over the rail, and slowly opened my palm.

As the coin dropped, I was startled by someone's hand on my shoulder. I turned quickly, and looked into my cousin's hateful face. "You here!" I exclaimed.

"You fool!" he cried, holding me tightly. I threw back my head, and smiled calmly into his angry, fiendish eyes. He shook me violently. "Do you know what you have done?" he hissed.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Nothing but take a morning walk, of course. Have you followed me to repeat your proposal of marriage?"

GOD'S STARS

Louise Reinecke, '17

When I see the wonders of heaven,
The stars in God's beautiful sky,
I wonder why all are not happy to live—
So radiantly happy am I.

We, too, could be stars on God's earth,
If we only would let our joy shine,
And make it send forth its bright, beautiful beams
To cheer the sad hearts of mankind.

RUSKIN'S CHARACTERISTICS

E. S., '17

Ruskin's "Praeterita," which means "things gone by," or "the past," is different from any other autobiography I ever read. This difference lies in two points; first, its informal style, and second, its demand on the reader. The informality of the style is evident in the unusual order in which Ruskin tells his stories. He interests us first in himself and then he tells us about his parents. No chronological order deadens the book, but interesting stories gathering about one place paint that locality for us. Ruskin's friends and acquaintances bob in and out of the pages like people making calls in real life. First we meet a character and learn to know him; then he is out of sight for a while. Suddenly he appears again and we pick up the thread of acquaintanceship. Sometimes before a character has left us the first time, he says, "You'll hear more of me later." Even Ruskin's sentences carry out this idea of informality. They are so full of parenthetical clauses that he seems to be taking pleasure in talking to us, instead of writing a book. Then, too, he gives us glimpses of himself as he writes. He says, "I have just opened my oldest (in use) Bible—a small, closely and very neatly printed volume it is: yellow now with age, and flexible, but not unclean." Little personal touches like the above run all through the book and rouse our sympathetic understanding of the author.

Another of Ruskin's methods of obtaining our understanding is to demand something from us. He begins one chapter in this way: "In my needful and fixed resolve to set the facts down continuously, leaving the reader to his reflections on them, I am slipping a little too fast over the surfaces of things; and it becomes at this point desirable that I should know, or at least try to guess, something of what the reader's reflections are! and whether in the main he is getting at the sense of the facts I tell him. Does he think me a lucky or unlucky youth, I wonder? Commendable, on the whole, and exemplary—or the reverse? Of

promising gifts—or merely glitter of morning, to pass at noon?" Such a demand for understanding from us, gives us a feeling of having "a finger in the pie," and therefore doubles our interest.

Two qualities seem of equal importance—his power of analysis, and his love of beauty. The power of analysis is a little more prominent. Ruskin's past, his thoughts, his character, his tastes and the reason for them he has carefully analyzed in more than one place in the book. A good example of this self-analysis is in the following quotation: "I was different, be it once more said, from other children, even of my own type, not so much in the actual nature of the feeling, but in the mixture of it. I had in my little clay pitchers, vialfuls, as it were, of Wordsworth's reverence, Shelly's sensitiveness, Turner's accuracy, all in one. A snow-drop was to me, as to Wordsworth, part of the Sermon on the Mount. . . . With Shelly, I loved blue sky and blue eyes. . . . And the reverence and passion were alike kept in their places by the constructive Turnerian element; and I did not weary myself in wishing that a daisy could see the beauty of its shadows, but in trying to draw the shadows rightly myself."

Perhaps this quotation may lead you to think he was conceited. But if you consider that Ruskin analyzed carefully everything with which he came in contact, you will realize that this self-analysis was natural to him. In every other case he gave accurate conclusions from his analysis. It is not surprising, then, that he frankly and openly gave us his observations on himself. He was not conceited, but he frankly admitted that he had any ability of which he was sure. He trusted the reader to understand him.

Ruskin analyzed not only himself, but others. For this reason we find such a vivid, satisfying word picture of his physician, Dr. Grant. "Ever after the illness, Dr. Grant's name was associated in my mind with a brown powder—rhubarb or the like—of a gritty and acrid nature, which, by his orders I had then to take. The name thenceforward always sounded to me g-r-r-ish and granular; and a certain dread, not amounting to dislike, but, on the contrary, affectionate (for me), made the Doctor's presence

somewhat solemnizing to me; the rather as he never jested, and had partly a brownish, partly austere, and sere, wrinkled, and—rhubarby, in fact, sort of face."

Beauty! How Ruskin loved that word and all it meant! One of the beautiful things he learned to love first was the rhythm of sound and purity of language. Ruskin gives this reason for it. "My mother forced me, by steady toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart; as well as to read it every syllable through, aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year, and to that discipline—patient, accurate and resolute—I owe, not only a knowledge of the book, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature." Ruskin was so exact in the use of words that he is delightful to read. I can best make this clear by one of his nice distinctions. "This inconceivably passive,—or rather impassive—contentment in doing or reading the same thing over and over again, I perceive, to have been a great condition in my future power of getting thoroughly to the bottom of matters." Ruskin means exactly what he says here, for "passive" in its true meaning, means physically inert, while "impassive" means emotionally inert.

Ruskin loved not only beauty of language, but beauty of nature. Water had a great fascination for him. He used to spend hours gazing at the Rhone, until at last he could give us this vivid, exact, colored, beautiful picture of it: "Fifteen feet thick of not flowing, but flying water; not water, neither,—melted glazier, rather, one should call it; the force of the ice is with it, and the wreathing of the clouds, the gladness of the sky, and the continuance of Time . . . alike through bright day and lulling night, the never-pausing plung, and never-fading flash, and never-hushing whisper, and, while the sun was up, the ever-answering glow of unearthly aquamarine, ultramarine, violet blue, gentian blue, peacock blue, river-of-paradise blue, glass of a painted window melted in the sun, and the witch of the Alps flinging the spun tresses of it forever from her snow."

I have said that beauty meant a great deal to Ruskin. His religion was almost entirely a worship of beauty. He had a

broad childlike belief in God, and a reverence for Nature as God's expression of beauty. This belief kept him humble. In regard to his fellowman, his religion took a most unusual form. He wanted to help humanity, but he did not want to do it personally. He might be called a spectator; that is, someone who stands on the outside of a crowd, watches them, perhaps understands them, but does not mingle with them and give them personal help. To illustrate this peculiarity, let me tell you of one of his plans which he was unable to carry out. On the northern slopes of the Alps there is a region where there are daily windstorms. These violent storms twist the trees out of all their natural beauty by their daily torments. Even the people seem affected by them. When Ruskin visited this place he wrote: "So earnestly was my heart set on discovering which were the causes of so great evil to so noble people that I was in treaty again and again for pieces of land near the chain of Mont Blanc, on which I thought to establish my life and round which to direct its best energies."

When Ruskin wrote, "I did not weary myself in wishing that a daisy could see the beauty of its shadow, but in trying to draw the shadow rightly myself," he gave one of the greatest reasons why, early in life, he taught himself the principles of drawing. He learned botany and mineralogy to appreciate beauty. His study of architecture was based on ideas of beauty. He began his study of architecture with his early trips to the mainland of Europe. He made drawings and sketches of the buildings that interested him. In Venice especially he made careful drawings. He spent weeks studying systematically the structure of buildings in Venice. So minute were his studies that he could write on "The Stones of Venice."

When Ruskin was thirteen years old he received a copy of Turner Roger's "Italy," illustrated by Turner. Because of his studies, Ruskin could appreciate the accuracy and beauty of Turner. He expresses his admiration for one of Turner's pictures thus: "It had trees, architecture, water, a lovely sky, and a clustered bouquet of brilliant figures." Ruskin's admiration turned into imitation of Turner's principles.

Beeause I have been familiar with that picture of Ruskin, which shows a pleasant-faced, keen-eyed man of middle age with graying hair and white beard, I was interested in an unfamiliar word picture of younger Ruskin's cameo profile: "I should now describe it (the cameo) as a George the Third's penny, with a half penny worth of George the Fourth, the pride of Amurath the Fifth, and the temper of eight little lueifers in a swept lodging. . . . Concerning whieh, as also other later portraits of me, I will be thus far proud to tell the disappointed speetator, once for all, that the main good of my face, as of my life, is in the eyes,—and only in those, seen near; that a very dear and wise French friend also told me, a long while after this, that the lips, though not Apolline, were kind; and of the shape of head, fore and aft, I have my own opinions, but do not think it time, yet, to tell them."

Perhaps I have given too much attention to Ruskin, the young man, rather than to Ruskin, the author of "Praeterita." I can only justify myself by quoting oncee more from the book: "Now, looking baek from 1886 to that brook shore of 1837, whence I could see the whole of my youth, I find myself in noth-
ing whatsoever changed. Some of me is dead, more of me stronger. I have learned a few things, forgotten many; in the total of me, I am but the same youth, disappointed and rheumatie."



AVE MARIA

Emily S. Kates, '18

The broad, red sun dips in the west,
 Beyond the purple haze;
And homeward to their evening rest,
 The toilers plod their ways.

Now clear and free from the old church tower
 Comes the call to evening prayer;
The bell tolls forth the quiet hour
 Upon the twilight air.

The little children end their play,
The mother breaks her thread;
And the weary peasant by the way,
Reverently bows his head.

The music lingers on the air,
And pulsing life is stirred;
From every heart ascends a prayer,
With its echoes, heavenward.



COUSIN MARTHA'S VISIT

Leila Hill, '16

Miss Carrie Wilson took off her glasses, rubbed them with a spotless handkerchief, and looked around the room. She smiled to herself and gave a sigh of satisfaction as her eyes passed from object to object. The grey and blue carpet was without dust, not even the tiniest particle of raveling or dirt could be seen on its smooth surface. The chairs were arranged neatly against the wall, save one massive rocker which reposed beside the center table and bore itself with a distinguished dignity under its load of crocheted doilies. It was rivaled only by the piano-stool, whose lacy appendages hung well nigh to the floor. From the walls smiled down all the Wilson ancestors of the last three generations, some encircled by elegant specimens of embroidery and others by the simple dignity of massive ebony.

Miss Carrie rubbed her glasses again, and, placing them upon her nose, she reverted to her crocheting. "One, two, three, four, five, six, throw over two and go back three—" Just here her thoughts were broken in upon by a young voice.

"Hello there, aunty! Where are you—in the sitting-room?"
A door banged loudly.

"Sara, did you clean your feet good on the mat? Yes, here I am," called Miss Carrie over her shoulder.

A moment later a girl of fourteen burst into the room, her face flushing from under a mass of rumpled, brown hair, and

dragging her coat and hat along with one hand. In the other she waved aloft a letter.

"Oh! aunty," she burst out breathlessly, "here's a letter. Open it quick till we see who it's from!"

"My gracious, child, you came in here without taking off your rubbers! Here, give me the letter and be off with yourself and leave them at the back door and hang your coat and hat in the hall."

Sara cast a rueful glance at the offending overshoes, surrendered the letter and swept out of the room like a young whirlwind, while Miss Carrie shrilled after her:

"Now you be sure and see that you didn't track in any mud and remember to wipe your rubbers."

Miss Carrie had hardly finished the third line of the letter when Sara burst into the room, tugging at the knot in her sailor-tie.

"Hurry up, aunty! Who's it from and what's it about?"

"Do be patient, my dear! How ever did you get your tie in such a fix? Here!" In a moment Miss Carrie's deft fingers had set it to rights. "You'll ruin that tie, child. Don't fly at things so. For goodness sake, take your time! There is no hurry."

"But, aunty, who's the letter from?"

"Well, Sara Wilson; a body would think you had never seen a letter before! Do make an attempt to be patient."

"I haven't seen many letters, aunty. You know I haven't. Nothing ever comes but the taxes and the receipts, and once in ten years a letter from Aunt Emma. Nothing ever happens in this sleepy old place and I'm just dying for some excitement."

Aunt Carrie began to pat her foot impatiently upon the carpet. Sara knew that this was the danger signal and sank into the big arm-chair, causing great confusion among the array of prim doilies. Slowly and carefully Miss Carrie read the letter, while Sara squirmed and fidgeted among the doilies.

"Well," Miss Carrie looked over her glasses. "My good gracious, Sara, jump out of there immediately! Just look at the way you have messed those things up!"

"Here, I'll fix them myself." Painstakingly Miss Carrie smoothed and patted, while Sara shifted from one foot to the other tugging at her tie.

"That's all right, now, aunty. Do tell who the letter is from."

"It's from Cousin Martha. She's coming to see us."

"Who's Cousin Martha? I never heard tell of her." Sara puckered her forehead thoughtfully.

"I know. You never saw her. She's a cousin of mine and your father's. For goodness sake, child, take that frown from between your eyes and stand up straight. She married a wealthy man and lives in New York. I haven't seen Martha these ten years. Let me see! I've had you eleven years come next October. It must be twelve years since I've seen Martha."

"But aunty!" broke in Sara, "what's she comin' to see us for?"

"You see, they're on their way to California and Martha says she couldn't think of coming so near here and not coming out just for old times sake to have a good old chat."

"If they're so rich I bet she has dandy things. Maybe an opal ring and a fur coat." Sara sat on the edge of the piano-stool and gazed unseeing through the stiff lace curtains and shining window.

"Don't be so silly, Sara. Of course she isn't goin' to wear a fur coat in May and I know she hasn't an opal ring, unless it's set with diamonds."

Sara's eyes grew big and bright.

"Is her husband comin', too, aunty? What's his name? When are they comin'?"

"My gracious! Let me see. I think on Friday." Miss Carrie adjusted her glasses and searched through the letter. "Yes, here it is. 'We'll run out Friday afternoon, just for a nice old-time chat and get back in time for the early train.' "

"Gee! I'm glad they're comin' soon. I'd so love to see them. Somethin' really exciting is going to happen after all."

"For goodness sake, Sara, quit whirlin' around on that piano-stool! Can't you sit up and act like a lady? That kind of con-

duct will never do when Cousin Martha's here. Now, let me see, we'll have to plan how we're goin' to do."

"What are you goin' to do, aunty? Have a picnic for them in the grove."

"Sara! Don't be silly. Of course not! And it rainin' every other day. We'll have to plan the work." Miss Carrie stiffened up in her chair.

"Work! aunty. Why, Mary an' you just cleaned the whole house a week ago."

"It was six weeks yesterday since we started the cleanin'. We began Monday afternoon after the washin' was done and we finished Friday afternoon. I remember distinctly."

"But everything's clean, aunty. Why, the parlor hasn't been opened but once since, and that was the day the Missionary Society was here. Don't you remember?"

"That doesn't make a bit of difference. This house has got to be cleaned from garret to cellar. I always was counted a good housekeeper, and I still am. I remember how Cousin Martha used to say, 'Carrie, you're a wonder! How you ever manage with only one servant is more than I can tell. An' everything just so all the time.' No, Sara, nobody's ever goin' to say that my house isn't spiek and span in every nook and corner."

"Oh, bother all this old cleanin'! I'm goin' over to Ruth's to stay till Friday. Can't I, aunty?"

"Indeed you can't. You're goin' to stay right here and help, and if you go to Ruth's you stay there till Saturday dinner time and not a minute before do you come home."

* * * * *

"Gee! aunty, but you look funny!" Sara stood in the middle of the floor shaking with laughter. "There's a big black streak right down there," indicating the middle of her nose.

Miss Carrie was just emerging from the clothes-press with a pile of boxes.

"Well, I can't help it. I'd rather have it there then on the wood-work. Those gas stoves do blacken things up somethin' awful. My land, child, you take off those rubbers this minute and set your books in your own room. No, don't either! Take

them to the sittin'-room. Mary's scrubbing in your room, and go down and see if the man has finished beatin' the carpet and tell him to bring it up. And take these papers with you and burn them in the alley and remember to lock the gate." Miss Carrie delivered her orders and disappeared into the clothes-press.

Sara stood in the middle of the floor mechanically taking off her rubbers.

"Sara, are you gone yet?"

"No."

"My land, but you're slow! I never saw the like of you. You're no help at all."

"Well, I wouldn't be here at all if I didn't want to see Cousin Martha. I just hate this house-cleaning."

"Well, hurry up! And, Sara, give the chickens three-fourths of a cup of scratch. Now mind, not a handful, and see if they need water. I don't want to stop Mary with the scrubbing and it's their feeding time. Now, remember everything."

"All right, aunty," called Sara, as she hopped down the stairs two at a time, saying over to herself, "Give the man some water and see if the chickens need beatin' and bring up a handful, no a cupful of scratch! Oh, no! Give the chickens a handful of water. No, that isn't it, either. Burn the papers. I see! I forgot them." She stopped still in the middle of the flight, "Ho! aunty; I forgot what I'm to do. Come and tell me and throw me the papers!"

Just then Miss Carrie appeared at the head of the stairs with the countenance of an offended goddess.

"Sara Wilson! You quit your fooling. Take those books off your head and put your things away and hustle up here and clean up the mud off this floor that Mary just scrubbed an' is all ready to put the carpet down!"

"Oh! I hate this crazy old clean, clean, clean. It makes me tired! Ruth's mother isn't forever huntin' dust and dirt and serubbin' an' shinin' all the time when there isn't a speck of dust as big as a minute anywhere."

During this outburst Sara hopped down two more steps, and

then the delicately-balanced strap full of books toppled off and bumped to the foot of the stairs.

"I can't help how Ruth's mother keeps house. There's not going to be anything a mess around me. I'll do the things as I have light and that's all can be expected of anybody. Now, you hurry up."

"Well, I don't mind so much cleanin' the house, but every old cupboard and clothes-press in it—why it's crazy. Over at Ruth's if you open a cubboard an' a whole bunch of boxes come tumbling down, everybody just laughs and Mrs. Dorn smiles and says she must have overlooked it and you just have a good time and feel at home and not like everything was stiffened up for company. And—"

Here the last sentence was cut off short as Sara with dragging books and coat disappeared into the sitting-room and banged the door after her.

"That child!" Miss Carrie shook her head and rubbed her nose with a dusty finger until the black streak spread all over it. But she didn't remain long in contemplation.

"Ah! Mary, are you done in there? Now, start the stairs. I think we'll be done tomorrow evening, all right. There's nothing to do but put the carpets down."

"Ah! Aunty, can't I stay home from school today? We never do much on Fridays anyhow, and I'm so excited over Cousin Martha and I could help, too."

Sara leaned over her plate and coaxed with her most wheedling voice. Miss Carrie beamed over her shining coffee-pot as she dished the rolled oats. Sara knew that she was in a happy frame of mind and "aunty" would do most anything; anyhow, that didn't interfere with her housekeeping.

"For goodness sake, child, sit up! Haven't you learned any table manners yet? You'll disgrace us all before Cousin Martha."

"But can't I stay at home, aunty? I'd not get in the way a bit and I could help."

"Well, I guess you can. There's nothing to do but put up the curtains in the parlor and sitting-room and touch things up a bit. Let's see, is everything done? Mary, you put the clean

things on the bed in the spare room, didn't you? And set the things out on the dresser and laid the guest towels out, and put the velvet Bible on the parlor table, washed all the brie-a-brac and cleaned the piano keys? Yes, I guess everything's done. It's these little finishing touches that are so hard to remember."

"Oh, goody, aunty!" broke in Sara; but Miss Carrie was lost in the plans for the day.

"Sara, you can help me put up the curtains and Mary can spend all her time getting things ready for dinner. Mary, I don't think you'd better kill the chickens till after lunch. I think we'll just take a little bite in the kitchen and not muss up any more in here. Come on, Sara!"

* * * * *

"Sarah!" Miss Carrie's voice was almost tragic. "Run quick and tell Mary to stop whatever she's doin' and come and scrub the porch. That eat from next door has tracked all over it."

Now, Sara," Miss Carrie had mounted the step-ladder, and mumbled her directions through a mouthful of pins. "Hand me that curtain, please. No! That one! That's right. Now, tell me how they hang."

Just then Mary appeared in the doorway, scrub-bucket and broom in hand.

"Please, ma'm—"

Her sentence was unfinished. Sara looked up at her aunt and caught the terror in her wildly staring eyes, as she quickly freed her mouth of pins and dropped the stiff, wrinkleless curtain.

"Well! well! Cousin Carrie! I just told James that I bet we'd find you cleaning. You're such a wonderful housekeeper. Never mind taking off your apron, I like to feel at home and I think there is nothing like a big apron to give you a homey feeling. Well, I do believe if you hadn't known I was coming you wouldn't have known me."

Miss Carrie at last recovered herself enough to go through the customary ceremony of greeting a dear and long-absent cousin.

"Now, Martha, you and James just let me show you up to your room and leave your things. Here, Sara, take Cousin Martha's umbrella! This is my brother Frank's little girl. You remember her, I suppose?"

"Oh my, yes! But really we can't take our things off. We just have an hour to stay. James got a telegram this morning that he'd have to come to Chicago right away to attend to some important business. So, I said 'We just can't miss seeing Carrie, if it is only for a few minutes,' so here we are."

"Oh! Martha, I'm so disappointed." Real tears glistened in Miss Carrie's eyes. "Can't I get you a bite to eat? Mary, put on the kettle."

"Oh! no, Carrie. You always were so hospitable, but you see we just had our breakfast in town and James can't eat much. You know, we're going to California for his health. Many thanks, just the same. Let's just have a nice old-fashioned chat about all the old friends!"

Forty-five minutes later Miss Carrie waved farewell to Cousin Martha from the sitting-room window, and a moment later sank into a chair. Sara flopped into the big arm-chair, causing the usual confusion among the doilies.

"Well, they're gone."

Miss Carrie sighed heavily.

"And I didn't see any diamonds or anything. An', gee, aunty, they never saw one of the nice clean clothes-presses!"

"Sara! Get up off that chair this minute, and straighten those doilies!"

And then she added, "Oh, well, the house is clean, any how!"



THE SOROSIS

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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EDITORIALS

"And they that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." These words, found in the third verse of the twelfth chapter of Daniel, were applied by Mr. McClintock, at the memorial service held in the chapel, October 27th, to Miss Helen E. Pelletreau, the beloved president of our college for many years. The divine words impressed upon us strongly the assurance of the richer, fuller life

"THEY THAT BE TEACHERS"

upon which Miss Pelletreau had entered. Sorrow and sadness gave place to joy before the brightness of the divine promise.

Miss Pelletreau, we believe, was a teacher of God, one whose life yielded the fruits of righteousness. Here, in these halls, in this college that we love, Miss Pelletreau worked for others. The best years of her life were given to P. C. W., and to the advancement of young women. Her influence over the young women of this city was potent, stimulating and far-reaching in its good. Many of the Alumnae can better realize this fact than can we. For to them was granted the privilege of knowing Miss Pelletreau personally, of working under her leadership, of striving to fashion their own lives after her example and her ideals; it is impossible, however, for us, students of Pennsylvania College for Women, not to feel the good resulting from Miss Pelletreau's life. Whether we are conscious of it or not, we one and all owe her a debt of love and gratitude. Where our college touches our lives, so does Miss Pelletreau.

As students in the college to which Miss Pelletreau gave so much, let us humbly yet joyfully acknowledge the debt which we owe her, thanking God that to Pennsylvania College for Women was devoted such a life as hers.

The library annexes are for quiet study, a fact which many of us seem to have forgotten. Too often they are employed for conversation—very often by common consent, it is true; the probability always exists, however, of there being one or more girls present who are earnestly endeavoring to concentrate, who join in the discourse, either through inability to study under such conditions, or else who, summoning all their power of attention, endeavor to absorb what they are reading. They may succeed and they may not; more often, we fear, they do not, certainly not to the extent which silence would have commanded. It is hard to learn the minute workings of the nervous system when such phrases as the following tap invitingly upon our brains: "I am going to contest for—" "Oh, she is too clumsy for that part!" "Oh, girls, did you hear the latest?"

IN THE LIBRARY ANNEXES

If the truth were known, if we all were strictly honest about it, from a merely personal standpoint (apart from all consideration of Student Government laws), would not most of us be glad if quiet reigned with despotic sway in the annexes? It is all very well to say, "Concentrate. You should be able to study in any noise—it strengthens your power of concentration." That may be very true; however, the library annexes do not seem the places in which to test the validity of such a statement. If we desire thus to develop the power of concentration we can always have recourse to rooms "three" and "four." The lunch room, from one to one-thirty, would afford excellent conditions for such an experiment.

Of course, there are times (as with everyone else) when you would like to talk in the annexes. It may be that you are wanting to tell your best chum about the good time you had last night, or you may desire to discuss something in connection with the assignment you both are studying; desist, however—remember the time when you yourself wanted most earnestly to concentrate upon a lesson scheduled for the following hour.

It is the opinion of those who attended the convention held recently in Pittsburgh by the Laymen's Missionary Movement, that great good will result. Able speakers from all parts of our country and from foreign lands were present and spoke with great eloquence and directness. Much instruction of a missionary character was imparted; what the church and other Christian agencies are doing, or not doing, to meet the religious and moral needs of the home land and foreign lands was set forth with great plainness and force. The conviction was formed in many hearts that every Christian man and woman should in some way or other get into the missionary business with such earnestness and faith as have not been characteristic of many of us. Many hearts were profoundly impressed with the fact that Christianity is God's answer to the needs of the world, and that we should all stir ourselves to do

**LAYMEN'S
MISSIONARY
CONVENTION**

our best to apply the principles of the Gospel to every department and phase of human life. Christ meets the needs of the individual, the home, the school, the community, the state, the world,—that was the great fundamental message of the convention, most eloquently and convincingly presented.

THE ALUMNAE

The marriage of Laila Clark, '13, and Walter E. Ament took place on October 6th.

Rosemma McGrew, '13, has organized a class of thirty-five pupils in story-telling and expression. The classes are held in Miss Porter's school in Crafton.

Olga Losa, '15, and Janet Campbell, '15, were visitors at school for the Halloween party.

The engagement of Charlotte May Schaffner to Franklin Young has been announced.

Mrs. Evelyn Crandall Gadsley, '10, is receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Craig Madill, on October 5th.

Mrs. Iona Smith Kuppet, '13, visited school last week.

The Alumnae Department will be very glad to receive any news from the old girls.

THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The Whitmer Music Club held the first meeting of the season Monday afternoon, November 8th, in Mr. Whitmer's studio. An interesting program of vocal and instrumental compositions was presented.

More than two hundred dollars' worth of concert tickets for the several series have already been bought by our college. We are quite the largest buyers of tickets in the city.

The anthems presented weekly by the college and Dilworth

Hall choirs are greatly appreciated. They present a great variety of styles of composition.

The music to be given at the annual Christmas service this year will be entirely new. All carols and anthems selected will be presented for the first time and there will be several changes in the nature of the program.

EXPRESSION NOTES

The Dramatic Club has outlined a very interesting year's work. Two plays will be produced and a visit will be made to a theatre to study stage mechanism. The club will attend a play given at one of the local theatres (to be announced later) and will discuss it at the first meeting following the play. The club will be affiliated with the Pittsburgh center of the Dramatic League of America.

The first production of the Dramatic Club will be a play for children, "The Silver Thread," by Constance D'Arcy Mackay. Two matinee programs will be given on December 3rd and 4th. This is the beginning of the movement in the interest of children's dramatics.

Miss Roop, the new assistant in the Department of Expression, gave a very interesting and enjoyable program on Friday, October 15th, to the girls of both houses.

Y. W. C. A.

At the meeting of October 13th, Miss Haggard, Student Volunteer Secretary, spoke to us. We were fortunate in having her this year, as she cannot often visit the same school two years in succession. Her talk was very interesting and helpful. She told us the story of a certain Y. W. C. A. secretary, and the conversion of a young girl on her way to the state prison. She made an appeal for more consecrated lives and urged us to prepare ourselves for the best service.

The meeting on October 20th was led by Jane Errett. The topic was "A Dominating Purpose"; we were told that we can get much more out of our training here at college if we have a great purpose in mind.

The Bazaar

Girls, it is time to think about the Christmas Bazaar. It is to be held on Friday and Saturday, December 3rd and 4th, in the drawing-rooms. Do not forget the dolls—they will be present in all their best finery. The latest Parisian models will be exhibited. The usual articles of fancywork will be for sale. Every girl is urged to make something for the Bazaar, and soon, as all articles of fancywork must be in before Thanksgiving.

Vespers

Dr. Acheson spoke at Vespers Sunday, October 24th, on "Why We Read the Bible."

Dr. Cooke, pastor of the Oakmont Baptist Church, spoke at Vespers, Sunday, October 17th. He gave a Bible reading on the seventh and eighth chapters of Romans.

OMEGA SOCIETY

At the October meeting of the Omega Society, Miss Greer had a paper on Kipling. Mr. Putnam read some of Kipling's ballads. The hostesses were Leila Hill, Louise Reinecke and Janet Errett.

The Omega Society will conduct its annual Story Contest, which includes as eligible all the college girls. The stories must be handed in before or on December 1st. A prize of five dollars in gold will be given for the best.

The following new members have been admitted to the Omega Society: Helen Pardee, Martha Crandal, Emily Kates and Olive Wolfe.

DEUTSCHE VEREIN

The October meeting of the Deutsche Verein was the initiation meeting. Dorothy Minor, Emily Kates, Ellen Crowe, Esther

Evans, Mollie Davidson, and Olive Wolfe were admitted. Leah Claster and Kathryn Robb were hostesses.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club will present "The Silver Thread," a Cornish folk play by Constance Mackay, on Friday afternoon, December 3rd, at 3:30 o'clock, and Saturday, December 4th, at 2:30 p. m. The idea of dramatics for children is a new one in Pittsburgh, but it has been successfully carried out in Boston, New York and other cities. The Seniors have charge of the performance and are working hard for patronesses. They ask for your hearty co-operation. The Drama League has expressed its approval and desires to further this movement.

A Drama League membership has been taken out by the Club and hereafter we will be affiliated with that association.

The following girls have been elected to membership in the Club: Alene Van Eman, Gertrude Bradt, Ellen Crowe, Charlotte Hunker, Josephine Paul, Dorothy Minor.

Don't forget the play! You will enjoy it. Come and bring the little folks.

COLLEGE NOTES

Our annual Color Day exercises were observed on Wednesday morning, October 16th. The Faculty and students marched down to the amphitheatre after chapel, and the exercises were held there. After the presentation of the colors, the Freshmen instituted a precedent, when they planted a tree. The tree surely must grow after so many willing hands have covered its roots with earth. Following that came the class songs and yells, which were a great improvement over last year, in that every class in college had some kind of a song and yell.

During the lunch hour on Color Day a singing contest was held in the hall adjoining the library. All the classes participated

and much good-natured rivalry was displayed. But for the best singing, we believe the Sophs surpassed all the other classmen.

The President's Day of the Colloquium, in honor of Mrs. J. W. Sherrer, was observed at our college on Monday, October 11th. Miss Brownlee, Miss Lovejoy and Miss Stewart were hostesses. Professor George M. Baird, of the University of Pittsburgh, spoke on "The Drama," and a musical program was given.

The Inaugural and Fiftieth Anniversary exercises of Vassar College were held during the early part of October. We were represented by Dr. Acheson, Miss Coolidge and Miss Lindsay. When they returned we had some very interesting reports. Dr. Acheson told us about the address and the inaugural exercises. Miss Coolidge very vividly described the scene of the pageant and then the pageant itself. Miss Lindsay, who is a Vassar graduate, told us about the alumnae reunions and the alumnal luncheon and play. She also spoke on the great Student Conference which was held.

A Faculty tea was given on Tuesday, October 19th. Miss Kerst, Miss Green and Miss Lovejoy were hostesses.

Miss Holcomb visited the Erretts, at their home in Carnegie, October 9th. She reports having had a very delightful time.

We have received an invitation from the Twentieth Century Club to share in their morning lectures during the years of 1915 and 1916, at the nominal sum of twenty-five cents instead of the regular price of one dollar to outsiders. The Club has prepared a very interesting program and it is hoped that many will take advantage of this offer.

On Tuesday, October 19th, Dean Coolidge spoke before the Federation of Girls Societies of Pittsburgh, in the First Presbyterian Church. The Dilworth Hall alumnae take part in the work of the club. They have helped to build and support homes for convalescent women and children at Harmerville. Miss Coolidge spoke about the new Vocational Bureau which has been established in Pittsburgh by the College Club.

On October 18th, Miss Coolidge gave a report of her Vassar trip before the Social Workers' Club, at McCreery's. She will also speak on this subject at the College Club, November 26th.

The subjects for the lectures of the University Extension course are posted on the bulletin board. The first lecture will be given Monday evening, November 8th. The course is unusually good and it is hoped that many of the students and Faculty will buy tickets for it.

Kamala Cornelius is quite busy this year, for in addition to her school work she gives numerous talks at different churches. Recently she gave three talks at Camp Napoleon on "Life of a Girl in India," "How Christianity Changes a Hindoo Life," and "What America Could Do For India." About a month ago she gave an address to the Sunday School of the North Presbyterian Church, in Allegheny, and also an address to the Young People of the Oakland Baptist Church, on "India and Missionaries." On October 30th she spoke on "India" at the children's rally in the North Presbyterian Church, and on October 31st she gave a talk for young people in Rev. Nichols' church. On November 27th and 28th Kamala will be in Leechburg, where she will give two addresses, one to children and one to young people. On December 13th she will give a talk for the New England Club, and on December 19th she will speak at the Y. W. C. A. vespers in town. Kamala is certainly leading a busy, useful life.

Mrs. Anderson delivered two of her invaluable lectures on "Parliamentary Law" to the college on October 13th and 20th. They were both profitable and amusing. At the second meeting it was decided that the Faculty would build us a swimming-pool in the amphitheatre. (All had visions of the Factually actually at work on the pool.)

ATHLETICS

The annual fall tennis tournament of doubles ended finally with a victory for the College. On a sunny, calm afternoon of several weeks ago, the final battle between Dilworth Hall and

the College took place. Both sides went into the game with a spirit of "Win or die in the attempt." The cheering and rooting from the audience of Faculty and students helped the players very much, and the players wish to acknowledge their help. Enthusiasm, good playing on both sides, hearty applauses, and, best of all, a good spirit, predominated that day.

The first set was won by Dilworth Hall after a hard struggle with a score of 11-9, much to the sorrow of the College. But this first defeat gave the College players more than ever the determination to win and, with that spirit, they entered into the second set, and came out successful, with a score of 6-2; the last set was also a victory for the College, the score being 6-2. We are sure that the cheering and good spirit made the occasion a success for the College.

CLASS NOTES

Just a Word from 1916

Under-classmen sadly miss the Seniors at lunch hour. In fact, "Four" seems quite lonesome since the "caps and gowns" have been enjoying delightful retirement in "H."

Margaret Lee is willing to demonstrate how you "come out of a color."

There was great consternation in History 3 when the class learned that it is quite an easy fete for a troupe of cavalry to capture a fleet of gunboats.

Already the Seniors are beginning to feel sad at the thoughts of leaving their Alma Mater. One of them was heard to remark that she didn't think it would be a bit nice up at school next year and ended with, "I wouldn't want to be here! Wouldn't it be awful to be here when you're not here?"

Heard in Psychology:—

M. N.—“I always like to feel things. I think all children like to touch thinks.”

G. F.—“To me William is always dove-colored.”

The Seniors held a post-Halloween party in Miss Kerst's room. The finishing touches were put on the Pierrot suits, which made them perfection itself. At supper the order of entertainment was “speeching,” “verse making” and songs. Everyone had a hand in the making up. When all were frilled and whitened to the last degree, a bunch of rollicking Pierrots tip-toed upstairs, where they found their one dainty Pierrette, and escorted her to the ghostly part down-stairs.

R. L. C.'s oldest sister was married last week. She informs us that she is next. We are all waiting impatiently for the announcement.

The Juniors

One of the cleverest parties of the year was given to the Juniors last month by their honorary member, Miss White. We were put through various stunts and contests, which excited a great deal of curiosity and caused even more fun. Not a moment dragged. Everyone entered into the contests eagerly and we all found out the difference between cocoa and cinnamon, between beans and nasturtium seeds. (Anyone wishing an explanation may consult Helen Pardee). Is it any wonder that we all look forward to Miss White's parties?

Miss Ely (in French V)—“Who was Mme. de Maintenant?”

Student (who vaguely recalled the name)—“We-l-l—oh, yes, (brilliantly) she was a friend of that man.”

Miss Holecomb—"Miss Claster, please explain the paradox of 'cold'."

Miss Claster (meditating)—"If I should put my hand in hot water—if I should put my hand in hot water—"

Miss H.—"Yes, yes; after you had put your hand in hot water, then what would be the very next thing you'd do?"

Miss C.—Why, take it out again." (And the class laughed.)

Although some kinds of absent-mindedness may be all right, we'd like to suggest to M. C., however, that when she gets a book from Carnegie Library, she wait until she reaches P. C. W. before she becomes engrossed in it. This plan may save her a prolonged street car ride, a walk back from East Liberty and the embarrassment of being late for dinner.

The Yellow and White

"What has been, has been, and I have had my hour." This is how the Sophs feel about that ever-to-be-remembered Flag Day. Nuf ced!

Dan Cupid has been making slaughterous inroads upon us. Three of our members are already victims. We wish these the greatest happiness, but here's hoping we don't lose any more, at least until we're full-fledged B. A.s. We need the strength of numbers.

A Soph (in French class)—"A joy wagon passed by." "The priest took off his surplus."

On October 15th the Seniors entertained the Sophomores at a "sans les hommes" dance. The Sophs most certainly enjoyed and appreciated the afternoon. We had the pleasure of having our old friend, Hilda Yount, with us on that occasion.

We hope the Freshmen enjoyed the Freshmen-Sophomore party as much as we Sophs did. There are some clever and ingenious sculptresses in the Freshman class.

Freshmen Annals

Cecelia Blatt, who has been ill, is back with us again.

Bright sayings we have heard:—

- “Please rise in your seat.”
- “Head in hand he walked up to the gate.”
- “In my mouth there are vacant holes.”
- “These little bloodsheds often took place.”

The most important item in the Freshmen annals is the planting of the tree—long may it live! This great event took place on Color Day, when we received our beloved “Rose and White.” On this festive occasion our dignified Laura proved herself the orator of the day, our Margaret (not quite so dignified) proved that as a cheer-leader she has no equal, and the Freshies in general proved that they could shovel dirt.

P. S.—The tree is doing fine. Miss Kerst says it will make a lovely background for the queen’s court on May Day ? ? ! !

P. P. S.—We have donated our shovel to the college for use in the future.

HOUSE

Augusta Rogers and Valeska Jarecki are welcomed by the Woodland Hall girls.

Imogene Armstrong was compelled to go home. We hope

she will be well soon and able to return to school. Mrs. Armstrong was here for a few days and accompanied Imogene home.

Ada Spriggs was home for several days because of illness.

EXCHANGES

We hope that before the next issue of **The Sorosis** we will have received our full list of exchanges, and many new ones. We acknowledge this month: "The Mount Holyoke," "The Pharetra," "Cornell Era," "Washington Jeffersonian," "Vassar Miscellany," "Westminster Holead," "The Franklin," "The Pitt Weekly," "The Muhlenberg Weekly" and "Knick Knacks."

"The Cornell Era" has an excellent department of editorials. To glance over it is to obtain a picture of the entire life of the school.

We take our hats off to the "Vassar Miscellany." The accounts of the inauguration of President MacCracken are especially interesting.

"The Fate of Originality in College" in the October issue of "The Mount Holyoke" is clear-cut—a story well worth reading and thinking upon.

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- Nov. 24 & 25—Valli Valli in "The Woman Pays."
- Nov. 26 & 27—Dustin Farnum in "The Gentleman From India."
- Nov. 29 & 30—Marguerite Clark in "The Prince and the Pauper."

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Friday and Saturday, November 19th and 20th
FREDERICK PERRY in "**THE FAMILY STAIN**"

Monday and Tuesday, November 22nd and 23rd
ALBERT CHEVALIER in "**MY OLD DUTCH**"

Wednesday and Thursday, November 24th and 25th
EDITH STORY and **TONY MORENO** in "**THE DUST OF EGYPT**"

Friday and Saturday, November 26th and 27th
THEDA BARA in "**CARMEN**"

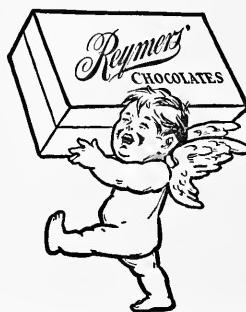
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Vol. XXII.

DECEMBER, 1915

No. 4

TOMMY JONES THE FIRST

(Prize Story in Omega Contest)

Rebekah L. Crouse, '16

Tommy Jones was not the mollycoddle he had been three months before, when a bean-pole of a preacher had slipped into Mercyville from the east and engaged himself to Tommy's sister. Times had changed in Mercyville. Event had followed event in quick succession. The Commonwealth had fallen after a week's opposition, and a one-man rule had been established. The empire was now at the zenith of its glory, and Tommy Jones the First was Emperor.

The summer before the "preacher fellow" had come to Mercyville as a traveling salesman; he had put up at the "Pigeon" for three weeks, and had sold Bibles, history and "literature" to the people of the village and the surrounding country-side. He had called at Tommy's house, and Tommy's sister Aurelia had ordered a Family Bible (although there were two already ornamenting the parlor table), also some histories and "literature." Among the histories was "The Life of Napoleon the First."

Tommy at that time had merely thought Aurelia out of her senses, spending good money for nothing; and, although the "preacher-fellow" had come every other day or so to see about the order, Tommy had paid little attention to him. The third week the preacher and Aurelia had "fallen in love," according

THE SOROSIS

to Tommy's mother. Three months before, however, Tommy had had no idea what it meant to fall in love. It was different now, of course. He not only knew what it was to be in love, but he knew what it meant to overcome all difficulties in the way—something the preacher didn't know anything about.

For the preacher, it had been like rolling off a log. He had had no enemies to conquer, no opposing knights to fell, no bulldogs to throttle. He had borne away no battle-sears, no marks of deadly combat; the line of his nose had been as unbroken as the day he first appeared in Merceyville and the flesh around his two eyes had been of one hue—he hadn't even a black eye to carry home as a trophy.

It made Tommy's soul sick to think about it—the bean-pole had walked straight into Tommy's home and Aurelia had fallen into his arms. The fellow didn't know anything about love. True love wasn't a thing you could pick up for the asking (or without it, even)—it was something you fought for like the Knights of the Round Table. It meant the clash of steel upon steel, the gleam of sword upon sword; your fist upon the other fellow's nose, or the other fellow's paw in your eye.

Tommy's mother and father had withdrawn from the parlor after the first or second call and had left Aurelia and the preacher to talk over the order together. And once, when Tommy's father had mumbled something about not knowing the young man very well, his mother had said, "Now, father, you know he comes from a very good family, and John says he's the cleverest student at Princeton." More than that, Tommy's youngest sister, Mattie, had been puffed up like a peacock over her sister's engagement, because, if Aurelia were married, she would be no longer Miss Mattie, but Miss Jones. Bah! But worst of all, he Tommy Jones, only brother and natural protector of his sister, had stood by like a "molly", letting Aurelia be carried away by a fellow that looked as though he would bend together if you gave him a punch that wouldn't even leave a dent on Bob O'Haran. And Bob O'Haran he had knocked out in two minutes, when the upstart had thought he could walk home with Rosemary, Tommy's girl.

In love and war, Tommy Jones the First ruled despotically in Merceyville. The "kids" all knew it. Bob O'Haran, Jimmy Martin, Andy Matt and three or four others still bore on their bodies the marks of their defeat and humiliation.

The preacher was coming the next morning to marry Tommy's sister on the following day. Well, let him come! He would find out a few things he had known nothing about before; one of them was, that "faint heart never won fair lady" (if she was worth the having and had a valiant brother). So Tommy had read in "King Alfred and His Knights"—part of the literature the preacher had sold Aurelia.

That afternoon Tommy Jones I. held a council of war in the hay-loft. Five of the chief officials of the empire stealthily entered from the rear of the barn and mounted the ladder to the second floor. Each bore in a band around his left arm the tricolor of the French, although the Provost-General was a red-haired Irishman, the Minister of Finance an Italian, and the Prime Minister unmistakably a German.

"Citizens," said Tommy, with the dignity becoming his rank and position, "I have called this here council to disgust a very important matter."

All faces regarded Tommy eagerly, admiringly. In their attitudes was the respect due from the weaker to the stronger.

"It discerns the honor of the Emperor and his family."

Here Bob O'Haran's eyes fell.

Tommy looked at him sternly, suspiciously.

"Have you been talkin' to Rosemary agen?" he demanded.

"No, Sire."

Bob shook his head and held up his right hand.

"Very well! As I was about to say, this here matter discerns Aurelia and the preacher-fellow. Maybe you seen in the 'Herald' that she is goin' to be married Wednesday?"

The heads nodded.

"Well, she ain't!"

"Hoora—hoo-ra! Long live the Emperor!" burst from the delighted counselors.

"That is, she ain't unless the preacher-fellow proves his

va-lor and his wore-th, like the Knights of the Round Table."

"Like Mon-sure, our Emperor," added three voices. Bob O'Haran and Jimmy Martin remained silent, heads hanging. Well might they hang their heads!

"I tell you," went on Tommy, "it was a disgrace the easy sailin' that fellow had. The family fell flat. It was before the wars, and I was ign'rant. I didn't know nothin'. I hadn't had no experiencee. But now," Tommy's voice rang so loud that several hens flew cackling from their nests, "but now, he's got to show he has the goods—he's got to prove his wore-th and va-lor."

The Councel of War applauded loudly, faees eager, eyes shining, hands feeling for weapons.

"Bravo" O'Hon jumped to his feet, wildly brandishing his sword. "Long live the Emperor—down with the u-sor-per! He's got to be shot dead!"

Tommy Jones I. frowned upon his Provost General. With great dignity he said:

"General Bravo, you must shed no blood without my leave. We ain't goin' to do no slanhterin', d'ye hear? We are goin' to make the way of true love hard for him. D'y understand?"

The General nodded.

"And ef he hasn't the goods we are goin' to prevent the weddin'. And no matter what Aurelia says."

Tommy Jones I. was ruling Merceyville.

"I ain't goin' to have no coward in my family."

The counselors were eestatic. The royal decision was made. Everything now hinged on the "stuff the preacher-fellow was made up of."

The next morning the privates who saw Tommy and his generals skulking around the vicinity of the railroad station knew that "something was up." At 8:35 the train from the east came puffing in. One passenger alighted, the tall "preacher fellow" who had sold bibles and "literature" in Merceyville the summer before.

As he started from the platform, a boy of about eleven came up to him, offering to carry his bag.

The young man looked at him as though rather surprised.

"You aren't Tommy Jones, are you?" he asked. He didn't think that Aurelia's little brother had had red hair.

"Nop, O'im his officer, General Bravo. Lemme carry it."

The young man laughed.

"All right! Mighty fine of you. Here, where are you going?" he called, as the boy started away in another direction.

"Tommy said Oi should get the mail, too."

"Oh—all right!"

Tommy, Tommy! Three months before he had hardly been aware of the youngster's existence.

The Provost General bore his booty to a vacant field back of the postoffice, and laid it at the feet of his commander.

"Easy, ain't he?" Tommy exclaimed, his voice and face full of disgust. He gave the bag a kick, making it fall on its side in a small mud hole. "There, take that! If you are goin' along on the honey-moon, the preacher-fellow will have to come after you, and then he ain't pickin' you us so easy. Lieut. Martin," he commanded, "run over to Geary's. There's a corn-sack there that belongs to dad. You tell him I want it."

Jimmy Martin was off at a run. In a few minutes he reappeared carrying a large brown sack. A little later the counsellors had dispersed and Tommy Jones was stalking courageously homeward, a bag thrown over his shoulder. From a close inspection of the shape of Tommy's burden, it would be rather difficult to guess just what he carried; at a distance it might pass safely for corn.

One-half hour later Tommy Jones jumped from the top rung of the ladder leading to the hay-loft, landing on a pile of hay thrown down for old Maud. Hens flew cackling before him and a grandfather rat scurried wildly under the corn-crib. With another jump he cleared the barn-door. If the community of fowls had not been thrown into sudden disorder by Tommy's abrupt descent upon them, they might have noticed a striking innovation in his neckwear. Tommy wore a brand new brocaded four-in-hand, with large black polka dots upon a bright green

background. It was a magnificent thing, admirably setting off the large triangular patch-work of his breeches.

Tommy took his way through the garden to the house, eyes alert for any signs of the enemy.

As he had supposed, the family (with the exception of his father) were all assembled in the parlor gazing with mouths wide open in admiration at the new arrival. Tommy, taking great care to conceal himself, peeped cautiously around the door hangings. Aurelia and the preacher were seated on the green plush sofa, gazing into each other's eyes as though—well, by the way the preacher looked at Aurelia you'd think she was a beauty or something good to eat (and she wasn't either!); and by the adoration in Aurelia's eyes the preacher might be Napoleon or King Alfred. It was more than disgusting. The puppet! And Mattie—why, by her beaming countenance you would think she was talking to the "Professor." She had something in her hand, something flimsy and blue. Tommy didn't know what it was—some feminine apparel, doubtless.

"It certainly is beautiful in you to bring me this. It's a dream—and you know blue is my color."

Yes, Tommy had heard so before! So, the preacher had been so kind as to bring Mattie a present; he wondered if he didn't have one for him, too. Just wait till he offered it! He would soon find out that Tommy Jones the First was not to be bought. Tommy's hands clenched and with difficulty he kept himself from rushing into the room, rending the preacher from the settee, dragging him into the middle of the floor, felling him to the earth with one stroke, and then trampling upon his ashes. However, he succeeded in controlling himself—for his sister's sake.

Then Tommy heard his own name. His mother was saying: "I wonder where Tommy boy is. He ought to be here to welcome his new brother."

Tommy's fist doubled and actually shot out into the portieres.

"Yes, I would like to see my little brother."

"You would; well, there he is back of the curtains."

The moving portieres had not escaped Mattie, and she was only living up to her character. The tattle-tale, the betrayer,

the vixen! The only shadow dimming the majesty and glory of Tommy Jones the First! Just wait till she wanted to get married—he would not raise a finger to save her from her folly, if she married a hundred preachers.

“Don’t run away, Tommy,” she added, drawing back the portiere.

By Jove, if a man had dared say such a thing to Tommy Jones the First he would have repented at the end of a two-edged sword.

Exposed to a regiment of eyes, Tommy stood on the threshold of the room, as dignified and composed as ever.

“Why, Tommy boy!” exclaimed his mother.

“Why, Tommy boy!” Mattie reiterated, and then added suddenly, “Say, Tommy, where did you get that tie?”

He had forgotten the tie.

“Tommy, come and shake hands with your new brother,” came sweetly from Aurelia.

Tommy maintained his position, his silenee and his dignity.

The preacher stepped forward, holding out his hand.

“How do you do, Tommy? Mighty glad to see you! What’s the—the matter?”

Tommy’s hands were clasped behind his back and refused to move. He looked at the prospective groom with all the hauteur and disdain at his command.

The preacher laughed, trying to hide the affront, the eoward!

“Jealous, Tommy?” he said. “That won’t do, Tommy. Come, let’s you and me be good pals.”

He, Tommy Jones the First, a pal of the “preacher-fellow”!

Then Tommy saw the preacher staring fixedly at his neek, and heard him exclaiming:

“What! What’s this?”

“Say, Tommy, where did you get that tie?” Mattie again demanded. “Oh, I know,” she said suddenly, “Joseph gave it to you. Well, you’re not the only one. Look here.”

“Joseph, how lovely!” said Aurelia.

“You shouldn’t have done that,” said Tommy’s mother, greatly pleased, however.

Tommy simply stared into the bewildered eyes of the preacher, and laughed in his face. Turning on his heels, he was gone in a twinkling.

About an hour later another official meeting of state was in session in the vacant lot back of the post-office.

"I knowed it," Tommy was saying. "I knowed it—he's a coward. Andy's yellow pup can't touch him with a mile rod. Why, fellows, you should have seen him. He ain't no man. I insulted him; I refused to shake with him; I wore his tie in the face of all the world; I stared into his eyes and laughed in his face—I laughed in his face!"

"Yes, yes—did he draw on you?"

"Draw! Why—" Tommy actually grew red in the face, "Why, fellows, he asked me to be his pal."

Ten minutes later Lieut. Martin was again despatched on duty. He carried a message from the Emperor to one Billy Trout, former admirer and "beau" of Aurelia (before the arrival of the preacher the summer before).

Billy Trout was clerk in the village bank. He took the note with surprise. As he read it, his face changed color many times; when he had finished, it was a brilliant red. The message ran thus:

"Dear Billy,

Aurelia would like to see you before tomorrow. Do not fail her, Billy—she has never forgot you. I seen her lookin' at your picture just the other day.

In command,

Tommy Jones I."

Tommy had failed to add that she had put the picture in the fire the next moment.

"Holy smokes!" the young man exclaimed, staring at the piece of paper. "By—by—"

"What's the matter? Anything wrong?" asked the cashier, looking up from his work.

"No—no, not exactly."

"Do not fail her, Billy," kept running in the young man's mind the entire afternoon.

At the same time that Lieut. Martin was delivering his message, another despatch was in preparation. On the lieutenant's return, he was immediately sent to Tommy's home with a note to deliver to the prospective groom. Tommy and the rest of the counselors retired to Mellow's Meadow, in a little valley across a field from the Jones' barn. There they waited all afternoon for the challenged to make his appearance and to prove his right to be a man.

The challenge had been plain enough:

"I challenge you to a duel in Mellow's Meadow, right across the corn-field. You may choose weapons preferred.

Tommy Jones I."

The preacher had once more proved the coward; he had failed in every test. According to chivalric law, his fate was even now decided. But Tommy Jones I. would be generous, and, after that!—it would be hard on Aurelia, but he could not help it. Tommy was not working for his own pleasure, but doing his duty. One must always do one's duty.

That night at supper, Tommy didn't even glance at the preacher, although he could feel that that gentleman was endeavoring very hard to attract his attention.

After the meal the preacher put his arm around Tommy's shoulder. The boy pulled away roughly.

"Say, Tommy, what's all this mess about? Were you playing this afternoon? I was too busy to come down. Sorry, old man."

"What's wrong, Tommy?" Mattie teased.

"Tommy, boy," said Aurelia, coming up to him and putting her arm around his shoulder (Aurelia was the only one Tommy had ever tolerated that in—but he couldn't bear it now) "you'll have to let Joseph sleep with you tonight."

A feather can break a camel's back. Well, this was a whole

mountain range upon a very respectable knob. Tommy Jones the First to sleep with the "preacher-fellow"!

"Yes, Tommy," said his mother. "That's a nice boy."

Tommy, like a bolt, shot from the room and the next moment was running down the road to the village, fists striking the air in blood-curdling pantomime.

"I won't—I won't! Hang me, torture me, burn me! Pierce my bosom with a sword! I won't! I won't!"

Strange as it may seem, when Tommy returned home he had changed his mind. He was going to sleep with the preacher.

The sun had set and the moon was rising in a clear cold sky. The family had withdrawn from the parlor, and Aurelia and her lover were once more in occupation of the green plush sofa.

Across the hall, Tommy was again in hiding in a little closet opening from the reception hall. He commanded a good view of the parlor and the hall.

Had brother ever endured so much for a sister? The closet was close and narrow like a prison cell. Tommy's limbs became cramped from the unnatural position he was obliged to assume. For twenty minutes he waited for the ringing of the door-bell, and finally began wondering if it were possible that Billy Trout was going to fail him. He had always liked Billy. He was the star player in the Merceyville Pirates and, next to Hans Wagner, the best short-stop in the game.

Suddenly, steps sounded on the porch and the knocker was pulled down. Tommy held his breath in suspense. He looked into the parlor for Aurelia, but she was not there—had doubtless left the room a few minutes before. And the preacher was going to the door. Had circumstances ever combined so favorably before? They could have the duel in the hall or on the porch, and Aurelia need not even know about it.

The preacher opened the door, and there sure enough stood Billy Trout, in a large dark-blue overcoat, looking twice the width of the preacher.

"How do you do?" said Billy.

The preacher hardly looked surprised.

"Why, how are you, Mr. Trout?" he said. "Mighty glad to see you."

Tommy groaned. Glad to see him!

"Is Aurelia at home?" asked Billy. "I—I—would like to see her."

Hurrah for Billy! Now for brother Joseph.

"Why, yes, just step in. I am sure she will be delighted."

Tommy didn't see the strange puzzled look in Billy Trout's face, nor his vivid coloring. Jumping from his closet, Tommy gave the preacher a push that sent him lunging into his rival.

"For heaven's sake, fight—fight! Fight, I tell you!"

With two bounds Tommy covered the space to the door, thrusting the preacher closer upon Billy, who had been forced back into a corner.

Looking back, he saw the preacher regaining his equilibrium, and—and crushing his rival to the earth,—but only in Tommy's imagination. In reality, he was extending his lilly-white hand and saying:

"I beg your pardon, old chap. I—who knocked me?"

Billy Trout knew who had done the knocking and a few more things, and was roaring mad. He made a dive for the door.

"Don't you know? Why, Tommy. Wait till I get him—wait!"

Tommy, having no desire to hurt Billy Trout, took to his heels.

When the preacher entered his room that night, Tommy was in bed, apparently asleep. The young man's first impulse was to take his fiancee's little brother around the neck and give him the worst throttling he had ever experienced. The kid had made things mighty uncomfortable for him that evening; also for Billy Trout. But he didn't want any hard feelings. Besides, the boy was jealous—that was about it.

"Poor kid," he said aloud.

Tommy, who was not asleep, clenched his fists under the covers.

The next minute, however, Tommy's face was a broad grin. The preacher was saying at last:

"Where is my bag? By George—I had forgotten!"

His eyes then fell on a green and black tie hanging with Tommy's coat over the back of a chair.

Tommy, out of one eye, saw the preacher picking up the tie and looking at the trade-mark.

"John Wanamaker!"

Tommy closed his eye just in time. The preacher regarded him suspiciously.

"Tommy," he called.

But not a muscle moved in the boy's face.

"All right, I'll see you later," thought the preacher.

At midnight a strange sound as of something falling heavily broke the stillness of the house. Mattie, hearing the noise, giggled to herself imagining what had happened. No imagination was required, however, for the preacher to know that some unseen force had pushed him out of the bed and had landed him heavily upon the floor.

From an open window came a familiar voice.

"Say! Do you happen to remember where you put the license?"

At four o'clock the preacher dressed and stealing downstairs quietly, went out into the cold, crisp air of the morning. He had not slept since midnight. He had adequate cause for his uneasiness. The license was in his bag, and the bag he had not seen since he had given it to a boy at the station—a boy who said he had been sent by Tommy. And Tommy was sporting a necktie identical with the one he had bought to wear on his honeymoon. It was the same, of course. The young man's object was to find Tommy. Very pleasant thoughts he entertained that morning of Aurelia's little brother.

Tommy thought even less of him. Opening his eyes in the hay-loft Tommy imagined he heard some one moving below in the barnyard. Peeping over the floor of the door, he saw the dark form of his sister's lover. If the preacher had glanced up just then he would have seen a face looking down at him from the

hay-mow and two fists making upward and downward passes through the air.

Tommy didn't care for breakfast that morning. Neither did the bride-groom, but he went nevertheless—appearances demanded it. Also he hoped to see Tommy.

The ceremony was to be in the church at half past ten. The carriages would be around at ten fifteen. The wedding was to be very simple. Formal invitations had not been sent out, but the best people of the community were expected to attend. Aurelia had many friends.

The family noticed that the bride-groom seemed very restless, and the bride-groom knew that they thought so.

"It won't take long, Joseph," Mrs. Jones said consolingly.

"Oh, it's not worrying me. I was—just wondering where Tommy is. I haven't seen him all morning."

"Why, that's right," said Tommy's mother. "He hasn't been here, has he? The poor boy! I really believe he's jealous—you know he thinks so much of Aurelia. Mattie," she called upstairs, "do you know where Tommy is?"

She was answered by an explosion of laughter from above.

"No; ask Joseph. I think he knows," the girl called down.

The preacher blushed to the roots of his hair. Mattie had seemed inwardly convulsed all morning when in his presence. She had heard a thud in the night.

Although the young man disliked appearing in Merceyville that morning, he finally decided that he must go there in search of Tommy; but although he walked all the streets in the village, not a sign of a boy did he see in the entire town. It seemed strange, almost uncanny.

It was half past nine when he started back. Many eyes had gazed out at him from behind blinds in the village, and now he met many country people coming into town for the wedding. Things were getting desperate.

When he reached the house Aurelia, throwing her arm around his neck, wanted to know why he had gone away.

"You're not trying to run away, are you, Joseph?" she laughed.

"By George, no. I was only trying to—to find Tommy."

"Oh! Don't bother about him—he'll be around in time to put on his new tie, dear."

Should he tell Aurelia that they could not be married, that he hadn't a license? No, not if he had to upset the whole neighborhood looking for the bag.

A new thought suddenly occurred to him. Might not the barn bear investigation? Accordingly, he started for the barn, reaching it without anyone seeing him. He climbed the ladder to the second floor, thinking that the hay might afford a good hiding place for treasure. Hurriedly he rooted among the hay, but found only a much-soiled copy of "The Life of Napoleon the First."

He descended the ladder and heard a footstep behind him. A boy had entered the barn from the rear. Approaching the young man he extended a piece of brown paper bearing a large, red seal.

The preacher tore the note open hastily and read:

"If you want your license, come and take it.

Tommy Jones I."

The young man had always had the reputation for possessing a fine sense of humor—but ten o'clock was striking from the church belfrey.

"Where is the rascal?" he demanded in a dreadful voice.

A light gleamed in the messenger's eyes. He pointed across the cornfield back of the barn.

"At Mellow's Meadow," he said.

"Well, hurry on with you!" the preacher fairly bellowed.

Fiery hot streams coursed through his veins. His fists were clenched; his eyes gray like steel. Never had he felt so much like tackling his enemy. The rascal, the kid. Being Aurelia's brother wouldn't save his hide.

Only a few minutes and the two had crossed the cornfield, and were descending into the meadow.

Suddenly the preacher stopped short, astonished at what he saw. On the opposite slope were drawn up two long lines of

boys, of all ages—the youth of Merceyville. They all bore sticks shouldered as muskets.

In front of the formation stood Tommy, giving orders to right and left,—and about six feet back of the boys, farther up the slope, was a brown object that looked like a traveling-bag.

Tommy had caught sight of him. With majestic mien he commanded him to draw closer. The preacher did as ordered. Tommy pointed to the bag.

“There, that’s your bag. If you want the license—fight for it. Take it if you want it!”

The preacher looked straight down into Tommy’s eyes. A light burned in them that the boy was incapable of interpreting as he had never seen it there before. If he had perceived just what it meant, he might not have thought it necessary to accelerate matters by driving his fist into the preacher’s waist. And the “preacher-fellow” didn’t bend together! Instead, two wiry hands of steel gripped Tommy by the collar, and shaking him as a mastiff does a rat sent him rolling down the slope.

A wild commotion ensued. Tommy lay still, not moving a muscle. In alarm, thoughts of Aurelia coursing through his brain, the preacher hurried to Tommy’s side. The boy lay with eyes closed, a long cut across his forehead.

“Tommy, Tommy!” the young man called in great anxiety. To his infinite relief the boy’s eyes slowly opened.

The preacher groaned—the boy would never forget, he would never forgive him. He would hate him all his life.

Then Tommy’s face, bruised and bleeding, broke into a smile, and he gazed at the preacher with frank admiration in his eyes. He held out his hand.

“Shake,” he said, “that was a pippin. You’ve got the stuff all right! D’y know who you was fightin’?” With great pride, “Tommy Jones the First.”

Up went a yell from the assembled Empire.

Then Tommy rose, with difficulty. He raised a hand torn by the stones and gravel. The shouts died instantly.

“Citizens,” he said, “the weddin’ shall take place. Lieut. Martin, bring the preacher-fellow his bag.”

THE YULE LOG

Ellen B. Crowe, '18

Ho! Hilly-ho! The snow-flakes are falling,
Bedecking all nature in festive array.
Ho, Hilly-ho! Gay voices are calling,
"Away for the Yule-log, away, then, away!"

Ho! Hilly-ho! We tramp through the snow!
Choose a staunch oak! Which one shall it be?
Ho! Hilly-ho! Let each strike a blow!
The Yule-log is ours! We go home joyfully!

Ho! Hilly-ho! There! See us returning!
Bearing it with us! Such laughter and song!
Ho! Hilly-ho! Soon the fire will be burning!
We'll linger around it, lovingly, long.

Ho! Hilly-ho! The fire burns bright,
The sharp flames are dancing, wildly and queer!
Ho! Hilly-ho! What makes our hearts light?
The thrill and the gladness of true Christmas cheer.

**A MAKER OF ROMANCE**

Melba R. Martin, '16

It was near the close of the day. The window was opened wide. The air was hot and sultry. All life seemed at a standstill; the very trees were motionless. The woman at the desk sighed and laid down her pen as she gazed out over the quiet landscape.

"I can't," was all she said. Her voice was weary. She looked out toward the hills. There was no sign of life. The door behind her was opened quietly and as quietly closed

again. There was the sound of whispering without but the woman did not notice. In a moment all was still again. The woman laughed a joyful laugh.

"They cannot understand," she said.

Again she was silent; she did not seem to have the energy to go on. It was some time before she moved again. Finally she picked up her pen and began to write, but it was only for a moment. She pushed her work away angrily.

"It's no use," she said. "I can't," and she gazed longingly over the silent country.

"They talk of inspiration and of temperament," she continued, "and they are afraid to interrupt me." She laughed again, bitterly. "It isn't that, it isn't that."

She rose and walked about the room somewhat excitedly.

"No, it isn't that," she said more deliberately as she came back and sat down again. "It is the loneliness—the loneliness, and the longing."

She was silent for a long time.

"It drives me almost mad," she went on at length. "There is no one—no one to talk to. And they call it genius—genius when I talk to myself."

She dropped her head on her hands; she was very wretched. There was a spirit of longing and unrest that she could not conceal. She did not attempt to conceal it.

"Genius!" She laughed scornfully as she said the word. "Genius and temperament. Oh, they do not know; they do not understand."

She tried again to write, but the hills and the open called to her. The spirit of Spring was without and a desire to wander far away filled her breast. All nature beckoned and it was vain to try to resist the summons.

"It's no use," she repeated. "No use!" And straightway she fell a-dreaming. A mist began to settle over the distant hills. It was as if a veil were being drawn over the scene. Still the woman did not move from her seat by the window. She was not able to shake off this strange spell. It was a long time before she moved or spoke. When she did, her movements were

wearied and her voice sounded afar off. She turned slowly and stretched her arms over the sill of the window.

"I wonder," she murmured, "what they are doing now, out there!" Her eyes seemed to penetrate the mist that had fallen on the hills.

"It is a long way—and a long time," she continued drearily. "A long time."

The mist crept slowly down over the hills. The woman gazed out at it powerlessly and listlessly.

"I wonder—" she said again, and then stopped. "It's different now," she went on after a moment. "It may be very lonely. Quite as lonely as here." She looked about her and shuddered almost imperceptibly. Then she turned again toward the window. She sighed—a very long sigh—and her head dropped again to her hands. She did not move.

Slowly the mist crept farther down the hills. They were almost hidden from view. The shadows in the valley lengthened and the brilliant green gave way to purple. The drowsy stillness of the day became a quiet peace. It was night. Still the woman did not move.

Suddenly the door opened and a maid entered softly. She looked about her. It was some time before her eyes became accustomed to the darkness.

"Miss Jackson!" she called quietly. "Miss Jackson!"

The woman at the window made no sign. The maid started away. Suddenly the woman at the window rose.

"Jane!" she called.

The maid was frightened. She started.

"Yes?" she questioned.

"What time is it?" the woman asked.

"Past seven!" came the answer.

"Jane!"

The maid came nearer.

"Jane," the woman said quietly, "I am going away."

The maid was startled.

"Soon?" she questioned.

"Tonight," the woman answered.

"Tonight?" the maid asked doubtingly. "But, Miss Jackson, you—"

The woman stopped her.

"Tonight!" she repeated, and the maid recognized the finality in her tone.

"Yes, ma'am," she answered as she left the room.

The woman moved quickly as the maid went. Her lethargy left her and she hurried about gathering things together here and there. She seemed possessed with a desire to do something and do it quickly.

She worked without a knowledge of the passing time. The maid moved in and out very quickly. Only once did the woman notice her.

"What time is it?" she asked. There was a streak of gray in the east.

"Six o'clock," the maid answered, and they went on with their work.

It seemed but a few moments until the woman's things were packed. She was plain and did not care greatly for personal adornment. Another movement or two and she was standing at the door waiting for a conveyance to carry her away. Another moment and she was gone and the house was empty and deserted.

* * * * *

And now, without having realized that any change had occurred, she was driving along a sunny highway in an old and delapidated carriage—the only conveyance or accommodation that the little mountain village could afford.

She leaned back in her seat. She did not seem to notice that it was hard and uncomfortable. She closed her eyes contentedly. It was so different from the unrest and her feverish haste of the night before. On the left rose the precipitous cliffs—majestic and quiet. On the right flowed the little river—peaceful and lovely. All things blended into a harmonious whole and formed part of a happy universe.

The woman sighed happily and peacefully.

"Is it far?" she questioned at length of the peasant who drove.

He mumbled a reply which she did not understand.

She leaned back again and then suddenly jumped forward.

"It's World's End," she said rapturously and she pointed to a large stone by the roadside. "World's End—we were never allowed to go beyond it." She turned again to the driver and asked him the distance and again he mumbled an unintelligible reply. But the woman did not care.

"World's End," she repeated. "World's End—just around the bend." She laughed a joyful, carefree laugh. She gazed dreamily out over the country and was silent. She was deep in memories.

It was many years since she had left home to go to the big city. Hers was not the conventional story of a poor girl achieving miraculous success. On the contrary, her parents were well-to-do farmer folk. They had given her every opportunity. She had gone to the city, almost assured of success. It came and she took it as a matter of course. There was nothing phenomenal or unusual in her achievements. And, contrary to all rules, there was no lover, patiently awaiting her return. Her life was without romance—that she had given to others. She had never had any desire to return to the country for she hated it. Even when her parents had died she had come home unwillingly, returning as quickly as possible to the city. Her success, her work was there. But the last few days had seemed very lonely and there had been this strange longing and desire to return. She did not understand it—it was the call of the spring-time she thought.

A turn in the road brought her to herself again.

"It isn't the home, I want," she muttered. "It is the open, I think—the freedom. The house and the town—" She stopped and shrugged her shoulders disinterestedly. "No, it isn't that," she said. Suddenly she looked up and touched the driver.

"Can we stop?" she questioned. "At the oak here—before we reach the last bend."

The driver touched the horses lightly and they moved more quickly.

"Can we stop?" she asked again.

The man drew up the horses grudgingly.

"There ain't much use stoppin', Miss," he said, "we're almost there now."

"I know, I know," the woman answered impatiently, as she jumped from the carriage.

"But it is so beautiful here—I must stop. It's the rest and the peace."

The driver shrugged his shoulders disgustedly.

"These city folks!" he grumbled.

The woman moved toward the old oak that shadowed the road. Her step was light and youthful. There was none of the sadness or weariness that had characterized her the day before.

She sighed happily as she clased her parasol and sat down in the long grass.

"It is this," she said, "that I needed. The peace—" She did not finish the sentence. She leaned back against the oak and gazed into the blue sky. It was a long time before she moved.

"I feel that God is here," she said at length. As she spoke she heard a noise behind her. She turned quickly and smiled a little at what she saw. A youth had stopped beside the tree. She stared at him. He was strange to look upon. He was long and lean. His face was red and he was panting hard from running. He was frightened when he saw the woman.

"Oh!" he gasped, as he looked at her. "Oh!"

She did not relieve him immediately. For a moment she looked at him inquisitively. He was rather strange—not quite a man—and very much embarrassed.

"I—beg your pardon!" was all he could say.

The woman was through inspecting him.

"I did not frighten you?" she questioned, graciously.

"No—well, just a little," the youth stammered in reply. He turned to leave, but thought it necessary to justify his confusion. "You see," he went on hurriedly, "I do not often find anyone here. You—you startled me!"

"You come here often then?" the woman questioned. She was forced to smile at his timidity.

"Yes—every day—that is—when I can," he answered.

The woman rose quickly.

"It is your place then?" she said. "I shall go. I stopped only for a moment. It looked so restful here." She started away.

The youth did not know what to say.

"You like it then?" he questioned eagerly.

The woman nodded.

"Very much," she said.

The youth smiled. His confusion seemed to have gone. She moved forward a step.

"You will stay here then?" he asked her earnestly.

She shook her head and moved a step farther away.

"I stopped only for a moment," she said. "And besides, the place is yours."

"You may stay," he said with an air of ownership. "If you like it."

"I like it very much," the woman repeated.

"They don't," he answered somewhat ruefully.

The woman's curiosity was aroused and she stopped.

"They?" she questioned but the youth did not notice her.
"They," she repeated. "Who are they?"

The youth roused himself.

"The rest of the people around here." He did not seem to care to say very much.

"Perhaps they do not know?" she tried to help him.

The youth was grateful.

"Yes—they do not know—they do not know how I love it," he answered. "Oh, I cannot explain it—I feel—so alone—and here—well, one can gaze at the sky and forget oneself."

"Yes," the woman answered. "There is no need for work and fame. One feels so close to the Infinite."

The youth came nearer to her.

"You know—you know," was all he said. For a few moments he gazed at the far-off hills over which a mist was rising.

Then, with complete forgetfulness of the woman, he strode off through the tall grasses. She looked after him for a moment and smiled happily. Then she went slowly back to the impatient driver.

“No—they do not understand,” she muttered as she went.

* * * * *

It was only the beginning of a long friendship. The woman had intended to stay in the country, at the most, a week.

A day or two, she thought, would weary her and by that time her strange spell would have passed. She could return to the city then, quite content with her work and her loneliness. But, contrary to her expectations, time wore on and she found no inclinations to leave. Each day she came to the oak tree and talked with the youth.

He was strange and she liked him. He was the son of a neighbor, she discovered, who had married a few years before she left for the city. The youth was different—probably it was only his youth which made him so. He was passionately fond of the beautiful and his passion was a bond between him and the woman. No one understood him, he said, so he came away to the lonely spot by the oak—there to dream and be alone. There was a girl, he confided, whom his parents thought he should marry, but now she refused to understand. They laughed at him and thought him foolish—all of them. The woman was the first person he knew to whom he could talk and who understood. So they came each day to the oak and talked or sat silently together.

One day the youth did not come and the woman was bitterly disappointed. She returned to the house quite unhappy and out of sorts. An old servant dared to rally her about the youth and she was very angry.

“I am old,” she said, “and he is very young. You are foolish,” and she walked away.

Each day she planned to go home, but in spite of her desire she could not leave the country. She walked to the oak tree. “For the last time,” she said.

There was no one there and she sat down by the tree. She

waited for a long time and no one came. She was about to leave when she heard the sound of the long grasses behind her. She sat down again.

"You come here every day," she suddenly heard a young girl's voice say. "It is not kind."

The woman waited.

"But I love it so—you do not understand." It was the youth who answered.

The girl was silent.

"And the woman," she question, "from the city—does she understand?"

"Yes!" he answered quietly. "She understands."

"Then I am going," the girl answered pettishly. "You do not like me any more—since she came."

The woman did not hear the youth's reply.

"And the woman?" the girl asked. "You do not love her?"

"She understands," the answer came dreamily. "But—" there was a long pause. "She has her work."

The girl's voice came again but the woman did not understand.

"She would not care," she heard the youth reply.

The woman dropped her head on her hands and sat still for a moment. Then she crept silently away.

"I am going home—today," she said to the servant, as she entered the house. Then, as she moved on, she said to herself, "They are young and happy and I—I am old—and only a maker of romance."



IN OLD FRANCE

Marion Post, '19

Have you ever walked in the dim aisles of an immense forest when the cool shades of evening are falling, when all nature is going to bed and the very air breathes peace and good-will among men? What peace and comfort does such an hour bring! And for whom can such a scene be more beautiful than for young

lovers? Certainly life seemed very sweet to Anton Seville and Marie Villon as they strolled happily along in the fragrant summer twilight of old France.

Had there ever before been such love as theirs in this old world? Ah, no, that could not be—the world was not large enough to hold so much happiness as that and they themselves couldn't fully realize it. They could only build air castles and dream as young lovers are wont to do.

"Ah, Anton mine, how happy we shall be when we but own that little, little farm on the bank of the Seine," sighed Marie softly. "We shall have a horse, a cow, chickens and some of those fuzzy little ducks and oh! so many things. And, Anton, the house—it must be low and cozy looking and have lots of trees around and the hills rolling away behind it. Anton, we will be happy, won't we? You'll love me always, won't you?"

Then the old moon, just coming up, decided that that wasn't the place for him and ducked his head behind a cloud and the wise old monarchs of the forest nodded and whispered together about his answer just as they had about hundred of lovers in days gone by. And so they strolled slowly home—two children all unconscious of the cloud hanging thick around them.

For in two weeks came the news of war and Anton, after a sad, hasty farewell, had to march away to the front, there to confront the horrors of war. But after all, wasn't it little, heart-broken Marie who had the worst horrors to face? The men were gone but the work was still there to be done and there weren't many idle moments in those days, and in the evenings the old trees sighed and moaned together, in their loneliness and the old moon, even though it was perfectly safe to come out now, wanted to hide behind his clouds and cry for those poor children. And every evening now, Marie knelt before her window, looking out into the shadowy distance trying to see her Anton, and nowhere in the land did more piteous prayers go up.

So the days lengthened to months and the months to a year, and it was summer again in the forest of old France. But no longer did lovers stroll along their shady aisles. All France was steeped in blood and not even the children had the heart to smile

for who was there who had not lost a father, a brother, or a lover? But, look! Who comes along yonder path? Such a sad, dreary little figure that even the trees drop their heads and keep silent. It is Marie, but so thin, so pale, so sad, for out there, somewhere—God alone knows where—among a mass of dead, distorted bodies lies the wreck of a man, once so strong, so brave, and there is no Marie there to weep over him. Not even a green mound in the little church-yard, which one might go to see. It is hard, so hard, but God is merciful and soon they will meet again in a land where there is no sorrow.

A CAROL

Emily S. Kates, '18

Dark is the night and still,
The town lies deep in sleep;
The shepherds on the hill
Their nightly vigil keep.

When lo, a star appears,
Shining so wondrous bright,
The shepherds bend in awe
Before the heavenly light.

Sweet music fills the air,
The angels in chorus sing;
Proclaiming everywhere,
The birth of Christ, our King.

So enter in our hearts,
Lord, and with us abide;
Bid gloom and pain depart
At the happy Christmas-tide.

SUMMER MOON.

Leila Hill, '16

When the summer moon is shining
In the starry heavens over head,
And her pale, white light is streaming
On rose petals still unshed;
When the night bird casts its darkness
Across the brightness of her face,
And the white clouds hover 'round her
To shield and to embrace;
Then my spirit feels a quiet,
Like the holy hush of night,
And my soul stands still within me,
Willing then to take its flight.

SUNNY AND BABE

Estelle Shepard, '17

Sunny, dripping wet from a romp in the grass, and loaded with dust on his low fat back, trotted up the freshly washed steps of the Dilworth house. He turned around several times on the top step, and curled up for a sleep. The sun dried his reddish yellow coat, making it gleam in spite of the dust.

He was a pretty dog, a toy collie, with delicate white markings on paws, nose and throat. He had broadened out with age till he seemed too fat for his squatly legs.

At last, he opened his brown eyes lazily, raised his head, and stretched his dirty white paws in the glorious warmth. He got up, and made a second set of footprints on the clean steps. He walked around the house till he came to his own little path, which ran along the back of the house, and through the hedge to the house next door. He squeezed through the hedge, and explored the premises next door.

After some time, he discovered Babe, a big young collie, who had come with the new neighbors. Babe was of the same reddish-yellow color as Sunny, but the tips of Sunny's silky ears, when

erect, reached only a little above Babe's knees. The two dogs started back for the hedge. Sunny squirmed through. Babe bounded over. As they reached the back door, Mrs. Dilworth, a stout little woman with three chins and a prim mouth, walked to the doorway.

"Come, Sunny," she called. "Here are some bones for you. No, Babe, you can't have any. You go home for your own bones. Some, Sunny," and she held open the screen door.

Sunny wagged his tail so hard that his whole back wiggled, but he made no attempt to go in.

"Come on, Sunny," coaxed Mrs. Dilworth, stooping to hold a lamb chop bone near the open door.

Babe took a few steps toward the tempting morsel. Sunny, with a growl, hoped up the steps and seized the bone. He laid one paw over it on the ground. Babe watched him. Sunny didn't try to eat it. After a little time, he relaxed his watch over the bone. Babe nabbed it and tore home.

"There, Sunny, I told you to come in," said Mrs. Dilworth, who had been watching the whole thing. "Now, come in here like a good little doggy."

Sunny still made no movement towards the door. Mrs. Dilworth went to the kitchen. Returning in a few moments, she tossed several bones out the door.

"I guess you'd better eat them out there. The maids do object to having the kitchen all littered with them."

No sooner did Sunny see the bones than he gave several monosyllabic barks. With each bark he threw back his head, and jumped, so that his two front feet came off the ground. Babe soon appeared, and gobbled up the bits Sunny was unable to defend. Babe didn't use his strength but seemed to outwit the older dog. When the last bit had disappeared in one way or another, the two dogs started down the street. Babe loped along with Sunny hustling several feet behind.

* * * * *

The next morning Sunny lay basking on the top step. Suddenly the door opened and Mrs. Dilworth walked out.

"Sunny!" she cried. "You bad dog! Just look at the dirt you've made. Get right down off those steps."

With his tail between his legs, Sunny slunk down the steps and around the house.

Mrs. Dilworth walked across the porch on a tour of inspection, running her fingers over all the chairs. As she straightened the table cover, the door of the next house opened and a soft voice called, "Babe, oh Babe!"

Babe bounded up the steps and jumped up on a tall, thin woman. She petted and fussed over the collie. She laid her head close to the big shaggy one and her hollow tired eyes gazed into the brown ones.

"Well! Before I'd let any dirty dog like Babe jump up on me," muttered Mrs. Dilworth, watching the two out of the corner of her eye. "But those people aren't housekeepers at all. Why, that porch is always a sight. And, goodness knows, they've been here long enough to get it looking a little decently."

"Good morning, neighbor," called the woman.

"Good morning, Mrs. Banes," answered Mrs. Dilworth. "How are you this fine morning?"

"Why, I'm not very well."

"Indeed! That's too bad. Nothing serious?"

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Banes, forgetful of the dust, leaned her elbows on the porch railing. "The real trouble is that I didn't get enough sleep. Babe was sick last night."

"Babe?"

"Yes. Poor old dear. You were quite sick, weren't you, Babe?" Mrs. Banes patted the dog's head tenderly. "You see, he sleeps on the rug just at the foot of my bed. Last night he was so sick that I staid up with him all night."

"Well!" was all Mrs. Dilworth could gasp. But she pictured Sunny's bed among some rags in the cellar, the proper place for a dog, in her opinion.

"I don't know what was wrong with him. I think it was something he ate. Babe is just like a child. He doesn't know what to eat. I have to watch his food very carefully."

"What do you feed Babe? I always give Sunny whatever's

left from the meals."

"Do you? I always prepare what Babe has. I've just finished making him a custard. He loves that. And he's fond of soft-boiled eggs, too."

"Indeed!"

"But since we've moved here, I haven't been able to watch him so carefully. Somehow he gets things I don't want him to have. Yesterday morning I saw him with a bone, I took it right away from him."

"Did he let you?" gasped Mrs. Dilworth.

"Oh, yes, of course. Babe lets me do anything, don't you, Babe?" she rubbed the dog's ears.

"Well, I'd hate to take a bone from Sunny if he really wanted it," said Mrs. Dilworth.

"Mrs. Dilworth, I wonder if—" Mrs. Banes hesitated as though searching for the right words.

"Yes?"

"I wonder if you'd feel insulted if I asked you something?"

"Why, no. What is it?"

"Well, you see—Babe—I mean Sunny. No, that isn't it. Babe has been sick from eating too much of what doesn't agree with him. I give him what I want him to eat, and as much as is good for him."

"Of course," nodded Mrs. Dilworth, rather puzzled.

"Well, he gets sick on things he eats somewhere else. And I thought if I asked you you wouldn't feed him any more."

"Oh, I see." Mrs. Dilworth's tone was cold. "But, really, Mrs. Banes, we don't feed him at all. He just comes and takes all of Sunny's bones. I watched him do it, and couldn't make him stop. And if you'd keep your dog at home he wouldn't get sick by stealing other dog's bones."

Mrs. Dilworth sailed across the porch and banged the front door. Like an echo came the bang of the other door.

Babe whined and scratched a moment at the door. Then he leaped over the hedge and rubbed noses with Sunny. They started down the street, Babe leading, and Sunny hustling to keep up with him.

ONE NIGHT

L. B.

The roar of battle was hushed and still,
The night was come at last;
Across the grim, stained battle-field,
A breath of peace had passed.

Two mortal foes lay side by side,
Wounded and spent with pain;
One felt his life-blood flowing down
In soft and steady rain.

The other raised his heavy head
To hear a hopeless cry,
He saw his foeman in the dust
And knew that he must die.

Within the dusky arch of heaven,
The stars shone soft and bright;
And warm upon the heart of him
They poured their tender light.

Slowly, slowly, up he rose,
In spite of throbbing pain;
He bound his foeman's gaping wound
And checked the deadly rain.

No word of thanks as down he sank,
But touch of feeble hand—
And though they two spoke different tongues,
Yet both could understand.

For human soul and human soul
Had met that lonely night;
The stars from out their dusky realm
Poured down their golden light.

THE EDUCATION OF DEFECTIVE CHILDREN

Ethel Bair, '16

It is only within recent times that any consideration has been given to the education of defectives. They have always been regarded as objects of pity. The first institutions founded for them were either charitable institutions or asylums for the detention of those who might be dangerous to society. Consequently, the first care and management of these unfortunates has not been regarded as an educational problem, as is shown by the fact that all of them were first placed under special boards of control, and not under departments of public instruction. In many states they have been under the same management as state penitentiaries. At the time the feeble-minded were first taught, it was supposed that their growth of body and mind, which was seen to be but partial, had simply been stopped by malign influence, and that in many cases all that was needed was proper environment in order to start the growth again. It was hoped that the improvable cases at least could be educated and trained to approach in capacity the normal-minded individual. From working with the feeble-minded, we have learned that the school is the fundamentally important department. Education is just as much a right of the improvable imbecile, as of any child. The aim in the education of an ordinary child is to give a liberal all-around training, fitting him for anything in life he may choose to take up. With the feeble-minded child, the aim of his education, which is to lead a useful life within the institution, is kept ever in mind. He is happiest when occupied. Hence, his education is principally practical.

The difference between a normal person and a feeble-minded person after training, is that the latter has no initiative, no power to resist the seduction of stronger minds. He may be useful, and even self-supporting, but can become so, only under guidance and direction. Only in the last decade has the problem come to be regarded in any way as an integral part of the public school edu-

cation, to be provided for out of the school funds, and managed by regular city and state boards of education. A few states and a considerable number of cities have medical inspection of schools. In connection with this work there are usually tests of hearing and vision, which indirectly usually reveal something of the mental alertness of the child. A few cities have thoroughly well-developed provision for special ungraded classes for the retarded and feeble-minded, and some have schools for the deaf and blind, under the control and supervision of city boards of education. The education of the blind and deaf started at the beginning of the nineteenth century. This has become common. Every state has provided a means for their education, either in its own state, or in adjoining states which possess sufficiently equipped schools. Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Montana are the only states that have made ample provision to have the deaf, blind, feeble-minded, delinquents and incorrigibles under state boards of education.

In teaching the feeble-minded children, the special senses of seeing, hearing and feeling have to be aroused and developed, first, physiologically, and secondly, as intellectual faculties. Callisthenics in classes, marching to music, military drill, movements and exercises of all kinds, exert a most salutary and energizing influence. The teacher devises all kinds of busy work for them, using coarse materials, such as beads, spools, shoe-strings, etc. They are taught a great deal of fancy work, crocheting and embroidery. The ultimate basis of instruction is the regular curriculum of the third and fourth grades. The ordinary branches are taught in accordance with the modern graphic methods, with large emphasis upon attractive sensorial and motor aids to the exercise and expression of attention, observation, perception and judgment. The children should have as much manual training as possible, and as time goes on the tasks assigned may gradually increase, but should be kept simple enough to afford the pupils a stimulus of successful effort. The hours for the classes for the feeble-minded, if in public school, should be so arranged

that the times of opening and closing do not coincide with those of the ordinary grade schools, to prevent others from teasing the children. Large, airy rooms should be provided; and, owing to the importance of the exercises of rhythm and singing, a large central hall or a large gymnasium should be provided, and the teacher should allow frequent breaks in the lessons for these exercises. The mind of a feeble-minded child can never be developed to that of a normal mind; but it can be developed to some extent, and the child made happy in his own world.

Within recent years care is being given to the dull or backward child, as well as the feeble-minded. The backward child is generally intelligent, but for some reason or other, is not up to the average standard of knowledge; either because he has come to school late, or because of some physical defect as deafness or short-sightedness. Dullness is due to physical causes, such as disease, epilepsy, or bad environment. Some children are backward, probably because of changing schools. They can't grasp the different methods of teaching, and may be regarded by the teacher as ignorant, while, if under special care, in a few months they may prove to be most brilliant. These children who receive special attention remain in their regular rooms most of the time, reciting with their classes, and report to the special teacher perhaps during a study hour. By this individual work provided for the few who need it, the regular class is not retarded on account of the others; moreover, the backward children do not grow disheartened and discouraged because they are not able to keep up with their classes.

A great deal of responsibility in the work with defectives rests in the hands of the teacher, as all of the teaching is individual. Each case is different, and must be treated in a different manner. The teacher must be cheerful, have good humor, and a sense for the ridiculous. She should cultivate a never-failing, patient, persistent, and hopeful attitude of mind, together with a sympathetic, yet practical appreciation of difficulties which must ever lie in wait for the child that is defective.

THE SOUL OF THE LUTE

Gertrude Levis Frame, '16

Demetrius entered Clyantha's beautiful garden, and looked about him. His naturally well knit figure had been hardened and strengthened by military training, so that the virile outlines of his form were discernible despite his graceful white robe with its draperies. His eyes were keen but kindly, and the mold of his manly sunburned features perfect. His head was covered with black clustering curls, which glistened in the soft light.

For it was a beautiful, clear night. The full moon shone softly, and myriads of stars glittered and gleamed against their dark blue setting. All cast their dim mellow light into the garden, and softened the dark trees, the marble figures, and the blooming, fragrant flowers.

As Demetrius moved thoughtfully down the winding pathway, he saw Clyantha half reclining in a nest of cushions, her shadowy hair held in place by golden bands. Her gracefully draped robe was of soft blue, and the moonlight lay like a transparent veil over her whole figure, softening every outline until she seemed an ethereal dream-woman.

Demetrius' lips curled in amusement as he took in the entire scene, and watched the beautiful woman's restless figure.

"Demetrius!" she exclaimed, as he greeted her, "Mars be praised, my warrior, since you received my message and have come!"

"Clyantha, my friend," he answered, with an enigmatical smile, "you are as beautiful as ever." But his words were cold and dispassionate. Yet Clyantha flushed and trembled as his smiling eyes looked into hers.

"Sit down," she invited.

"I shall gladly," he answered, "but where is Persephone? I must see her first of all."

Clyantha flushed and bit her lip nervously. "She is—is not here tonight. You must wait. Meanwhile can you not entertain your old friend for an evening?"

"Of course," he answered, "but when I received your note,

I was sure Persephone could scarcely wait to see me, and that knowing my desire you would have her here."

"Your note came too late," she whispered, "so I thought to have you to myself for one evening."

Demetrius settled himself resignedly on a heap of cushions. "The gods are very kind for preparing me such a home-coming, and I still have Persephone in prospect! I have great hopes too of making her future life very happy. Is she happy with you, my friend? It was more than kind of you to care for her for mere friendship's sake."

"She was sometimes happy, sometimes sad. I think she missed you," faltered Clyantha.

Demetrius leaned his head on his hand and thoughtfully watched the twinkling stars. Clyantha, with throbbing heart, lay admiring his handsome form; the proud manly head with its crisp curls, the stern, but kindly eyes, and his mocking mouth. She sighed.

"Why so silent, Demetrius? Your face has lost its old gaiety, and you seem changed. What have the wars been doing to you?"

He laughed in amusement. "I'm unconscious of the change, but perhaps I have grown up in my three years of real fighting. The world is not everywhere so beautiful as in this garden, Clyantha. Have you noticed how wonderful the moon is tonight?"

"Does the moon appear differently in every land?" she asked lightly.

"Venus is the same in all but one land," he laughed.

"Which one is that?" she asked.

He smiled joyously. "The one where she smiles on my beloved!"

Clyantha laughed unnaturally. "Where is this land, Demetrius?" she whispered, looking into his face eagerly.

Demetrius looked at her thoughtfully, half in scorn, half in pity.

"Some day I shall tell you," he answered.

"Is—is—is she beautiful?" asked Clyantha, softly.

"Foolish question!" he exclaimed. Then his eyes narrowed, and he answered mockingly, "You'd probably think not, but I'm sure she is divinely so!"

Clyantha flushed angrily, but did not answer.

"I'm glad you have returned," she said after a silence, "Now your villa will again be the pride and envy of all Athens, and your garden be once more beautiful with flowers!"

"You are mistaken, Clyantha," he answered, "I have sold the villa."

"Demetrius," she exclaimed in dismay, and laid her hand on the lute that lay by her side. "What do you mean to do?"

"My uncle died six months ago, and left me all his property, part of which is a beautiful villa in Corinth," he answered. At every word Clyantha's heart sank lower. "He requested that I live there, and as his desires are one with mine, I intend marrying and settling in Corinth."

"How I shall miss you! I thought you had come back to stay."

Demetrius did not answer. His face was upturned to the sky, his eyes full of far-away dreams and plans. He seemed almost to have forgotten Clyantha's presence. She lay watching his beautiful, impassioned face, her heart bitter and empty. They remained silent for a long time. Clyantha at last stirred restlessly.

"Truly," she said, "you are badly in love," and she reached for the lute that lay by her hand.

"I'm sorry I'm not better company," he answered with his most winning smile, "but I thought you would understand."

She shrugged her shoulders, and ran her fingers over the lute strings. She began to play a soft love song, singing the words as she played. The melody, the harmony, was perfect, but it was not that that stirred the heart and soul of Demetrius as he listened. "I feel almost as if Persephone were here," he thought, his heart stirred by the subtle music. "I wish Clyantha wouldn't sing. Her voice is very beautiful, but somehow I hate it." The music stopped, and Demetrius stirred in relief.

"You play well, Clyantha," he said pointedly. She did not

answer, but with an eager passionate movement leaned over and ran her fingers carelessly through his curly hair. He took her hand, and gently pushed it aside, but his meaning was unmistakable. "Play something else," he said.

With a sigh Clyantha again picked up her lute. Demetrius settled himself to listen. Clyantha trembled, drew a deep breath, and began the same song again, but this time without singing. With the first note, Demetrius' heart began to beat quickly and excitedly, and he stirred uneasily. "I must be bewitched," he thought to himself in great amusement. Yet the beautiful passionate notes entered into his very soul and stirred its depths. He half rose in his eagerness to catch every note. Clyantha watched him tensely, craftily as she played. Demetrius breathed painfully. Surely he had heard that soul-stirring message before but somewhere else, surely from someone else. Persephone? The last note came forth like a sob and died away slowly, lingeringly. Demetrius sighed with relief, the moonbeams played peacefully across his impassioned ecstatic face. Instinctively he grasped Clyantha's hand tightly and kissed it.

"Clyantha! Clyantha!" he whispered.

Then he drew himself together, and watched the beautiful woman thoughtfully. Had he misunderstood her? Was there a different soul than he had thought behind her beautiful face, a soul like Persephone's that he could love and reverence.

At first a look of triumphant joy crossed Clyantha's face, and her heart cried loudly, "I have played and won!" She waited, but Demetrius, still in a maze of uncertainty, had dropped her hand and was apparently calm again.

Bitterly disappointed, but still hopeful, she began again. Demetrius sat revelling in the beautiful sounds, but gradually mastering himself and his passion. "Truly the moonlight, her beauty and the sweet strains have bewitched me," he thought and, closing his eyes, he tried to understand what it all meant.

At last she stopped, and sat waiting silently, sure that her victory must be complete.

"Clyantha," said Demetrius softly, "may I come tomorrow? I have something to tell you."

She caught her breath and laughed. "Why not now," she whispered.

Demetrius bit his lip and stemmed the declaration that was eagerly rushing to his lips.

"No," he said, resolutely, "I shall come tomorrow." He stood up. "Give me the lute," he said, "I want to play you a song I learned while away."

Clyantha laughed nervously. "Please not tonight," and she toyed with the lute.

Demetrius' eyes gleamed and, watching her thoughtfully, he grasped the lute. She lay back on her cushions, pale and startled, her eyes big and frightened, her hands clasped on her breast. The melody was bewitching; she had never wished to have Demetrius in her power more than as he stood gracefully before her, fingering the lute while his winning but determined countenance was upturned to the skies. "Would he understand?" she wondered. Demetrius played a few notes and stopped. He looked down on her with blazing eyes and she cowered, laughingly, hysterically.

"Why don't you go on?" she asked.

He did not answer but stood silently looking down on her with his stern accusing eyes.

Clyantha raised hers, and remembered half gladly, half guiltily, a grave at the foot of the garden.

Suddenly Demetrius bent over and, drawing Clyantha to her feet, turned her face towards the full moonlight.

"Clyantha! Why does every note that comes from this lute remind one of Persephone?"

"Don't," she gasped. "You are hurting my hand."

"What trick have you tried to play on me with this lute, you scheming woman?" he asked between his teeth.

"None," she said sullenly.

"So!" he exclaimed, a mocking smile playing about his lips. "I'll forgive you this time. Now, before I go, call Persephone here."

She sprang away from him, and throwing back her regal head, laughed bitterly, yet exultingly, triumphantly.

"That I cannot do! You wish to marry? It shall not be Persephone! You wish to sell your villa and settle in Corinth? At least you cannot have Persephone with you."

Demetrius' face flushed angrily. "What do you mean?" he said hoarsely.

Clyantha laughed wildly. "She's dead! dead! Do you hear? Dead!" and she dropped sobbing amongst the cushions.

Demetrius gave a low cry, and stood with bowed head. Then his anger and his hate arose against the woman at his feet.

"You have killed her!" he exclaimed.

Clyantha's eyes blazed and she arose. "I did not need to," she exclaimed.

"You lie!" hissed Demetrius through clenched teeth. "You taunted her with falsehoods and killed her!"

"I'm not responsible for what others may have told her!"

"No, but you could tell others so they could tell her!" he exclaimed.

"Well, wasn't it true? Why shouldn't a slave girl know her position, and what she owes to her master! Must we not all be taught to conduct ourselves in a manner befitting our station?" cried Clyantha angrily.

"Not as you must have taught! Besides, it is not true. She was not a slave, but my ward, a free woman," he said.

She laughed mockingly. "As if I didn't know that you bought her from a merchant to whom her mother sold her! No wonder she grew ill and died when she learned what Demetrius' love meant to her!"

Demetrius caught her by the shoulder and shook her. "It is a lie! Persephone was as free as either you or I! Do you understand? I meant to marry her in all good faith. I mean every word I say, and if I ever hear aught to the contrary, I shall make you suffer for breaking her heart with your insinuations."

He let go of her, and bent to pick up the lute. With it in his arms he started down the path, dimly wondering why he no longer thought the garden beautiful.

"Demetrius!" exclaimed Clyantha, "my lute!"

He turned. "Your lute? It has never been yours since

Persephone first sang and played her soul into it. Now it is mine! It is her legacy! Her last message to me!"

And he went away, leaving Clyantha sobbing on her cushions, the moon and stars casting their silver sheen over her beautiful form, softening every outline until she seemed an ethereal dream-woman.

SCAREY THINGS

Louise Reinecke, '17

I hate to have our Tommy come,
Such awful things he tells;
'Bout how the goblins creep and run,
And send forth scarey yells.
And how the ghosts at Halloween,
In nurseries, at night
Go pickin' up the girls that scream
And clutchin' them real tight.

And Tommy always tells these things
When we're tucked tight in bed;
Till I 'most hear the orge's wings
A-hoverin' o'er my head.
And then I scream and Tom laughs so,
But stops—for steps are near!
And I lay shiverin', head to toe,—
'Tain't goblins, but it's mother dear.



THE SOROSIS
PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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EDITORIALS

“Christmas is coming.” The words have been ringing in our ears and in our hearts for weeks, keeping time to the rhythm of our steps. We know that Christmas has always **CHRISTMAS** come and that it will again this year. We see its **IS COMING** approach in the festive holiday displays in the shop-windows, in the laurel and holly decorations of Christmas cards, in the faces of our friends, in the eyes of both the young and the old. It is in the atmosphere and for that reason, if for no other, we know it is coming.

Christmas, however, is not dependent upon atmospheric setting for its existence. Some places in this world the shop-windows are not beautiful with gifts, the streets are not crowded with Christmas buyers, and the air is charged with other than the Christmas spirit. And yet Christmas is coming. As the seasons must come, as spring must follow winter, so must Christmas come, with its message of peace and good will to the world. Although not celebrated in the heart, Christmas, the birthday of God's Gift to men, is a fact, a reality. And so, although all the world should not hear, bells of Christmas would still ring, and angel voices would chant forth the good tidings of great joy. For Christ was born.

The angels, on the night of Christ's birth, as they sang "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," were not heard by the entire world; in fact, by only a few shepherds on the Judean hills. So, this Christmas, many will not hear the song of the angels—but there are also many that will. In our America, and in other lands, we believe that the glad-tidings will re-echo throughout the year in many hearts. But, we ask ourselves, in Europe—in warring Europe—will the angels' song be heard there? Will not the cannon roar so loud and the sufferings of men arise so high that they will drown the heavenly music? We think gravely for a minute, apprehension in our hearts—and then, as we listen attentively, suddenly in the night, the groans of the wounded seem to grow less, and the mourning in the cottages becomes more subdued; and, even as we wonder, we know the reason—on the field of blood and in the homes made desolate there are those who have caught the music of angel voices singing above the tumult and roar of battle. Yes, many in Europe, we believe, will hear, and hope almost extinguished, will burn again in their hearts. Christmas is coming, because Christ was truly born,—and in Him lies the hope of the world.



"S. P. U. G." and "Do your Christmas Shopping Early" are two mottoes everywhere in evidence before Christmas. Both are

energy-saving. The Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving is saving of our personal energy. It makes a plea **ENERGY** for reason in giving, for a sense of the fitness of **SAVING** things. It also is a partial remedy for the sigh that is heard at the thought of Christmas preparation; for certainly the burden of preparation would be less for us all if we belonged to the "S. P. U. G."

Preparedness is our national policy in the question of the great war. It might well be our individual policy. "Do your Christmas shopping early," says the motto. In other words, be-prepared for Christmas. Early shopping saves not only our energy, but also that of the men and girls in the stores. Those who wish to be efficient at this busy time will do well to follow in the foot tracks of "S. P. U. G." and "Do your Christmas shopping early."

E. S., '17.

THE ALUMNAE

Mrs. Spencer Ramsey Smith spent Thanksgiving week in Pittsburgh.

Decade Club II. met on December 11th, at the home of Miss Anne Houston.

Mrs. Armstrong entertained at a week-end house party following Thanksgiving.

A large number of the Alumnae were present at the Nixon on College Night.

The engagement of Esther Rosenbloom and Robert Buka has been announced.

Virginia Morris paid us a flying visit recently.

Olga Losa, Mary Savage and Marjorie Boggs visited school to attend the open meeting of the Omega Society.

Jeanne Gray, '12, is teaching in the normal school, at Albany, N. Y.

Mildred McWilliams visited us recently.

MUSIC NOTES

The Music Club will hold its second monthly meeting on Monday, December 13th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Whitmer, 316 Spahr street. The new president of the club is Miss Steele.

A large congregation at Shadyside Presbyterian Church heard, a few Sundays ago, the service devoted to the music of Mr. Whitmer. This music included two anthems, two organ works, a composition for violin and organ, and a tenor solo.

January 7th the School of Music will present an interesting program. Miss MacKenzie, Mr. Brosky, Mr. Mayhew and Mr. Whitmer will take part. A Brahms sonata for piano and violin will be one of the new works to be played by Mr. Whitmer and Mr. Brosky.

Mr. Whitmer's paper, to be presented in Buffalo, N. Y., on December 29th, before the Music Teachers' National Association, will be "A Study of the College Glee Club."

DRAMATIC CLUB

On the afternoons of December 3rd and 4th, the Dramatic Club presented "The Silver Thread," a Cornish folk play for children, written by Constance D'Arcy Mackay. Large audiences were present both days. Many children attended. As the Dramatic Club is now a junior branch of the Pittsburgh Drama League Center, some members of the Drama League who were present witnessed the play with interest.

The play, under the splendid direction of Miss Kerst and Miss Roop, was pleasing in every respect. The cast worked hard and everyone who saw the play concedes that they were rewarded with success. The children present were charmed by the princess and the goblins. One little man seemed to be expressing the feelings of all the rest of the children, when he broke the stillness of the audience by shouting, "Goody!" when the noble Cubert rescued the princess.

The music used in the play was written by Mr. Whitmer and Miss Weston. Music was furnished between the acts by the Man-

dolin Club. The scenery for the cottage and the cave scene was painted by Mr. J. Woodman Thompson, of the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

The cast of the play was as follows:

Cubert, a miner lad.....	Ellen Crowe
Dame Morma, his mother.....	Gertrude Bradt
The Woman from beyond the Hills.....	Josephine Paul
The Princess Gwenda.....	Elizabeth McClelland
King Radnor, her father.....	Dorcas Beer
Mabina, her nurse.....	Ruth Gokey
Aleie, another attendant	Martha Crandall
Gundred.....	Katherine MacKenzie
Thorwald.....	Louise Kindl
Solberg.....	Martha Dunbar
King Shadoweob.....	Louise Reinecke
Prince Slumpkin.....	Dorothy Minor
Mottlesnout.....	Charlotte Hunker
Troll.....	Elme Findley
Koll.....	Jane Willard
Ratkin.....	Katharine Wood
Clawfoot.....	Helen Pardee
Moles Ear.....	Dorothy Turner
Shag.....	Margaret Lee

Other Goblins—Jane Ingram, Betty Stuart, James Stewart, Morton Yoder, Emily Seymour, Margaret Litchfield, Katharine Bissell, Katheryn Sheets, Thedia Schellenberg, Annie Lee Scribner, Donald Brown.

ACT I.

Scene 1.—Culbert's home on a late afternoon in Spring.

Scene 2.—The goblin's forge room.

ACT II.

The bedroom of the Princess. (Same night.)

ACT III.

Scene 1.—The Goblin's Council Hall.

Scene 2.—Same as Act I.

“The Silver Thread” will be given at the Irene Kaufmann Settlement House, December 17th.

Y. W. C. A.

The annual Y. M. C. A. bazaar was held on Friday, December 3rd. The Dramatic Club play was held on the same day, and a great many people who came to the college to see the play visited the bazaar. This was a great advantage to the bazaar in the way of sales. The only difficulty was that there was not enough to sell. Next year, we hope to be able to supply the demands better. The drawing room and hall were used for the bazaar. Christmas colors were used in decoration. In the front of the drawing room were the fancy-work booth and the candy booth of the college, also a candy booth conducted by the house girls of Dilworth Hall. A doll show was held in the back of the drawing room. Here were exhibited the dolls which the girls had dressed for the Free Kindergarten Association of the city. In the hall were a fortune-teller and a "grab bag." There was also a candy booth in the hall near the chapel entrance. The fancy-work was beautiful and very suitable for Christmas gifts. The candy was delicious. As a result, the sales were very good.

At the meeting of November 3rd, the Recognition Service for new members was held. The meeting was led by Kathryn Robb, and about thirty girls were received into membership. Miss Seesholz was present and gave us a very interesting talk.

On November 10th, the meeting was in charge of the Senior class and was led by their president, Leila Hill. The topic was "Working With Others," and helpful talks were given by Dorothy Errett, Mildred Nichols, Ethel Bair and Francis Boale.

The meeting of November 17th was led by Mildred Nichols. The topic was "Life's Unused Diplomas." A very helpful talk was given by the leader.

The Thanksgiving meeting was held November 24th. It was led by Ellen Crowe, who gave a very helpful Thanksgiving talk. She spoke of the many things we young girls of today have to be thankful for and presented her ideas in a very interesting manner.

The week of prayer, observed by the Young Women's Christian Associations all over the world, was the week of November 15th to 19th. Our meetings were held each day at 1:15 and led by different girls. They were well attended and very inspiring to everyone.

OMEGA SOCIETY

The Omega Society held its open meeting on November 18th. The society was gratified by a large attendance. The meeting was given over to compositions of society members. The program was as follows:

1. "A Min'ster's Totter".....Miss Crouse
Read by Miss Crouse
2. "According to Interpretation".....Miss Frame
Read by Miss Martin
3. "A Matter of Public Opinion" (a play).....Miss Martin
Read by Miss Shepard, Miss Reinecke, Miss Crandall,
Miss Kates and Miss Wolf.
4. "A Question of Interest".....Miss Hill
Read by Miss Hill
5. Songs—
 "Out into the Morning".....Miss Crouse
 "Cradle Song".....Miss Frame
 Mr. Whitmer composed the music for these poems. He
 accompanied Miss Robb, who sang them.

After the meeting, Miss Coolidge was hostess at a dinner party for the society, in Berry Hall. This proved delightful to everyone. The decorations were carried out in yellow and white, the colors of the society. Dr. Acheson, Mrs. Coolidge, Mr. and Mrs. Putnam were also present.

DEUTSCHE VEREIN

Der Deutsche Verein held its regular monthly meeting on November 15th. Miss Frame read several of Heine's poems.

Miss Robb sang Heine's "Ich grolle nicht," "Du bist wie eine Blume," and "Asa," accompanied by Miss Golder. Miss Randolph then gave a talk on Heine's life. Miss Golder and Miss Minor were the hostesses.

COLLEGE NEWS

A faculty tea was given on Tuesday, November 2nd. Misses Randolph, Wilson and Proctor were the hostesses.

On Wednesday, November 3rd, Dr. Acheson spoke of "The Appalachian Country" at the Colfax Training School.

The Junior Class entertained the faculty and students of the college at a very clever party on Friday evening, November 12th. The mysterious letters "J. K. B." aroused everyone's curiosity, but after the thrilling football game they were easily interpreted. The "band" was in good practice, due to the direction of their leader, Jane, and the music was enjoyed by all. The final piece played by the orchestra, "The Perfect Day," was most appropriate for the closing of a perfect party.

On November 11th, we had the pleasure of having Rev. Atchison, of Salisbury, S. C., with us in chapel. He spoke to us particularly about the work that is being done in his school in the mountains for the mountain girls, and of the great help they are to their own communities after they have learned the home-keeping arts in the school.

Miss Rue, from the Hindman School, in the mountains, spoke to us one morning in chapel about Christmas as it is observed in her school. The joy of the children of the school when they receive their presents is almost unlimited. Miss Rue described a trip that she made last Christmas on horseback, over thirty miles of rough mountain country, to carry a little Christmas to people who knew nothing about it and who had never received a Christmas gift.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew and Miss MacKenzie entertained the faculty at a tea, at the Mayhew home on Murrayhill avenue, on Tuesday afternoon, November 16th.

On Friday morning, November 19th, after chapel exercises, the Mandolin Club presented what we should judge was an impromptu program. Perhaps, however, it was given as a contrast to what will come later.

The third year class of Dilworth Hall gave two delightful plays, entitled "Rosalie" and "A Royal Runaway," on Friday evening, November 19th.

Louise Kindl and Jo Herald, who upheld the fame of P. C. W. by winning the fall tennis tournament, were presented with loving cups by Dr. Acheson. Their Dilworth Hall opponents were awarded D. H. letters.

T. Carl Whitmer and Miss Butterfield took part in a program of ultra-modern music, given by the Tuesday Musical Club, at the Soldiers' Memorial Hall, on November 23rd.

On November 23rd, Kamala Cornelius spoke before the Travelers' Club, at the Fort Pitt Hotel, on the educational and social conditions of India. Kamala said that the improvement of these conditions are entirely due to the outside influence, especially that of the British.

The Mandolin Club gave a dance on Monday afternoon, November 22nd. The music was good and everyone had a fine time.

At a meeting of the Student Government Association, November 23rd, it was decided that we should make a voluntary offering as a gift to the work that is being done in the southern mountains. A collection box has been placed in the library and everyone is asked to contribute.

A lecture-recital on the subjects of MacDowell's compositions and the work of the MacDowell Memorial Association, was given by Mrs. Edward MacDowell, Tuesday morning, November 30th. Mrs. MacDowell told of the community at Hillcrest, in Petersborough, N. H., and of the log-cabin studios where men and women with artistic talents may find freedom and advan-

tageous opportunity for creative work. Mrs. MacDowell also played a number of her husband's compositions.

On Wednesday, December 8th, Miss Bronson gave us a lecture on the Scottish life of Mary Stuart, continuing the talk which Miss Bronson gave us last year on Mary Stuart's French life. This last lecture is also original work of Miss Bronson.

The class of 1916 once more carried off the prize in the Omega short story contest. The prize this year was awarded to a story entitled "Tommy Jones the First," written by Rebekah Crouse.

Saturday afternoon, December 11th, the faculty of the Association of Collegiate Alumni entertained the members of the Association at our college. The hostesses were Misses Bennett, Coolidge, Ely, Holcomb, Meloy and White. The subject for the afternoon's discussion was "Vocational Guidance," and the speakers were Misses Coolidge, Meloy, Marion Holmes and Esther Smith.

The New England Colony was entertained by Mrs. Putnam, December 13th. The program was in charge of Miss Coolidge and the speakers were Miss Kamala Cornelius, on "The Women of India," and Miss Esther Smith, on "The Work of the Collegiate Bureau."

On November 23rd, Dilworth Hall had a tag day for Hindman School, and everyone donated a little for the work.

Thursday morning, December 9th, some of the Freshman girls, under the direction of Miss White, gave a little play, entitled "The Making of a Book." Laura Taber introduced the characters, who were:

Alcuin	Ethel Davis
Fulrad.....		Margaret Smith
Theodore.....		Henrietta Leopold
Rabanus.....		Bonnie Taylor
Angilbert.....		Florence Farr
Barbara.....		Martha Brownlee
Gisela.....		Marjorie Errett

Other Monks {

Two Ladies {

The annual Christmas dinner for the house girls will be given on Thursday evening, December 16th. School closes the following day, at twelve o'clock.

Order of Christmas Service

Organ Prelude (followed by "Holy Night").

Adeste Fideles (Stanzas 1 and 4).

Anthem—"O Holy Night".....Adam Dilworth Hall Choral Club.

Carol—"God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen" (1, 2, 3 and 7).

Scripture Reading.

Hymn for Christmas Day—"See, Amid the Winter's Snow"
(1, 2 and 6).

Prayer.

Carols—

"Sing Noel!"

"We Three Kings of Orient Are."

Address.....Rev. Edward S. Travers

Hymn—"O Little Town of Bethlehem."

Benediction.



BASKETBALL

The first regular practice took place Tuesday afternoon, November 30th. Twelve girls came out and we were mighty glad to see the enthusiasm shown by the new girls. We need more enthusiasm, however, to make basketball a success. Don't forget, we have practice every Tuesday afternoon. If you have never played basketball, come out and learn. We want everybody.



CLASS NOTES

Greetings From the Seniors

Merry Christmas time to all,
Sophomores, Juniors, Freshies small,
Ours, the Seniors', wish most true,
Santa will be good to you!

The Seniors are preparing for a jolly Christmas time. With almost three weeks of glorious vacation before us, what can not be accomplished! Now is the appointed time to write that Psychology and Education paper, or is it Economics? Well, it makes no difference, we all know how it will turn out. Everyone will be returning with glowing faces and tales of "I didn't get one thing done that I intended to do, but, oh! I had a wonderful time."

An axiom—One hour a week is nothing; so if you miss it, you miss a whole lot.

Question (in Psychology class)—Were you conscious that you were at the window?

Answer—I guess that I was conscious, all right.

An astonishing truth has just come to light as a result of deep study of the conditions in Russia in 1848. It has been given to the world in this form: "A man was not allowed to marry another man."

A complete justification.

Can you do that?

No, you can't do that, but you can do this!

The Anglo-Saxon class has been enjoying the pleasures of the pedagogical ideas. The members heartily recommend them to the use of all other instructors in the College. Any information will be furnished upon request.

Junior Jokes

The "Junior Kitchen Band" is glad to find out that all inquiring friends have discovered what the initials J. K. B. mean, and hopes they will refrain from trying to solve the mystery by guessing that the initials stand for everything from "Junior Klass Ball" to "Jitney Kid Bunch."

Heard in Psychology Class:

Miss H.—Will those that are absent please report to me after class?

Miss H.—What kind of a sensation would you have if you looked at your watch now?

Junior (in an undertone)—It would depend on how near time it is for the bell to ring.

After a discussion in Sociology about so many college men marrying non-college women, Louise was heard to remark anxiously, "Aren't there college men who want college women for wives, too?"

R. G. in back row sits quietly tatting while Miss Kerst makes the following suggestions: "Now I want you all to become thoroughly familiar with 'Browning.' Read it during any spare moments. Pick it up at any odd time just as you would your crocheting or your tatting." (Afore-mentioned tatting disappears guiltily into pocket of owner).

Sophomore Interests

With Miss Randolph as hostess, the Sophomore Class enjoyed a delightful afternoon on November 13th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Schallentrager, on Beechwood Boulevard. Dr. and Mrs. Acheson, Miss Coolidge and Miss McKenzie also were present. Miss McKenzie played several beautiful piano solos. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The Sophs are still uttering exclamations of delight about "Fraeulein" Randolph's "party."

Miss Marion Ulrich, who was with us last year, is teaching in Salisbury, N. C., in a school for mountain whites. The class joins in wishing her success and happiness.

November 13th and 14th was a strenuous week-end for most of the Sophs. On Friday evening came the Junior party. Saturday morning before breakfast came a trip for the Chemistry Class to the Filtration Plant, at Aspinwall, and on Saturday afternoon came Miss Randolph's party.

The Freshmen

Miss Ely has told us of a new construction—the excusation of time.

We thought it was a sandwich sale,
Heaped up upon the table;
We made a rush for pocketbooks,
To buy what we were able.
But when we came upon the scene,
Cried Margaret to the bunch,
“For heaven’s sake, girls, please get out,
Let Laura eat her lunch.”

Freshman Chapel excuses:

“Absence due to awayness.”
“Unable to come on account of illness a day later.”

“All the world’s a stage” and Geometry Class is no exception. Put in your orders early for box seats or you may have to sit in “peanut heaven.”

HOUSE

Mrs. Sterling visited Winona for several days over Halloween.

Seba South and Marion Crandall visited Pauline McCaw over Thanksgiving, in Dennison, Ohio.

Martha Gibbons spent her Thanksgiving with Jane Johnson, '15.

Mr. B. R. MacHatton, of the Southside Presbyterian Church, spoke in vespers on Sunday, October 31st. His text was, “Thou Knowest That I Love Thee.” He gave a most interesting and encouraging talk.

Miss Harriet Rue, from Hindman, Ky., spoke in vespers on Sunday, November 14th. She told about the school there for the mountain whites. She made it so interesting that the girls

are eager to help these people who know nothing of the outside world. Miss Rue continued her talk in Woodland Hall. Here she told about their Christmas—how they enjoyed it and what they needed most. The girls have decided to take a voluntary offering and send it to the school.

Miss Coolidge spoke in vespers on Sunday evening, December 5th.

The girls are all back after Thanksgiving, safe and well and looking forward eagerly to Christmas.

INTERCOLLEGiate NEWS

Harvard has a new library, which has sixty miles of book shelves.

Ethelbert D. Warfield, Ph. D., LL. D., Litt. D., is the new president of Wilson College. Dr. Warfield is a graduate of Princeton, and studied at Oxford and Columbia. He has formerly held the presidencies at Miami University and Lafayette College.

The president of the Students' Association of Vassar has originated an idea for having moving pictures at college. Their idea is to have a program which will be of educational and cultural value.

Westminster is discussing the matter of doing away with the sub-Freshman year.

The students of Pennsylvania State College have adopted the honor system.

EXCHANGES

We are happy in realizing that the exchanges this year have presented to us a wider and more fertile field of literature than ever before. "Betrayer Sahib", in the October "Washington-Jeffersonian," is the most dramatic production that we have

noticed. Although it has all the machinery of stories of India, it is treated in such a clever and direct manner that it seems original.

We would like to congratulate "The Mount Holyoke" for achieving such a strenuous poem as "At the Galleys," a poetic treatment of the problem of capital and labor.

There are several good stories in "The Allegheny Literary Monthly." "Centennial" portrays a man's true love for his Alma Mater; "The Image" is an original monologue.

The institution of a Photographic Department adds much to the interest of the "Cornell Era."

We acknowledge with thanks: "The Pharetra," "The Vassar Miscellany Weekly," "The Westminster Holcad," "The Franklin," "The Muhlenberg Weekly," "Pitt Weekly," "Cornell Era," "Allegheny Literary Monthly," "Mount Holyoke," and "Washington-Jeffersonian."

ENGLISH CUSTOM BOOT

TAN AND BLACK LOW HEELS INVISIBLE EYELETS

STOEBENER

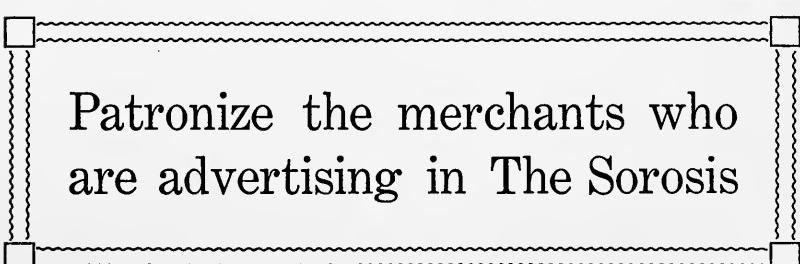
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THE SOROSIS

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Flowers For All Occasions

Randolph & McClements Floral Experts

5936 Penn Ave. Near Highland

There was a man in our town
Who was so wondrous wise;
He thought a business he could run
and never advertise.
Take heed and learn the moral
Of this sad and mournful tale,
For the only "ad" he ever had
Was "Closed for Sheriff Sale."

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P. Ludebuhl & Son Shoes and Hosiery

PENN AND FRANKSTOWN

EAST END

Ask to see our new Gaiter Boot
\$4.50 the pair

WE'VE FITTED FEET OVER FORTY YEARS



Vol. XXII.

JANUARY, 1916

No. 5

PASSING

Leila Hill, '16

Dull gray in the morning,
Hot white at the noontime,
Bright red in the evening,
Passes a day.

Blue twilight and shadows,
First stars and the moonshine,
Thick darkness, then daybreak,
Hushes a night.

Glad shouts in the morning,
Strong labor till bell-chime,
Low prayers in the glowing,
Burns out a life.

Deep joy after struggle,
Calm peace at the rest time,
Firm faith through the dark of things,
And death opens to life.

A WAR WIFE

Gertrude Levis Frame, '16

Ellen arose mechanically and dressed herself half-heartedly. She descended the stairs into the kitchen, and opened the back door. A gust of sweet morning air blew caressingly into her face; the glorious promise of an undimmed sun gleamed above the peaks

of the dark, distant hills, while a deep blue sky curved above her; and far and near the birds were singing from the depths of hearts overflowing with joy.

"What a mockery nature can be," thought the young woman bitterly, and closing the door behind her she turned back into the kitchen.

Breakfast? Why get herself anything to eat, she thought; only she had promised her husband that she would remember to eat while he was gone. A year ago today, just one year. With an effort Ellen forced herself to prepare her simple breakfast. She could scarcely drink her coffee; every bite of roll choked her. At last she finished, and hurriedly set about washing the few dishes; but she soon found herself lingering, dishcloth in one hand, the other resting on the dishpan, while she dreamed. It was the same way when she swept the kitchen and the porch. She found herself dreaming of the old days, those few ecstatic years that had ended so abruptly a year ago. She stood leaning her chin on the broom handle, her eyes fixed on the sun.

"It is almost as if he were very near, and yet I am so unhappy," she thought.

The tread of heavy boots, and the jangle of tin kettles roused her with a start, and the cheery-faced milkman appeared.

"Good morning," he exclaimed, and waited while she went into the house to get her kettle. When she returned, he looked sympathetically at her sad face.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Any bad news from the front?"

Ellen shuddered and almost dropped the kettle of milk.

"No," she said, "you—you—you haven't heard anything, have you?"

"Nope," he exclaimed brusquely, "nothing new. It's all got to end pretty soon, anyway. Don't you worry. It'll all come right in the end. Good-bye," and with a cheery smile he was gone.

"In the end, in the end?" thought poor Ellen. "Does that mean this life or the next?"

With a big duster across her shoulder, she went upstairs and

began to dust and rearrange her little-used rooms. Still her hands lagged, and her eyes were full of dreams, as she picked up and laid down one object after another. Now it was Arthur's smiling face in a frame she had made when first married; again his military brushes; then the dainty toilet set he had given her one Christmas. With clenched hands and dry eyes, she flung herself on her bed half dazed with longing and unhappiness. There she lay until roused by a loud knock at the back door. She arose and groped her way down the stairs, and opened the door to the baker. Silently she took her daily loaf of bread, half anxious, half afraid to ask for news.

"Got the paper yet?" he asked, searching for change.

"No," she choked, "the mail man hasn't come yet."

"There's been some brisk fighting," he added laconically.

"Where?" she gasped.

"At Avinat," he answered. "Your husband there?"

She almost smiled from relief. "No, he's with the other division."

Yet when she was alone again, she felt afraid and her heart was filled with apprehension.

The morning dragged along. Her work done, she sat down to stitch shirts; but they lay untouched in her lap, her hands folded above them, her eyes fixed on the road before her little home. Arousing herself, she started to thread her needle, but stopped when her eyes fell on his violin case in one corner of the room. Picking it up she unfastened the catch, and drew forth the instrument with a loving touch. She laid it to her shoulder dreamily, and drew the bow across the strings. Immediately one of them snapped, and she almost dropped the violin. She put it aside, and resumed her watch at the window. Then she saw the letter carrier stop his horse at the gate. Tremblingly she watched him unlock the letter box. Yes, there was her paper. Anything else? Her heart throbbed painfully. Then he drew out a long envelope with black edges and a red seal. Ellen gave a low cry, and sank back, her brain reeling, for those long envelopes were well known in her little village.

"I can't stand it, I can't," she cried wildly.

Again she looked out at the white shining through the interstices of the box and rubbed her eyes half incredulous; but she made no move to go and get it. She sat half stupified without shedding a tear. Suddenly there was a deep roar which shook the windows and the fixtures of the house violently. Ellen jumped up from her chair, and passed her hand dreamily over her eyes as if she had been suddenly aroused from sleep. There was a sound of footsteps on the gravel walk and in another moment a nervous knock at the door. Ellen forced herself to go and open the door.

A quiet woman, with a sad strong face, stood in the vestibule.

"Ellen, dear," she said, "you're needed. A bomb was thrown into the city hall and several are badly hurt."

Ellen held her head high and spoke, "I will come. Wait, until I get my shawl."

Together the two women went down the walk. The elder saw the gleam of white in the mail box and turned to her companion,

"Your mail," she said.

"Can wait," answered Ellen, her eyes held straight before her.



SOMETIMES, SOMEWHERE

Emily S. Kates, '18

Somewhere, across an unknown stretch of land,
Beyond the desert and the mountains bare,
There is a soul that reaches out to mine,
And we shall meet dear heart, sometime, somewhere.

Sometime, though years may pass and we may roam,
Alone, apart; my hand ne'er touching thine;
Though death may come: then in that blue beyond,
There we shall meet and love, somewhere, sometime.

THOMAS ROBERT MALTHUS

Frances Eleanor Boale, '16

Like the ideas of many other great thinkers, that have become wildly, though somewhat vaguely, known throughout the world, the "Malthusian Theory" is more or less familiar to many of us. Partial information along many lines may be all that is required for general use, but it is absolutely necessary that students of Economics be equipped with authentic information in regard to some things and one of these is the Malthusian Theory. For this reason let us look carefully at the man and his works.

Thomas Robert Malthus was born in 1776, at the Rookery near Guilford, Surrey County, England. His father was a man of culture, who possessed an independent fortune, and was therefore able to give his son adequate educational advantages.

Until he entered Cambridge, in 1784, Thomas Malthus was educated by tutors. In 1788 he was graduated with honors and was later made a fellow of Jesus College.

After leaving Cambridge, in 1797, Malthus took charge of a small parish in Surrey. The following year he published the first edition of his great work, "An Essay on the Principle of Population as It Affects the Future Improvement of Society, with Remarks on the Speculations of Mr. Godwin, M. Condorcet, and Other Writers." This work proved to be not only a surprise to his friends, but drew that attention of the public so often withheld from beginning authors.

Malthus realized that in order to give his work more complete form, he must gather a greater amount of information, so, in 1799, he went to the Continent, with Daniel Clark, a traveler of note. At first they were only able to travel in Sweden, Norway, Finland and Russia, on account of war, but after the Peace of Amiens, in 1802, Malthus went to Switzerland, France and other parts of Europe.

In 1804 Malthus was married and in the same year he was appointed professor of Modern History and Political Economy

in the East India Company's College, at Haileybury. This position he retained until his death, December 23, 1834.

Perhaps the greatest factor in shaping the thought of this economist was the condition of England just before and during the time in which he wrote. The poverty of the country being more strongly pronounced because it followed a period of agricultural prosperity. This was due to three things, (1) to the rapid increase of population; (2) to war; (3) to scanty crops. Unemployment pauperized and consequently spread disease among the people who, suffering under such conditions, rose in riots and made matters even worse.

Malthus was truly practical, he saw the sad plight of the people around him, and determined to work out some sort of doctrines, by which they might be assisted.

It is interesting to note here that his father urged him to publish his ideas, for in so many instances we find the parent underrating the importance of the work their children are doing until the world has given it recognition.

Malthus was greatly influenced by the works of Wallace, Hume, Price and Smith, especially by Smith.

In 1793 Godwin published a work in which he said that government was a necessary evil, and was to blame for the unhappiness and misfortune of man. Among the advocates of this book was Daniel Malthus, while his son Thomas opposed it bitterly, and even went so far as to attempt to show that abolition of government would not bring about an Utopian state, but rather the reverse, because the defect lay in human nature. He went further to say that though human institutions could not remove misery, they could and did mitigate it considerably.

Malthus' final conclusion came to be "the power of population is indefinitely greater than the power of the earth to produce subsistence for men. Population when unchecked, increases in a geometrical ratio. Subsistence only increases in an arithmetical ratio."

Certain checks must restrain the growth of population in order to check poverty: "Prevention," a foresight of the difficulties of rearing a family; "Positive," poverty, disease, war and

other forms of actual distress. Malthus felt that a perfect state of happiness in society could not be hoped for, because, though marriage might be postponed through foresight, vice would increase and cause more misery.

In the edition of his work of 1803 he sought to soften some of his harshest conclusions, and added "moral restraint," as an aid in the checking of population. This edition was not so novel as the first, but was more scientifically accurate.

The gist of the Malthusian doctrine is: "It is the constant tendency in all animated life to increase faster than the nourishment prepared for it."

Malthus means that every increase of population augments the power to increase; that it is easier for a population of 5,000,-000, to become 6,000,000, than it is for a population of 1,000,000, to become 2,000,000.

On the other hand, every increase in the productive power of the land does not make any further capability of production easier. If an acre of land which yielded 80 bushels of wheat is carefully improved so that it yields 100 bushels, it will be no easier to make it yield 120 bushels than it was to bring the number up from 80 to 100. If only care was necessary it would pay the farmer not to buy more land, but to put time and energy on that which he owned already.

In regard to the returns from land production Malthus points out, that in proportion to the extension of cultivation, the additions that could be made to the former average yearly product must be gradually and regularly diminishing. By this is meant land may through careful treatment be made to produce a certain amount and when the production has reached this point it begins to decrease.

Many other Economists call the land owner who receives rent a monopolist, but Malthus gives three reasons for classifying rent differently than the "common monopolies."

1. There is a quality in the soil which enables it to yield a surplus above the costs.
2. The productions of land have the peculiar quality of

"creating their own demand." The surplus has the power of "raising up a population to consume it."

3. The comparative scarcity of fertile land. In common monopolies the excess of price over cost is due to the degree of monopoly, but the rate of rent depends upon the degree of fertility of the soil itself.

Thus Malthus argued that landlords were in conflict with society only in regard to importation.

As these theories are further worked out, the contemporaries of Malthus find many weak points, and oppose his reasoning. Nevertheless, present day thought gives him an important place as an original thinker.

One cannot overlook the fact that Malthus was a pessimist, he did not look ahead to see the power of education and prudence, nor did he realize that the elevation of the standard of living above subsistence would be a powerful factor in general improvement. He looked about and observed what had happened and what was happening, but failed to gain a vision of the future that contained all the influencing elements, not among the least of which are improvements in the sciences of agriculture and transportation.

Also Malthus does not seem to realize that an increase of population may aid in maintaining or swelling the rate of increasive subsistence.

His mistake lies in the fact that he judged the future too much by the past.

Though these are mistakes in his work Malthus is important in the history of economics for several reasons:

1. He was the first to devote a treatise to population, thus calling to attention an important subject long neglected.

2. His theory was partly instrumental in leading Darwin to his doctrine of Natural Selection.

3. In illustrating his doctrine Malthus gathered together a systematized mass of facts.

4. The theory is essential to the understanding of problems of social reform.

If the Malthusian doctrine is false it is yet to be proven, and so far, any attempts to solve the social problem which were contrary to the principle of population have failed.

As was natural, factions arose; the "anti-populationists," who followed Malthus' views and the "populationists," who opposed them. Books were written, many of which bitterly criticised the doctrines here set for. Nor was the discussion carried on in England alone. Most of the criticism, however, seems to have beside the point, due to the fact that the critics did not fully understand his principles.

ALL FOR NOTHING.

Leila Hill, '16.

The log fire crackled loudly. Its red flames shone dully in contrast to the bright sunshine that streamed in through the smooth, white, window curtain and lay in eight square patches on the rag rug that covered the hearth.

A woman sat beside the mantle slowly rocking with her foot a large wooden cradle. Her warm plaid dress lighted up in the sunshine and a low droned lullaby sounded softly, interrupted occasionally by the spitting of the fire. She looked up apprehensively as a noise sounded at the door. For a moment the form of a man stood out blackly against the winter background and then the door closed heavily on its hinges.

The woman started forward in her chair.

"Hush, Pat Conners! You're always a makin' uf a racket and wakenin' of the wee darlin'. Ye bang the door enough to waken the dead!"

"Oi aint a makin' uf no noise at all. Oi've got to shut the door, aint oi?"

Pat paused and puffed out his cheeks, knocking his heels together. He mumbled his words from the depths of the woolen muffler that enveloped his wind-reddened face clear up to his nose. On creaking boards, he clumsily tiptoed to the fire place

and began to lay down the double armful of kindling wood that he carried.

"There ye ere agin!"

Nora's hands flew up involuntarily as a heavy stick slipped from his hand with a thud. As she spoke she gave the cradle a vigorous shove.

The man resumed his filling of the box. Neatly, one at a time he piled in the logs. Then, suddenly one unwieldy one slipped and the whole bundle rattled to the floor.

"Saints protect us! Oi've gone and done it!"

Guiltily he eyed the cradle from the corner of his eye.

"Oi knew it! Ye're always a clumsy briggler! Oi never seen the loik o' ye!"

Nora sat over to the edge of her chair and doubled the speed of the rocking crib. From the depths of the voluminous coverlets came the faint squall of a young baby.

"Jest listen to her, Pat! Now ain't ye ashamed uf versilf?"

Turning she addressed the concealed occupant of the cradle.

"Niver moind me, wee dairlin'. Sh. Sh. Go to sleep!

Then.

"Yer a big awkward, ye are! She's a cryin' uf her silf to death! Sh, sh, dairlin', sh, sh!"

Pat slowly tiptoed to the head of the crib as through silence were still required. With rough tenderness he intoned:

"Sh, mm, wee one, sh!"

Nora looked up for a moment from her infant hushing.

"Mai gracious, Pat! Why fur ere ye a standin' there all rolled up in them coats. Sh, dairlin', sh!"

Slowly Pat began to unwind the red muffler from about his ears and neck and to unbutton his great coat.

"Ach Pat! Look what ye're doin! Don't be a shakin' that snow in her face. Jest look ye're a chokin' her!"

The awakened slumberer had choked violently and redoubled her spasmodic crying.

"Ach, sure, that wouldn't hurt her, at all, at all," muttered Pat as he shuffled over to the side of the room and began to hang up his coats.

Meanwhile Nora had delved in among the blankets and tenderly lifted the baby in her arms. It now stretched its mite of a mouth side ways, in what might have been interpreted as a smile, and wrinkled its little red face into a queer grimace.

The corner of Nora's generous mouth deepened the dimples in her cheeks.

"Ah! now she was all right agin. Jest me noice wee bit uf a Mary she was!"

At the sound of the word "Mary" Pat jabbed his hat on the nail with a jerk, not heeding that it dangled for a moment and fell. He turned like a flash.

"Mary? It's no Mary at all, an' ye know it."

Nora paid no attention, but allowed the tiny hands to grab her fingers as she rocked slowly back and forth.

Pat was bound to be heard.

"Oh! go 'long wi' yersilf Mary Margaret, it is nothin' Oi say!"

"Oh! go 'long wi' yersilf, Mary Margaret it is an' nothin' ilse! Wee, little dairlin', it's Mary ye want fur a name, it is, isn't it? See that, Pat, she knows it already!"

Evidently baby Connors had squinted its diminutive face into some sort of contortion that symbolized that the name of Mary was entirely satisfactory to her.

"Ump! Mary Margaret, now isn't thoit a foin name, so high come-fluted soundin' an all! Oo say, Nora's her mither's noim before her and it's me own sister's noim and it's what she's a goin' to be christened!" *

Pat advanced to the fire and rubbed his hands together over the flame.

"Ah, Pat! Bey raisonable! Nora's si common a' name. Ye'll be after a putting uf her out on a shovel next. It's Mary's the foin name she'll have!

"Not wee my consent. Me Mither, God rest her soul, she always told me never to be bossed by no woman an' oi'll be hanged if oi will!"

Pat advanced a few steps and raised his voice.

The baby gave a start and began to distort its face alarmingly.

"Now look at her, Pat. Ye're after a searin' her to death ye are. Put another log on the fair and sit down and be quiet."

Pat dropped to the edge of a chair with arms lying across his knees.

"It's the mither of me said it an' she's right she is," he mumbled.

Nora leaned over the baby. Her broad face beamed as she smoothed out its long dress.

"It's a roight one ye are, Pat, and ye niver took no notice as to how swate she is in her new dress. Now ain't it foin and oi made ivery stich mesilf."

Proudly she held the baby of the Connors family at arms length as she caressingly viewed the soft linen dress overlaid with delicate hand embroidery.

"Foin, it is, foin," announced Pat with forced enthusiasm, barely turning his eyes so that they rested not on the dress, but on the dull red hair that fuzzed over the top of the baby's head.

"Nora it'll be," he muttered and a faint smile broke on the pleasant mouth.

"What was ye a sayin', Pat?"

"Just that Mike was a telling me that sister Nora said she'd be after a bringin' uf the sleigh to-day when she cum and there was snow enough."

"And she'll be after a bringin' uf it all right wee snow a foot deep. And me wee dairlin', Mary, she'll be a-takin' ye to yer christening! How do ye loik that! Pat, an' why did ye send that Mike to tell her?"

Nora leaned back and rocked to and fro squeakily.

"Wall and why not! Mike's a foin fellow, he is."

Pat moved his chair to push a log back on the fire with the toe of his heavy shoe.

"Sure, Pat, an' ye know he ain't right; his mither hersilf says he's off."

As she spoke she smiled absently into the tiny pink face. She was thinking of the red knitted muffler with which Mike had

been persuaded to warn sister Nora that no matter what Pat said the baby should be christened *Mary*.

"Pat, an' sure an' isn't it toim they'd be a coming?"

"It's a long way but it's toim they be here."

Pat threw on a log.

"Watch yersilf, ye'll be awakenin' her!"

The boards squeaked under the bulky form as the man attempted to tiptoe to the window.

"Be careful of them curtains, Pat," came the warning as he pushed aside the stiff muslin.

"Watch out yersilf, ye'll be awakenin' the wee dairlin' yersilf," sounded in a breathy whisper, as he gazed down the road.

"There they come, Nora! Hurry, hurry, where're the things. Let me fix her."

Pat rushed from the window and Nora jumped to her feet.

"Sh, sh, me wee dairlin', sh, sh,—over on the—sh, sh,—chair, Pat! Yes, all of them—sh, sh!"

Nora's directions were mingled with shs to the baby which was beginning to squirm in her arms.

Then began the process of rolling up. Layer after layer they piled on.

"Sure an' it's enough, Nora," sighed Pat as he craned his neck to see over his burden.

"Ach, an ye'd have me wee Mary freezin'! Here fetch the end of that plaid!"

"That's enough now, me wee Nora!"

Pat smiled at the spot on the blankets under which the face of the baby might reasonably be expected to be found, judging from the position of the shapeless bundle.

A jingle of sleigh bells and a shout sounded without.

"Hurry, Pat, they'll no be after a waitin'. Here get the brick. No; not there, that's her head!"

Nora tucked the blanket wrapped brick under the foot of the bundle and pushed Pat towards the door. Cautiously he creaked down the snowy walk to the sleigh.

"Hurry, Patrick" called sister Nora from under the blankets, "we'll be late a gettin' to church. Here, gee me the wee one!"

That's it, tuck her in. Yes! That's it, yes! We'll talk when we git back."

"Don't forget the brick," shrilled Nora from the door.

"Git up."

The bells jingled.

"Don't forgit," shouted Pat in a loud whisper, "it's me noimin' it's to be."

The sleigh glided down the road. Godmother and Godfather bore baby Connors away to the christening.

The fire glowed brightly. Pat slowly puffed at his corn-cob pipe. Nora sat across from him paring potatoes.

"There they are, Pat, I hear the bells! Put oit that poip, ye'll be a chokin' of the wee Mary."

Nora smiled triumphantly as they rushed to the door. In a moment Godmother and Godfather crowded into the room bringing with them a puff of cold winter air.

"Sure she's as warm as toast, the wee dairlin' Mary, she is," smiled Nora as she unrolled the mite from the supernumerous blankets that enveloped her.

Pat crowded close at her elbow.

"It's no Mary ye say now at all, it's Nora; me girl, it's Nora."

Pat slapped Nora on the shoulder patronizingly as he reached his arms for the baby.

As he spoke sister Nora's hand paused half way to her bonnet strings. The Godfather poised his foot in air, with the boot hanging half off, and looked up.

"Did ye no christen her Mary as I told Mike to tell ye?"

Nora looked anxious.

"Did ye no christen her Mary, as I told Mike to tell ye?"

The godmother stared wildly.

"Did ye no christen her Mary," Nora repeated.

"No! Nora," shouted Pat, leaning forward.

"Did no Mike tell ye?"

The godmother's fingers untied the knot and pulled off her bonnet. She sank to the edge of the crib.

"Sure, it's a girl."

"Sure! And did ye no have her christened Nora?" shouted Pat.

"No! Mary," shrilled Nora, clasping the bit of Conner's humanity to her heart as if she were shielding it from calamity.

The godmother answered, "Sure Mike no told me it was a girl. He said it's a boy."

A gasp sounded in the hollow stillness.

"And—" faltered Nora.

"And the Father christened him—. Oh! God rest our souls, the Father christened her Patrick Joseph, for her father."

Nora dropped into the chair. For a moment no one spoke. Pat was the first to move.

"Where are ye a-goin', Pat?" questioned Nora, weakly.

Pat turned about, his hand on the door-knob; his mouth was set in lines of firm determination.

"Oi'm goin' fur that rascal of a Mike, to git moi best poip and moi boots that I give him to tell sister Nora that she should no christen the baby Mary, no matter what ye'd say, but Nora."

The door banged behind him and his feet squeaked on the snow outside.



THE CONDITIONS AND NEEDS OF AMBRIDGE, PA., WITH REFERENCE TO SOCIAL SERVICE

Grace M. Wilson, '13

The situation in Ambridge is the same that is confronting many of the smaller manufacturing towns in the United States.

Out of a population of about eight thousand people, two-thirds are foreigners, coming from almost every part of the old world.

There are at least sixteen nationalities, including Polish, Slavish, Germans, Swedes, Russians, Italians, Greeks, Syrians, Austrians, Hungarians, Croatians, Bohemians and Lithuanians. The Polish, Slavish, Germans and Russians constitute the greatest part of these foreigners. Many of these people do not speak

English and have no conception of the laws and customs of the United States.

This is a most serious problem as it is the duty and the necessity of the American people to make good citizens of these foreigners.

In Ambridge there are about fifteen hundred children enrolled in the schools. There are four public schools, one high school, a Russian and a Polish school, the latter two being conducted by the church.

There are many churches, including a Presbyterian, Presbyterian Mission, Methodist, United Presbyterian, two Lutheran, Episcopal, Baptist, Roman Catholic and four Greek Catholic.

Obviously among this class of foreigners the Catholic religion prevails and as two-thirds of the population is foreign, the Catholic religion is by far the strongest.

The needs of these people are many, aside from a livelihood. The school cannot do all, neither can the church.

Relief work is being done at present by the American Bridge Company, the Sewickley Presbyterian Church, the churches and Woman's Club of Ambridge.

What is most needed, in my opinion, in this community, is a Settlement or Neighborhood House, around which the lives of these people can center without regard to nationality, religion, creed or sex.

Here the people could bring their joys and sorrows and not only find someone to sympathize and rejoice with them, but also find understanding and a desire to aid them and interpret their needs.

A Settlement Worker should know the neighborhood thoroughly and be interested in all subjects that tend to better the conditions of the people.

Much of the work in a Settlement House is done through classes, but the most important work is neighborhood work and friendly visiting. The neighborhood work does not make as much showing as the class work, but in the end it is the most effective and lasting.

The aim of Settlement work is to carry the spirit of truth

to the every-day affairs in the lives of these people and let them feel that life is worth living.

A Settlement House is not charity in the ordinary sense of the word, but should teach the people to rise above charity, and to learn their own power to mount to higher standards of living.

It means very serious and careful thought to organize a Settlement House for there are many things connected with it which are often not thought of at the beginning. The beginning should be small, but the progress constant. Many of the problems should be at least thought out early.

A board of interested and representative men and women should be formed, who are willing to give of their time and means to the executive and financial affairs connected with such an institution.

It is most important that this board work with the same end in view and have the desire to do all in their power to help the community.

All good things take time and often those that are done slowly amount to more in the end.

Ambridge is ready for a Settlement House, but whether or not it will be established depends upon the interest and careful consideration of it by the people of means, intellect and fellowship who live therein or nearby.

THE PINK TEA

Margaret E. Smith, '19

One of the daintiest and most expensive little social functions is the pink tea. Within the last year or two it has not been quite so prominent on account of the "The Dansant," but still it is highly popular among the ladies of leisure.

The hostess usually invites her dearest friends and her most fashionable enemies so as not to be bothered with electric fans. Indeed, the more frigidly polite the guests are, the more profuse the flow of words.

The guests stand around in little clusters, each trying to out-

do her neighbor in the graceful way she poises her cup in one hand—her little finger must be crooked at just the precise angle—and the saucer in the other. When she has attained this accomplishment she sweetly comments on the beauty of the gowns around her if they belong to her friends; if not, she critically surveys them with the remark, "Oh, dear, how absurd," or "Did you ever see such taste?"

Thus the affair progresses. In case there happen to be a few men present, each lady tries to see how many of these shy creatures she can lure to her snares. Her modest glances, winning smiles and flirtatious nods are her loyal supporters in the worthy cause.

But, now, perhaps you are suffering under the delusion that the guests actually imbibe pink tea. By no means! Instead their nectar is ordinary, imported Chinese tea and their ambrosia little wafers which, although very trivial in appearance, are as expensive as if sprinkled with diamonds.

The visitors have no especial hour for arriving and no specific time for departing. Some come early and stay late, others are wafted in by one breath and are gently blown out by another. So the hours fly. At six o'clock the last guest has gone and the last delicate morsel of scandal has been discussed. Thus are women's hearts made happy.

THE SAME AS EVER

Estelle Shepard, '17

Ralph Robinson walked out of Carnegie Library. He looked at the two books in his hand. One was a book on Psychology, and the other on Astronomy. He tucked the psychology under his arm, and gazed with a wry smile at the other book, whose title was, "The Heavens Through Opera Glasses." In looking for the psychology he had chanced to see the other. He remembered how Elinor had enjoyed the study of astronomy. She had tried to tell him what she learned. More than once they had used her opera glasses to look at the moon and the stars. For

memory's sake he had taken out the book. He could not discuss the contents with Elinor. Discussions with her were over since that night three months ago, when she had said, "You ask for something I cannot give. I have only friendship. For the good of us both, Ralph, I think our friendship must end."

He got into his car, and laid the books at his feet. For an unanalyzed reason he didn't put them on the seat beside him. Mechanically he unloosened the brake and started the car. He had intended to return to the office, but so deeply was he thinking of Elinor that he unconsciously drove out along Fifth avenue, where he had often taken her.

Suddenly he recognized Elinor's figure ahead of him. He stared hard at her as he drove nearer, hardly glancing at the road. A thrill of momentary pleasure ran through him as he noted her well-known gesture of tucking her hair up under her hat.

She seemed unconscious of the noise of the machine when he passed without saying a word. But, as though compelled by his staring, she looked at him, and then nodded with the dear familiar smile.

He started the car up, then slowed down, uncertain whether to stop to talk to her or abide by her decision to end all friendship. Once more he started up, and then deliberately stopped and waited for Elinor to come up.

"Hello, Ralph," she said, without constraint. "How have you been?" Except for the past tense she seemed to think they had parted the night before.

"Fine!" He matched his tone to hers. "Do you want to go for a spin through the park?"

"Why—yes, I guess so." She walked around the car, and got in beside him.

He watched the road before him though he knew each foot of the way. Each one was weighted with memories of rides and discussions before—. He left the thought unfinished. He felt her look at him, and remembered his unshaven face, dingy derby, and work-soiled hands. But they passed out of his mind as trifles.

"You still have the same car, I see. Do you have to use the hand pump to get the gasoline into the engine?" she asked.

He would have felt more encouraged if she had shown that she was pleased to be with him, or even that she was embarrassed. But her straight-forward manner leveled all his hopes of a change in her decision.

"Dad didn't get a new car. Yes! The old hand pump still comes in handy." He noticed that she, like himself, felt it had been years since they were together, and all familiar things were to be compared anew.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" she asked.

"Again the past tense," he thought. He answered, "Nothing new, working as usual. How about yourself?"

"I've been going to college. I had a wonderful time during the summer."

They slowly passed along the drive, and stopped on a little knoll with a far-reaching view over the park. From the corner of his eye he watched her, and almost anticipated in his thoughts every move she made, so vivid was the impression of previous times. A breeze came up from the valley. She tossed back her head in delight and laughed.

"Look at that handsome tree. Is'n't it a maple? And look there! That one is beginning to turn."

"She hasn't changed a bit," he said to himself.

"I like this spot. The view reminds me of some I saw last summer. Did you know I was up in the mountains? Wasn't it splendid that I could go?"

He nodded.

"And what—what do you think? I found a friend from our street there. She used to be only an acquaintance, but now I can call her a friend."

"I'm glad of that." He spoke earnestly. "I know how much a friend can mean."

She smiled at their mutual understanding.

"Did you hear about Mary Lane and Nelson Key?" he asked, as he started up the car.

"No! What about them?"

"They don't go together any more."

"Oh! What was the matter?"

"I don't know. Nelson won't tell very much, though we are chums. But they seem to have survived it," he said, indifferently, as though he did not see the resemblance to themselves. "Still speak to each other, but that is about all."

"When did it happen?" She looked up at him.

"A couple of months ago. I suppose it is for the best. They weren't suited to each other. They had irreconcilable views of life. When two people can't agree they ought to agree to disagree. But she—." He realized he was riding a hobby that had been out of use for several months.

"Yes?" she suggested.

Some things are better left unsaid."

After a moment's awkward silence she said, "Did you hear of my old friend, Eugenia Moffet? She went to India as a missionary. She left college very suddenly. We were all so surprised." Elinor's hands toyed restlessly with her purse.

"Had she finished college?"

"No. That was the pity. She will need all possible training for that kind of work. But you know Eugenia." Elinor gave an impatient gesture. "She couldn't be happy till she was in her work."

They chatted of old friends in a spirit of comradeship. Elinor leaned back in her seat.

Ralph felt as though someone other than himself were calmly talking of common friends.

They were nearly through the park. Ralph let the car go slower and slower, as though he wished to lengthen the ride. Elinor failed to start a new subject of conversation.

"Do you feel the same about—our friendship?" His very effort to control his emotions made his voice cold and unfeeling.

Elinor caught her breath. Her hands stopped toying with the purse and clasped each other tightly.

"I'm afraid I do, Ralph."

The car sprang forward and then fell back into its slow crawl.

"I wish you would consider it." He turned and looked at her, but her head was bent. She did not raise her eyes. "I haven't known what to do with myself all this time," he pleaded.

"I have considered my decision, and," she spoke very slowly, "I still—believe I am right."

He made no answer. They had come out into Forbes street and had turned towards her home.

"Did you know I'm going to night school?" he asked, in a matter-of-fact tone.

Elinor relaxed her tension. "No, I didn't. Tech, I suppose? What subjects are you taking?"

"Political history and psychology. I can't leave that subject alone. I just got a book on the subject from the library." He picked up the psychology and handed it to her. She turned over the pages, reading a sentence here and there.

"And the other book," she asked.

He handed it to her.

"Oh, I hope you'll like this one. Do you have opera glasses?"

"No," he muttered.

"How many nights do you go to school?" She changed the subject.

"Two. That is enough for me. I have to work in the store on Saturday night."

The car stopped in front of a plain brick house. Elinor put her hand on the door.

"Thank you for the ride, Ralph," she said, smiling at him.

"And you will think about the other matter?" He looked steadily into the girl's face.

She looked away. "Yes, but I can't change."

She quickly opened the door, got out, and ran up the steps without looking back. He watched her till she disappeared into the house. Then he drove slowly away.

"Just the same as ever," he muttered, with a sad shake of his head.

GOD'S MESSENGERS

Louise Reinecke, '17

I love the soft, white snowflakes
As they flutter through the air,
They're little glistening fairies
That drive away despair.

They brush each cheek and forehead,
They're kisses from above;
It's one o' the ways that God sends
His messages of love.

VOCATION BUREAUS FOR EDUCATED WOMEN

Alice M. Greer, '16

It is a matter of common observation that the woman fresh from college drifts like the school child into the nearest available job. Vocation bureaus, the standardizing of wages and working conditions have proved, after a generation of higher education, as necessary for trained women as they are for ill-trained child workers. In the case of the former, the job is usually teaching.

How far chance and a too "cultural" college course is responsible for this; how far this very cultural foundation may be used as a valuable basis for other sorts of work requiring intelligence; how far the college course can be modified to meet the practical needs of the market and to develop vocational tendencies in the individual; and finally, what are the opportunities and what the working conditions in general in the various intellectual pursuits of women—these are the things that no investigation or practical experimentation has so far shown.

It is for the immediate practical purpose of bringing together work along lines requiring intelligence and workers with vocational experience, as well as with solid general educational

foundations, that the Inter-collegiate Bureau of Occupations, with headquarters at 38 West 32nd Street, New York City, was founded in October, 1911.

During the first months of the Bureau's existence the emphasis was put on technical training, and lack of this barred out a large percentage of the applicants. College training has never been a requirement. It has been found, however, that applicants for workers lay almost more emphasis on a college foundation than on technical training and for this reason an apprentice class equipped with the college course alone will probably be admitted to the privileges of the Bureau.

The Bureau is not a profit-making agency, but a co-operative organization supported by New York alumnae of nine eastern colleges. Moderate fees are charged for employment and it is hoped eventually that, without sacrificing any phases of its work, the Bureau can be made self-supporting.

A Report of the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations, in New York, one year after its opening in October, 1911, follows:

Short as the experiment has been, there is already a long list of encouragements and some discouragements. Both sets of facts indicate the future ahead. First, some successes:

1. Type of woman registering.—So great is the variety that the Bureau's card catalogue has already more than fifty distinct occupational divisions. Seven hundred applicants have registered, a large number of whom are in positions but want the Bureau's help in getting in touch with better opportunities. Fully as many more have come to the Bureau for advice, but have not been eligible according to our very rigid standards for registration.

2. The attitude of employers.—Welcoming a chance to get in touch with women equipped with the fundamental training given in college, employers have registered 630 calls for workers offering as large a variety as the applications from workers.

There are also some discouragements:

1. The difficulty of matching unusual calls and unusual people. Variety of calls on the one hand and of qualifications on the other makes it difficult to fit the two together. For instance, the employer may wish a secretary with a knowledge of French, while the Bureau may have in its list a skilled secretary with a knowledge of German.

2. More highly trained applicants are needed. It is a social waste not to be able to find the right person for the responsible post. It ought soon to be true that every college woman who is earning a salary or intends to should be registered at an intercollegiate bureau so that if the right woman exists she will readily be found when the call comes for her.

3. Inadequate salaries paid women for responsible work.—In two ways the Bureau can help in changing this condition. First, by bringing about a better distribution of women in occupations, the bureaus can relieve the pressure in any one, and one result will be an increase in salaries in that line of work; second, by publication of their reports, the bureaus can help in educating public opinion and in gradually establishing a fair standard of remuneration.

More successes:

1. Already 244 applicants have been placed in positions as secretaries, social workers, household administrators, editorial assistants, investigators, statisticians, proof-readers, suffrage workers, interpreters, etc.

For example, interesting placements made since March 1, 1912, are: Secretary to executive head of School of Journalism, public stenographer in a very large hotel, private secretary to an insurance expert, executive secretary for an emergency relief committee of Red Cross Society, landscape gardener to lay out an old-fashioned garden, investigator of boarding houses for a working girls' vacation committee.

General interest and finances are matters of encouragement. Each co-operating organization was asked to contribute at least 50% of its first donation for the second year. All have done so except Bryn Mawr, Smith and Vassar, who have promised 75%.

Wellesley has now joined the Bureau, making nine co-operating associations.

New Department of the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations of New York City

One of the most interesting features of the recent history of the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupation has been the organization of the new department for social work.

Social service has always been a profession of great interest among the occupations open to college women. Four months after the opening of the Bureau, a social work department was organized with one member of the staff giving the greater part of her time to the calls in this occupation.

Of 244 placements made during the year ending October 1, 1912, ninety-five were in the field of social work, including secretarial positions in social organizations. However, there was need for a closer connection with social organizations in order to make this department a clearing house for social workers. So the opportunity which was presented to put this department on a firm footing and in so doing to leave the present force of the bureau more free to cultivate other fields of employment, was welcomed with enthusiasm.

The initiative came from the directors of the New York School of Philanthropy who decided to discontinue their employment bureau work. However, they felt keenly the need of a vocational bureau to specialize in positions in the profession of social service.

They urged that this task be undertaken by the Intercollegiate Bureau; that headquarters be in the United Charities Building, where it could be handled in closer connection with social organizations; that the work be national in scope, and that

it be directed by the manager of the Bureau wth an assistant directly in charge of this department; and that both men and women be eligible for registration.

The Board of Directors of the Intercollegiate Bureau assume no responsibility for the financial backing of this department. The New York School of Philanthropy and the Russell Sage Foundation will contribute \$2,000 toward expenses of the branch the first year and the remainder needed for the budget of \$4,500 will be raised from sources outside of the Bureau's present constituency.

The plan is to make this department self-supporting at the earliest possible date.

The Boston Bureau

The first employment agency for college women was established in Boston, eighteen months before that in New York. In Boston, as in New York, the employment agency is not established exclusively for college women, although it co-operates with the various women's colleges and numbers a large proportion of college graduates among its applicants.

The appointment bureau of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union is really the old business agency (founded 1877) with a new name and something of a new aim. More emphasis is being laid by the appointment bureau in the well-trained worker as distinguished from the unskilled or the slightly trained.

It is not a teachers' agency. It is established for the purpose of finding work other than teaching for women who are clever enough and well educated enough to hold responsible positions of one kind or another.

"One kind or another" is no whit too vague a way of expressing the variety of things which the college trained or industrially trained worker is willing to do, or indeed, which employers want workers to be able to do. At the Boston Appointment Bureau the card catalogue contains applications for positions as:

1. Heads of settlement houses.

2. Secretaries who can not only write shorthand and use the typewriter, but also can speak French and German.
3. Salesmen of many sorts, buyers.
4. Cataloguers, indexers, librarians.
5. Interior decorators.
6. Chemists, biologists, architects.
7. Literateurs of all kinds, illustrators.
8. And even farmers.

Miss Florence Jackson, former head of the employment bureau, is a graduate of Smith College, of the class of 1893. She taught 11 years in the chemical department of Wellesley College and three years in a private school in Philadelphia. Extremely alert, unfailingly pleasant, and unflinchingly sensible, she dispensed good jobs and good judgment.

"What the Bureau needs now," said Miss Jackson, "is to have employers of trained workers know that we can supply them. We think our work ought to be a benefit to the community and we should like the community to get better acquainted with us. Not everyone who comes to the Bureau is registered in our files. We will not register, for instance, a poor grade worker. We want to be able to guarantee everyone whom we place."

A remarkable good feature of the appointment bureau is its department of advice. Miss Jackson was the adviser for years. Any woman who did not want to teach and was not sure for what occupation she was fitted might have Miss Jackson turn the X-Ray of her experience and wisdom upon her without charge.

The X-ray examination, which was bound to be an agreeable process when directed by Miss Jackson, revealed whatever hidden talents, predilections, qualifications and disqualifications the inquirer possessed. The candidate was pointed to the proper vocation and the vocation explained thoroughly to the candidate.

"We don't place teachers, but occasionally we place tutors in special subjects, such as Spanish or Italian. Sometimes, we place a woman as dean of a school, but this is not an ordinary teaching position."

There is no registration fee. For a permanent position lasting six weeks or more, one week's salary is charged. For a temporary position, 10% of the total amount received is charged.

The Philadelphia Bureau of Occupation

The Philadelphia Bureau of Occupation was the third link in the chain. It was formally opened March 1, 1912, as the result of active interest of two college women, Mrs. Wm. R. Smith (Bryn Mawr) and Miss Vida Hunt Frances (Smith). Through a series of conferences and committee meetings they had awakened members of the Philadelphia Association of Collegiate Alumnae to try to solve the local problem which Boston had answered for itself by the Appointment Bureau of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, and New York, by the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations. The Philadelphia Bureau of Occupations for Training Women embodies, as do the older agencies, the double deal of supplying the trained women with opportunity and the untrained women with guidance.

From the friends of the Bureau were formed two groups: first, an executive committee of ten women; second, an advisory council of forty representative men and women of Philadelphia.

For its financial support the Bureau looks to an association of contributing clubs, composed of College Alumnae associations, of the alumnae of normal, high and private schools and of women's clubs in and near Philadelphia.

The Philadelphia Bureau began work on a very modest income and with the small equipment of a manager and an office, both on half time and without even a typewriter and a filing case. Charter members were all active workers, fired with enthusiasm and full of faith that if they could only prove that this Bureau was worth while college women would rise to its help. Their faith was justified in the first year.

The manager and office are both on full time, as well as a full-time assistant. Files and typewriters are in evidence and

the handicap of insufficient office force has been minimized through the generosity of volunteers who give from one to four mornings or afternoons a week. They file information received, attend to some of the correspondence and collect data concerning occupations and employers. Other women make their interest count by scout work, sending in to the Bureau information about lines of work with which they are familiar or about the possibilities which some particular section of the country offers.

Up to 1913 over eight hundred women had registered and over six hundred calls had been received from employers. The majority of demands were for office assistants, secretaries, stenographers and bookkeepers; secondly, for institutional workers—matrons, expert housekeepers and special caretakers; third, for social workers.

Pittsburgh Collegiate Educational Bureau

Last summer, July 6, 1915, a Collegiate Educational Bureau was opened in Pittsburgh. Among the prime movers in the establishing of this bureau was Miss Coolidge. For years she has realized the need of Pittsburgh in this direction, and at different times has spoken before the College Club upon the advisability of opening a bureau here. Miss N. Anna Petty is also one of the workers whose initiative and untiring efforts have largely contributed to the success of the undertaking.

Before the opening of the Bureau questionnaires were sent out, in many cases delivered personally, to large business concerns likely to employ trained women, and a year of investigation convinced the committee that there was not only a demand for such a bureau, but a very positive need for one. Whereupon the Collegiate Vocational Bureau was established in a room in the College Club, with Miss Esther Smith, a graduate of Smith, as director. The bureau now occupies a commodious office—510 Bessemer Building—and expects to help not only the college woman who wants employment, but any woman having special training. It is frequently asked by the bureaus of other cities to fill positions for which they have no applicant. In the same way, the Pittsburgh bureau has at its call applicants registered elsewhere.

A radical change in policy from that of other bureaus has been made, in that non-college women are included, as there seems to be such need for them, too. It also supplies school teachers, as Pittsburgh has no teachers' agencies.

From the opening day, July 6th, to October 1, 1915, 250 applications were filed and 75 calls from employers were received for young women to fill vacancies or to recreate new positions. Twenty-five permanent positions were filled, the salaries ranging from \$35 to \$100 a month, with opportunities for advancement. Among these were stenographers, private secretaries, teachers and kindergartners, governesses and mothers' helpers, cashiers, solicitors, housekeepers, tutors, indexers, girls' club leaders, nurses, companions, designers, suffrage organizers, foreign correspondents and a manager for a poultry farm.

Women who are strong and willing to work are always needed, but when special training is accompanied by tact and forcefulness, large opportunities are open and success assured. Therefore, it is often a part of the daily duty of the manager of a collegiate vocational bureau to point out to women who come for advice not only where they can get the special training required, but also to suggest the commercial value of self-reliance and pleasing manner.

In order to be of greater use to the college graduate, the General Bureau has put itself into touch with its local college associations which find employment for undergraduates and alumnae. Through such co-operation, a girl, while still in college, may get in line for the type of work which she wishes to do on graduation, or may profit by the experience of those women already in the field in choosing what her work is to be.

The co-operation of the bureaus in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Richmond, Los Angeles and Pittsburgh, as well as the information constantly coming from the active work of many associations of Collegiate Alumnae Branches, gives a wide opportunity to an applicant. What one city cannot offer, is often the crying need of another, and so this chain of bureaus revises the old adage, for the whole is stronger than any of its links.

THE SOROSIS

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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EDITORIALS

To all of us has come the new year, 1916, with its days and weeks and months and the probability of still other years. And with the advent of the new year has gone for the old, bearing into the past 365 days of our lives; yes, and **AS WE WRITE** with 1915 have departed some of our acquaintances, some of our friends. We are not mourning for them; we are only contemplating the fact that to them 1916 has been denied. Other years and other opportunities were theirs; and the tale of their lives is ended. But not so with us. The story of our lives is still in the making. It is

ours to write the next chapter—be it one of the first or be it the last; it is ours to choose between the true and the false, to control and master the unexpected, to meet the crisis with a brave heart, and to proceed to the end with a secret confidence that all will be right. We lay down our pen only when the last word is written. Another hand adds the “Finis.”

And into the story of our lives as it covers 1916, are there not some things that we would like to introduce, are there not certain pleasures that we hope the year has in store for us? Can we write them into the tale, are we free to make 1916 what we would like it to be? Are there not some things that we cannot control, circumstances that give us no freedom of choice, but must be accepted?

Let us take one day of the many. We are called at 6:30 in order to reach school in time for an 8:30 class. Do we get up immediately and arrive at school in time, or do we doze off into sleep for twenty minutes or more and slip into class a half hour late? Then let us suppose that we should like to write down for the rest of the day: “Had a call at ten from Bill, who wanted me to take luncheon with him. Met him down town and had a glorious time. Took a ride to Butler and back, and in the evening went to see Maude Adams, etc.” Now, what if “Bill” fails to call us at ten! Are we writing the tale? We remain at school, we go to all our classes and recite as usual; we return home late in the afternoon, probably rush off to the dentist’s after dinner, and returning, study the remainder of the evening. Are we writing our lives?

Our story, however, does not end with a day. We write on and on, and before long we find that there are some things, many things, which we can control: for example, whether we got up in time to make the 8:30, or whether we didn’t; the manner in which we met the tasks of the day when we were desirous of taking luncheon in town, etc. Did we recite our best, or only half-heartedly? And there are other things. What spirit shall we write in, what point of view, what attitude shall we assume? Shall the atmosphere be cheerful and hopeful, or dark and gloowering; shall the spirit of courage and faith dominate, steadily

growing day by day, or shall despair and gloom from disappointments cast their shadows even over the brighter events? And, we find that to us is given to choose, and to us alone; and, moreover, that our decision determines the worth or the worthlessness of the book. The soul of a thing is the thing itself. How we met the unexpected, the undesired, whether we cringed and complained, or whether we faced it with fortitude and faith, is the all important matter, determining our character, our character which alone can testify to our success or failure. The close of the story may be unpleasant, sad, not just what we had hoped for at the beginning; but if we will read the lives of the great and the good we will find that oftentimes we would weep. The story of One we remember.

So comes the conviction, that if we meet each day with the best that we have to give, at the end of life when we look back over the years, we shall find that we in truth (though not unaided) did write the story of our lives, and that it is as we would wish it.



Is it undignified to mention Leap Year; is reference to it unworthy in a college editorial? If such is the case, let someone blush for us. For we are glad that Leap Year has come, actually glad, although we have a fear **LEAP YEAR** that none of us will be brave enough to blaze a new trail. We dare hope, however, that some or many, more adventurous than the rest of women, will have sufficient courage to confront the manifold dangers always attendant upon pioneering in new fields. Woman Suffrage, as everyone knows, is coming; also, some other good things. And, after a while, a Leap Year will come every year. Why not?



THE ALUMNAE

First of all, the Alumnae Department wishes to solicit earnestly the co-operation of the alumnae in order to have full notes. It is very difficult for a girl who is still in school to keep in touch with any large number of graduates. If the old girls will drop a card now and then to let us know what they or their friends are doing we will be more than grateful.

Miss Christine Cameron, '13, who is teaching in Clark's School for the Deaf and Dumb, at Northampton, Mass., spent the holidays at home.

Mrs. Lucy Layman Lawrence, '13, is living at East Orange,
New Jersey.

The marriage of Miss Helen M. Sander, '14, and Edward F. Straw took place on Monday, December 27th.

MUSIC NOTES

On the afternoon of January 7th, the following program was given by the music faculty:

Prelude (from Third English Suite)	Bach
Pastorale	Scarlatti
Capriccio	Scarlatti
	Miss Mackenzie.
Sonata in A for Violin and Piano	Brahms
I. Allegro amabile.	
II. Andante traquillo—Vivace.	
III. Allegretto grazioso.	
	Mr. Brosky and Mr. Whitmer
Minuet (Opus 78)	Schubert
Moment Musical in F Minor	Schubert
Impromptu in F Minor	Schubert
	Miss Mackenzie

“Let the Dreadful Engines of th’ Eternal Will”.....	Purcell
Voir naître une enfant (Louise).....	Charpentier
Mr. Mayhew	
Rhapsody	John Beach
Hexentanz	MacDowell
“Waltz, or, What You Like”.....	Poldini
Caprice Espagnol.....	Moskowski
Miss Mackenzie	

The Buffalo newspapers featured extensively the paper read by Mr. Whitmer, on “The College Glee Club,” at the recent session of the National Association of Music Teachers.

Mr. Whitmer and Mr. Mayhew presented a program of American music before the Marcato Club of Clarksburg, W. Va., on the afternoon of January 8th. This was their second appearance in Clarksburg.

EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT

Miss Vanda E. Kerst gave a recital December 28th at Greenville, Ohio.

Miss Roop gave a number of readings at a tea for the Mothers' Club of the Soho Settlement House, on December 9th.

The play chosen by the class of 1916 is “Midsummer Night’s Dream.” The trying-out for parts was held December 11th, and the contest was very exciting and interesting. The Senior play this year will be the principal part of a big Shakespearian festival and will be presented May 20th, 1916.

On February 4th the Dramatic Club will present another interesting play, the title of which will be announced later.

OMEGA SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of the Omega was held on December 17th. Henry James’ “Portrait of a Lady” was the book which

was discussed. Miss Lewis read a paper on the life of Henry James and Miss Crandall read a paper discussing the book.



COLLEGE NEWS

On January 5th, Judge Miller of the Orphans Court of Pittsburgh delivered an interesting as well as a profitable lecture to the College on the subject of the emancipation of women in Pennsylvania in regard to property rights. Judge Miller first gave a brief sketch of the history of woman's property rights and then discussed the property rights which women now have in Pennsylvania. He talked as fully as the time permitted on the rights of single and married women and of widows. He touched briefly upon the subject of divorce. The lecture was extremely practical, and the knowledge gained from it will certainly be useful.

The subject of the Y. M. C. A. meeting on January 5th was "New Year's Resolutions." Miss Robb sang, and the leader, Miss Frances Boale, gave a very interesting talk.

Friday afternoon Jan. 7th, the faculty of the School of Music gave a very interesting and enjoyable recital. Those who took part were Miss Mae MacKenzie, Mr. Brosky and Mr. Mayhew and Mr. Whitmer.

Miss Holcomb was the hostess at the Y. W. C. A. party for Dilworth Hall, Friday evening, Jan. 7th.

One part of our Christmas work this year was to make a happier Christmas for the children of Hindman School in Kentucky. The amount of money sent from Dilworth Hall was eleven dollars and from the College twenty dollars and fifty cents.

On Christmas eve the Mandolin Club gave an entertainment at the Homoeopathic Hospital, for the patients, nurses, doctors and friends of the hospital. Kathryn Robb sang.

Kamala Cornelius spent her second Christmas in America in New York. She visited the theater a number of times and enjoyed seeing Maude Adams in "Peter Pan." Kamala had a delightful time and greatly enjoyed "The Great White Way."

The joint concert of our musical clubs this year was given with the clubs of the Carnegie Technical Schools, Friday evening, Jan. 14th.

On January 22nd, the Association of Collegiate Alumnae will hold its regular open meeting for the High School students at Margaret Morrison. The musical clubs of our College and of Margaret Morrison will furnish the music.

Mr. Whitmer spoke on Christmas Carols, at Vespers, on Sunday, December 12th. His talk was very interesting, as were also the old tunes which he played for us.

The first week after vacation we missed both Dr. Acheson and Dean Coolidge. Dr. Acheson was confined to his home with tonsilitis; Miss Coolidge visited Mt. Holyoke and Smith colleges before returning.

The History departments of the University of Pittsburgh, Peabody High School and Pennsylvania College for Women have started a movement for the formation of an Historical Association for Pittsburgh and vicinity, in order to give an opportunity for more frequent meetings and interchange of ideas to the teachers of history of the colleges and high schools of this vicinity. A luncheon was given at our college January 15th, at 1:00 p. m., which was followed by a conference at which Dr. F. N. Thorpe of the University of Pittsburgh spoke, and at which definite plans were discussed.

CLASS NOTES

Hello! 1916.

The Seniors greet the 1916 year with joy. This year, they wish to warn underclassmen, is their absolute, special property. For four years they have looked forward to it and been known as the class of '16 and now that it is here they intend to make the best of it. Just in what way they intend to do this has not been generally expressed by the class, but if they make use of the special privilege that comes with it they may have a most interesting post-commencement season. At present, however, every one is intent upon a certain joyful week that opens on January 24th and gives much promise of hidden surprises of all sorts.

Leora can now rival Miss Holcomb in Psychology in recounting her thrilling experiences. We sure are glad that it was a Ford for if it had been that taxi that hasn't killed Miss Holcomb yet there is no telling what might have happened. We congratulate Leora on her escape and beg to suggest that in the future she be more careful to "walk right."

Some of the Seniors have been most hilariously initiated into the Delta Gamma (D. G.) Society. Absolute secrecy is their motto and their number has been limited to a very select few.

Every one has recovered from vacation. Even our "Tommy" who has been patterning after the "Delikate" members of the Junior class is with us once more.

At the last class meeting the secretary of the class was ordered to cast a unanimous ballot to the effect that every Senior should cram to the utmost both preceding and during exam week. We realize that this is a method which is in very bad favor with the faculty but our New Year's resolutions call for absolute honesty.

Glimpses of the Juniors.

'Twas the day before vacation,
(At least that's what they said,)
That the Junior day-girls gathered,
To have a Christmas spread.

They had sandwiches and salad,
And cakes and pickles (dill),
With preserves and chocolate candy,
So all could eat their fill.

And after this repast was o'er,
Each one her present sought;
All gathered 'round to open things
That Santa Claus had brought.

To Miss White he gave a gingham-dog
To sit by her calico cat,
And Dotty got a clever gift
Which she declared was flat.

Helen received a pair of specks
So she on the year book can work;
Estelle's small gift was a printing-press,
Around which her thoughts do lurk.

And Jane's small lunch-box made of tin,
We hope will be of use;
May Gladys have no accident
Though her auto's constructed loose.

And now for the crowning gift of all:
'Twas but a laurel wreath
For Louis, of the poetic mind,
Always to bow beneath.

We would like to suggest to the Sophs who played the clever little trick of locking the lunch-room door, that the next time they are seized with a desire to play the same trick, the Juniors would consider it a great favor if the above-mentioned Sophomore friends would leave the door locked until after 1:30, thus relieving us of the responsibility of appearing on time at our 1:30 classes.

Our "Princess Betty" is just recuperating after her strenuous efforts in the theatrical line last month.

Ruth Gokey was ill with la grippe after Christmas. We are glad to have her back at P. C. W.

Heard in Bible Class: "Either a ruler or a private person is a goat."

Miss B. "In just a moment we'll settle Simeon."

"What was Moses' first act after he entered Israel?"

"Why, he got married."

Sophomore Notes.

After an absence of many months the prodigal banner of the Sophs returned on December 17th. The fatted calf had been prepared in the way of a spread in the lunch room. The event was accompanied with great rejoicing. Perhaps the Juniors objected—but it was a matter of reciprocity.

When the Sorosis goes to print, we are just returning from our Christmas vacations. A few of us have not yet arrived—due to colds and grippe. However, most of us have happily escaped any serious result of the epidemic.

Freshmen Annals.

Cheer up girls, even if that wonderful vacation is a thing of the past, we won't have to write themes on "Do Your Christmas Shopping Before December Twentieth."

Several of our girls went to the Christmas dance at Dilworth Hall.

Imogene Armstrong, who has been ill for several weeks, has returned.

Some one was heard to say: "The Freshies are scared "greener" about exams."

The Freshmen who attended the tea at Sheppard's during vacation report a "wonderful time."

German translation: "The Pope winked at the girl."

HOUSE NEWS.

Seba South visited for a week with Ruth Gokey at her home in Jamestown, N. Y. Ruth had the grippe, and so they could not return at the regular time.

The girls are back all wishing their good times were to last a little longer. A great many of them had grippe during vacation. But they are all thinking about "Mid Years" now.

The Christmas house party given in Woodland Hall on December 10th was a delightful entertainment. All the people in both houses were there and filled the living room quite full. Most of them worked fancy work. Dr. Acheson's "fancy work" was a fine victrola and good selections. After refreshments they sang old familiar songs and the college songs.

The Christmas dinner given in Berry Hall was, as usual, quite a grand affair. The table decorations were all very pretty and original. We were delighted to have with us Misses Marion Rae and Ethel Spencer. Quite an original table was the "children's table." After we were seated nine very sweet looking children came running in and then Santa distributed their gifts. The dinner touched the regular spot and at the close we sang songs. Then we had just a social time.

On Friday morning, December 17th, most of the Woodland Hall girls rose early and sang Christmas carols both at Dr. Acheson's and Berry. It was raining but that made no difference.

Harriet Reel has returned from her home in Pittsfield, Ill., where she spent Christmas vacation.

Mary Richards and Mary Allen were both in Kentucky for vacation.

Augusta Rogers was entertained by the Acheson's during vacation.

Virginia Hoff had an attack of grippe and could not return at the regular time.

Miss Marshall was also a victim to grippe.

Miss Ely spent her vacation in Illinois.



FROM OTHER COLLEGES.

Princeton has a Student's Self Help Bureau. Through this department needy students can apply for work and thus earn their way through college.

Prof. Russell Storey is the new president of Westminister College. He was formerly on the faculty of the University of Illinois and has had wide experience as an educator.

EXCHANGES.

“World Without End” in the December Mount Holyoke strikes us as being real poetry. It is a brief mood study, beautifully handled, which gave us much pleasure. “The Presence of the Past” embodies some very interesting writing. In reading it we are conscious of the fitness of words, a subtle humor and a wide reference ground.

“The Spirit of Death” in the Washington-Jeffersonian for November harks back to the somber imaginings of Poe.

“The Sun and the Golden Text,” in the January Cornell Era contains the real spirit of children.

The Sorosis acknowledges the receipt of the following papers: The Mount Holyoke, Cornell Era, Washington-Jeffersonian, Pharetra, Pitt Weekly, Westminster Holcad, East Liberty Echo, Knick Knacks, Search Light and Allegheny Literary Monthly.

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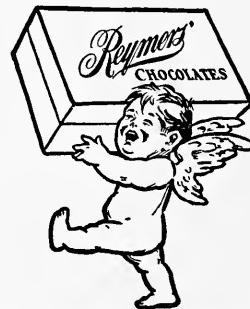
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Vol. XXII.

FEBRUARY, 1916

No. 6.

THE ECONOMICS OF JOHN RUSKIN

Melba R. Martin, '16

It is indeed true that there is nothing new under the sun. No other adage or epigram has so well withstood the test of time and the ages. We are accustomed to consider many movements new and attribute to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries ideas and reforms, that could not possibly have originated in minds of men who lived before our day. We congratulate ourselves on the strides in modern science and we are especially proud of our wonderful advance in the so-called social sciences. We proclaim loudly our idea of Socialism and Single Tax and Political Economy and we rejoice in their discovery as a child would in a new toy. We are inclined to forget that Sparta had carried Socialism to the degree of perfection; that the Greeks and Plato discussed the law of Rent and that Plato and Aristotle had well defined ideas on the subject of Political Economy.

In spite of the great antiquity of the idea essential to these sciences, England, although primarily a commercial nation, did not begin to produce works on Political Economy until comparatively late in her history. Adam Smith was England's first really great Economist and he was not born until the eighteenth century. It was in 1776 that he published his "Wealth of Nations." This seemed to be the impetus that started thought in the direction of Political Economy, and from that time there has always been, in England, some great economist. Ricardo, John Stuart Mill, Senior, Carlyle, and

Ruskin followed, one after the other, each working on principles that were essentially the same, but which suffered much change and reconstruction in their hands.

It was not until the time of these men that Political Economy as a science began to take shape. The definition of Economics as the study of wealth was formulated at this time. But in spite of this late formulation and systematization of the science, the same essential idea had always existed in the minds of men—the idea of knowledge that was useful and practical in everyday life. There are, as in every science, different existent theories,, but in Economics there is little to theorize about—one must adhere closely to facts or little will be gained. As might be expected the early economists took this point of view. These men were practical Englishmen—they were not philosophers like Plato, nor were they social reformers. They were not seeking the ideal; on the contrary, they preferred to disregard it. They were all true to their Anglo-Saxon instincts—all with the exception of John Ruskin.

A few words about his life are scarcely out of place. John Ruskin was born in London, on the eighth of February, 1819. His father was a well-to-do wine merchant, a man of fairly good education and with an interest in all that was best in literature and art. His mother was a woman of ordinary education with no unusual intellect, but a woman of strong will and commanding personality. Ruskin's parents were Scotch and when they came to England they brought with them their strict and Puritanical views, which they tried to inflict upon their only son, John.

Ruskin's early life was spent entirely within the home where he received his education and training. His mother had decided ideas about the education of children and these she carried out with a discipline that seems almost harsh and cruel. Ruskin tells us "The law was that I should find my own amusement. No toys of any kind were allowed * * * I had a bunch of keys to play with so long as I was capable only of pleasure in what glittered or jingled; as I grew older I had a cart and a ball, and when I was five or six years old, two boxes

of well-cut wooden bricks. With these modest, but I still think, entirely sufficient possessions, and being always summarily whipped if I cried, did not do as I was bid or tumbled on the stairs, I soon attained serene and secure methods of life and motion." We see from this quotation how Puritanical the training in the Ruskin household was. His education consisted almost entirely of the Bible. Ruskin was compelled by his mother to read the Bible through, at least once a year, and he committed long chapters by heart. He had some secular training but it was of little importance. Ruskin like many great men was intended for the clergy.

Although this training was too precise and formal for the cultivation of freedom of will and strength of character, there was a very positive element in Ruskin's training. That was the beautiful and harmonious family life which he witnessed. He tells us, "I never heard my father's or mother's voice once raised in any question with each other; nor saw an angry or even slightly hurt or offended glance in the eyes of either. I never heard a servant scolded nor even suddenly, passionately, or in any severe manner blamed. I had never seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter; nor anything whatever either done in a hurry or undone in due time." Such domestic happiness and well-being could not have anything but a good and character-forming effect on so sensitive a child.

The father's business took him through all parts of the country and Mr. Ruskin always took his wife and son with him. He gathered wine orders from families throughout England and Scotland and so John saw all that was beautiful in scenery. The historical places impressed him greatly and he knew thoroughly all the places of interest. When they traveled to Switzerland, Ruskin, although only fourteen, went into ecstasies over the scenery and rhapsodized about the Alps in some exquisite descriptive passages. The travel, the home life, the literary and artistic tastes of the father, all gave the youth his desire for the beautiful, for art. His life was sheltered and carefree, he saw nothing of the sordidness of

life even when he entered Christ College. There seemed to be nothing to lead him to an interest in social and political reform; everything conspired to develop in him the visionary, the dreamer. But it is not strange, as many people think, that Ruskin turned from art to reform. It was the tide of the times and probably an inheritance from his Scottish ancestry. And besides, the change was not sudden, it was a gradual evolution. All Ruskin's early art works contain the genius of his reform ideas. Although we are accustomed to think of him as an artist and lover of the beautiful primarily, within his nature was the strain of the Puritanical which forced him to cry out against the evils which he saw. .

It is in his Economic system that we are especially interested; in his eagerness to reform the evil that he saw. Mr. Ruskin was somewhat harsh in his criticism of the men who preceded him. They were pioneers in England and their work was loose-jointed and somewhat unscientific. This Ruskin could not tolerate and he waged war against Mill and Adam Smith whenever an opportunity was offered. But his work was not only destructive, it was constructive as well, for he built up an admirable system that far exceeded his predecessors'.

In the first place, the basis of Ruskin's idea differed radically from that of the other thinkers. He states his fundamental idea most clearly and admirably in "Munera Pulveris." "Economics," he says, "is not an independent science of which the laws are determined from assumed premises but a system of conduct and legislation dependent on conditions of moral culture and requisite to the maintenance of a healthy and happy life and community." Herein was the essential difference. Up to this time economists had been concerned with mere money-getting. That, they considered the fundamental idea. But Ruskin introduced the social element. He was an idealist and his system was essentially ethical. Economics, he said, is a "system of conduct." He did not attempt to point out what is, as the men who preceded him had done, but he tried to show what ought to be. The foundation of Economics

he believed was in moral qualities; in industry, frugality and discretion. He is said to have vitalized and humanized the sciences. Former economists had written for a class—the wealthy class to show how they might get the most money from the human machines which they practically owned. Man they considered as a separate being from the industrial machine. Ruskin attempted to show that the machine should be treated as a man. The whole aim of existing conditions was wrong. The aim of Economics should not be the accumulation of wealth or money but the service of man and the extension of life and the multiplication of human life at its highest standard. The aim before had been "to buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market," to do as little as one could and get as much. Industry was a "covetous machine," the whole object, to get the highest wages obtainable. "The idea of allowing considerations of humanity," Mr. Hobson says "to affect the price at which could be bought the commodity of labor did not normally enter the minds of the average mill-manager, and the notion that owing to the peculiar nature of the human machine it might actually pay in the long run to give wages above the lowest competitive standard, was a daring novelty that had not reached the average social man." This old system of Economics was purely mathematical and formal, and it was on this system that the Law of Rent, the Law of Wages and the Law of Population were based. All these, with no slight invective, Mr. Ruskin put aside. There can be no such laws, he said, because they can be disregarded. A true law, like the law of gravitation, can never be set aside, but a law which says that wages can be determined only by competition is ridiculous for any one can change it. He himself, Ruskin says, disregards it for he pays his servant exactly what he likes.

It is impossible to take up all Ruskin's ideas—probably the fundamental ones are the ideas of wealth and value.

Up to this time wealth has been defined as all useful or agreeable things which possess exchangeable value. But wealth consisted, to Ruskin, of things in themselves valuable.

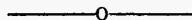
And here came his great vitalizing of Political Economy, for he insisted that value is the life-sustaining properties of anything and it can not be measured in terms of money nor in terms of human labor. Things are in themselves valuable and they are measured by their "essential utility" or the capacity to satisfy a good human want. According to the excellence of use embodied in a thing, will it rank as valuable. Mr. Ruskin illustrates this by comparing some pictures of Tintoret which were left open to ruin from the wind and rain in Venice after the Austrian siege with the "elaborately finished and colored lithographs representing the modern dance of delight," which were selling in the streets of Paris. Ruskin says, "The labor employed on the stone of one of these lithographs is very much more than Tintoret was in the habit of giving to a picture of average size. Considering labor as the origin of value, therefore, the stones so highly wrought would be of greater value than the picture; and since also it is capable of producing a large number of immediately saleable or exchangeable impressions for which the demand is constant, the city of Paris naturally supposed itself, and in all hitherto believed or stated principles of Political Economy was, infinitely richer in the possession of a large number of these lithographic stones * * * than Venice in the possessions of those rags of mildewed canvas flaunting in the south wind and its salt rain. * * * Yet all the while Paris was not the richer for these possessions. Intrinsically the delightful lithographs were not wealth, but polar contraries of wealth. They were not only false Riches but true Debt." And so he expresses his idea of intrinsic value which is the first qualification of wealth.

This must be supplemented by effectual value or acceptant capacity which consists of the production of a thing essentially useful and the production of the capacity to use, for "a horse is no wealth to us if we cannot ride, nor a picture if we cannot see, nor can any noble thing be wealth except to a noble person."

This theory of wealth and value is Ruskin's fundamental

idea. He balances it by his theory of cost. Cost is the quantity of labor required to produce, and price is the quantity of labor the possessor will take in exchange for anything. This is somewhat different from the usual idea.

Ruskin's theory of money is also advanced. It is not merely a medium of exchange but the documentary claims to the possession of wealth. Riches is a relative term, denoting the magnitude of the possessions of one person or society compared with another. These things can only be mentioned, but it is no waste of time to read the works of this reformer and to apply a little of his greatly criticized "idealism" to modern methods.



IN DREAMS

Emily S. Kates, '18

I seem to see thee near me,
And oh, how sad it seems
To reach, and then to find thee
Only in dreams, in dreams.

I sit and talk to thee always,
Each night when the pale moon beams;
I listen, and hear thee answer,
Only in dreams, in dreams.

Throughout my lonely lifetime,
Adrift on desolate streams,
Must I live and love forever,
Only in dreams, in dreams?

A NECESSITY FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD

Estelle Shepard, '17

Muryl Jones buttoned on her big, black apron just as the clock in the store struck half past eight. She glanced up at it with a weary sigh. She turned to arrange her stock of patent kitchen utensils.

Her stand was just inside the main door of the Howard Department Store. The rest of the store still flaunted its Christmas decorations. But her little stand—it was only a table with a cheap cover on it—had no trace of the gay reds and greens. It was as sombre and spotless in its white cover, as she was in the big, black apron that covered her large figure from head to foot.

She was about forty, large and dark haired. The top of her thin black psyche, and the two curls that rested on each temple gave the impression of an inverted heart over a moon-shaped face.

She opened a drawer in the table, pulled out her purse, and found a handkerchief. After tucking it in her apron pocket she replaced the purse in the drawer with great precision. She dusted and blew upon all the boxes heaped on the table, opened a few, and propped them up on the lids. The boxes revealed a combination kitchen utensil that was made to supplant every kitchen utensil from the paring knife to the slaw-cutter and cake-turner.

As the first few women rushed into the store, she called in a voice that sounded like a phonograph record except for the rasping sound between phrases, "Elder's wonderful combination tool. An absolute necessity for every household."

The women hurried on. Muryl placed one hand on her broad hips and waited for the next woman.

As she saw her coming she called in her rasping voice, "Elder's combination tool. Step up, lady, and let me give you a free demonstration."

Her speech was so timed to the approach of the woman,

that she was saying, "Lady," when the woman was opposite to her. The rest of the speech died away in helplessness against the woman's retiring indifferent back.

She wearily adjusted a few more boxes on her stand. Then she placed one plump hand on her hip; rested the other on her table, and waited in patience.

As the women, preoccupied and indifferent, made a steady stream past the door, Muryl announced to them all, "Elder's wonderful combination tool is a necessity for every household. Step up and let me give you a free demonstration. It pares and cores apples, removes the eyes of pineapples, grates nutmegs, and cuts slaw. Elder's tool is an aid to every housewife. Lady, have you seen Elder's combination tool? It can be used for anything and everything. Step up, ladies, and let me give you a free demonstration."

Again and again she wearily repeated her speech with no change in her rasping machine-like voice, or in her round, placid face surmounted by the thin, stiff psyche. The women seemed not to hear her, for none looked at her as she stood calling, "Elder's combination tool. A necessity for every household."

At length she watched the women in silence as they hurried past her, as though she felt it useless to attempt to break through their preoccupation.

She saw a tired woman walk into the store, leading by the hand a little four-year-old boy in woolen cap, sweater and leggings.

"Ook, muvver," cried the little fellow, pointing to the bright array of utensils in view. "Pitty!"

"Yes, I see," said the woman turning her head ever so slightly. "Come on, dear!" she said with forced patience.

The child turned to look back at the shining utensils. He looked straight into Muryl Jones' smiling eyes. In a moment he was out of sight.

"Elder's combination tool?" asked Muryl. "It is a necessity for every household. It can be used for—"

She was interrupted by a baby voice saying, "Pitty."

She looked down and saw the little boy in the woolen leggings.

"Oh," she exclaimed in a softened voice. "Did you want to see the pretties?" She knelt down and slipped an arm around the plump little figure. He did not move away, but gazed steadily into her smiling face. Suddenly she looked up, expecting to see the tired, patient woman somewhere near. She was nowhere to be seen.

"Pitty," insisted the child, holding out his arms towards the shining utensils.

"Where's mother?" questioned Muryl, softly.

"Pitty," insisted the child.

As questioning seemed useless, she picked him up, and, shoving aside some of the boxes, set him on the edge of the table. At first he fingered and played with one of the utensils. Muryl watched him breathlessly, for fear he should cut himself. Yet she did not wish to take it away, lest he should want to leave her. He grew tired of the plaything and held out his arms to her.

"You little dear," she whispered, as he clung to her neck. She hugged him tightly, and tried to think of some way to amuse him; and so keep him still close to her.

"Oh, dear!" gasped the tired woman, as she hurried up. "What a scare I've had." She took him eagerly from Muryl. "I thought he was lost," she added with a tired, joyous smile.

"I'm so glad he wasn't," Muryl said sincerely. "And I'm glad I got acquainted with you, little man," she added, pinching the boy's fat cheeks. He laughed. Both women smiled at each other sympathetically, understandingly.

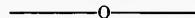
"He's a good boy," Muryl said, with a yearning note in her voice.

"Yes he is," replied the woman and started away.

"Bye-bye, baby!" called Muryl, and laughed delightedly as he waved his hand.

The tired woman and the fat little boy passed out of sight. Muryl Jones rearranged the disordered table. A smile still played around her eyes.

"Elder's combination," she called to a woman who passed. "A necessity for every household."



THE GARY SYSTEM OF SCHOOLS

Gladys Kidd, '17

The city of Gary, Indiana, is known more widely to-day on account of its excellent schools than for its great steel works which caused it to come into being. The "Gary Plan," as it is called, seeks to furnish the pupil work, study and play, and to make everyone of these attractive to the child. It seems to give to the schools a new meaning and a greatly enlarged usefulness, banishing the cramped routine of the past, opening up opportunities for vocational and industrial training and tying the schools to the every-day life of the community in such a way as to make education more real, interesting and worth while for the future citizens.

Dr. Wirt, the originator of this plan, comes from the middle west, Markle, Indiana. He went through the public schools and from there to De Pau University. He then took post graduate work at the Universities of Chicago, Goettingen and Berlin. In England, France and Germany, Dr. Wirt made a study of the educational methods in use in those countries. His ideas first brought him into public notice when he was principal of the schools in Bluffton, Indiana, in 1900, but it is as the head of the Gary Schools that he has become a national figure. This school idea absorbs his life, according to an article in "Current Opinion." "Unlike many men who do much thinking he is always neat. His wife sees to that. She buys all his clothes, otherwise he wouldn't have any. That's the reason he wears so many lavender shirts. It's Mrs. Wirt's favorite color. He doesn't know what color they are, so why shouldn't she have lavender. He has few opportunities for

amusements but he enjoys tramping, fishing and swimming. He is for the most part, however, buried in the success of his school work."

There is much sweeping away of old-time methods. Conservatives are appalled at the freedom allowed the child in the process of absorbing knowledge. Dr. Wirt says, "If children want to talk let them talk. Put them on their honor. Make them see with their own eyes and understand with their own brains what's best for them." In his "work-study-and-play," as the Gary system is called, Dr. Wirt makes use of all recreative and educational agencies of the city. His argument is: "If you want to create a complete child world within the adult world you must allow the children to be kept wholesomely busy at work, study and play to make the right sort of men and women of them. The school cannot do this alone. Parks, libraries, churches, play grounds, must all work with the school to accomplish this desired end and the school is the best suited to co-ordinate with these several ends."

Besides the two experiments of the Gary system being made in New York City, it is also being tried in Michigan and Illinois. The problem of school congestion is especially difficult in New York. Dr. Wirt achieves the ideal of a seat for every pupil by seating only a portion of the children at a time; the others meanwhile working in the shops, reading in the libraries, using the playgrounds or visiting the museums. While this plan makes a longer working day for the teacher, it does away with homework which sometimes consumes many evenings. The fact that this system has been successful in Gary, a city of 35,000 people, and is being considered in New York, a city of 5,000,000, and according to Mayor Mitchel has been successful in the two cases under trial, would seem to bear out Dr. Wirt's contention that the principle can be applied anywhere.

As is natural with any new or radical scheme proposed, there has been much criticism, both "pro" and "con." For the most part, however, the criticism seems to be favorable and the results are proving worthwhile. An editorial in the "Na-

tion" says, "Mr. Wirt's labors at Gary have born rich fruit. He is giving the children, often of foreign born parents, an American self-reliance and is helping them to become useful citizens. By a system so flexible that it responds easily to the peculiar needs of the individual, be he dullard or prodigy, it is apparently able to keep all students actively interested. A system which does this in days when even our colleges are complaining of the blase spirit of youth should not lightly be dismissed."

An article in the "Current Opinion" for October, 1915, praises Dr. Wirt very highly and says in part: "This is the sort of thing Wirt does: Makes one school plant do the work of two heretofore, upsets the public school system in the process, causes children to want to go to school every day in the year, reduces the cost of schoolkeeping, and produces better educational results than the standardized system elsewhere."

Of the adverse criticism, Dr. Thomas Baker offers perhaps the most typical, as it is the pedagogical point of view as well as the conservative. Dr. Baker admits the impressive social effectiveness of the Gary plan, but where Dr. Wirt sees the school as a community centre, a children's world, Dr. Baker sees it as an educational factory. He thinks that a school is not so much a place to train effective citizens as to make thorough scholars. He proposes as a test for the valuation of the plan to submit the highest class to examination by the College Entrance Board, and if the students pass, the system will be justified. To which criticism the editor of the "New Republic" makes answer: "If we only want that kind of a school which would make hard-working and accurate scholars and produce thoughtful men, we must resign ourselves to a progressive softening of the fibre and capacity of the mass of our people. The outstanding truth of society seems to be the heterogeneous distribution of capacity. For the public school then, to try to make intellectualists of all its children, is a sheer defiance of social reality."

The Gary Schools have been called examples of true

democracy in that equality of opportunity is so effectively offered. A democratic school would be one in which every child has a chance to discover and develop aptitude. To most children in the course of school life will appear some dominant interest and it is upon the cultivation of that interest that the child's chance of amounting to something depends. It is just such opportunities that the Gary schools offer, and the children as well as the community seem to be benefited.

No one pretends that this system is the ideal education for all time. But it can be said that "given the best social demands of America to-day, this school will make for the most effective and intelligent citizenship of which we are now capable."



MY PRIMROSE BED

Leila Hill, '16

Deep down in the depths of the forest
Is a little primrose bed,
Of swaying flower-cups lifted
To the blue sky overhead.

The live-long day the sunshine
Pours down in brilliant showers,
And with its gold it has painted
The petals of the flowers.

Away in my memory, my primroses
Blossom forever new,
Their golden chalices glistening
With diamond drops of dew;

And when I am sad and lonely
There's a glimmer of hope in the gloom
At the thought of a dark forest, lighted
By a splash of golden bloom.

THE DIARY OF A BABY

Gladys Leech, '19

It was early in the morning of a bright summer day that I opened my eyes for the first time upon this great, strange world. I couldn't quite understand why folks all made such a fuss over me and held me so carefully, but I know now that they were very glad to see me and were afraid I was almost too good to be true. They all seemed so happy that I just couldn't spoil it all by crying, so I didn't. Later on, though, when the first excitement was over I got scared and had to cry. Everybody seemed so big and I was so tiny.

Right from the first there was a nice lady who seemed to love me very much and was so kind to me that I began to love her, too, and to want her all the time. That was my mother. Then there was a man who actually seemed afraid of me and he was my father. I know them much better now and they really are very nice people and good to me.

After a while I began to notice things, so they said. When my mother took me out in my carriage—a pretty, white straw one with a top—I'd look around and see the trees and the leaves. Sometimes these leaves would be shaking and I would want to know why. There were lots of other babies out for a walk, too, and little boys and girls. They looked awfully nice but I was too little to play with them. A great many people stopped to look at me and to ask my mother what my name was and if I were good. Of course she always said I was; so just for spite, when they got most too friendly, I'd cry. Then they'd shake the cart and say I was sleepy.

Another thing that bothered me was what to do with my hands and feet. I couldn't see what my hands were to be used for. I never even knew they were fastened on to me. I was supposed to wave them at people. Finally, when I learned to do that I had to do it to everybody and still have to.

One day something began to hurt me in my mouth. It made me feel sick and cranky. Then, at last, a tooth came—a

big, white tooth. It felt very queer in there. And the excitement it caused! Everybody had to see it. I had to open my mouth and smile, so people could see it, until I just got tired and wouldn't do it any more.

It was the most fun when I learned to creep and walk around, holding on to things with these hands. I used them to some purpose then and pulled things over on me. There were lots of things I would have just loved to have gotten hold of, but mother would put them up too high. It was better yet when I learned to take a step. My legs were awfully hard to manage and I'd fall often. I didn't care though, because I was learning to walk.

The most important event of my life so far has been my first birthday. It was great! I wish birthdays would come oftener. We had a party and mother had a cake with a big, pink candle on it for me. Several other babies were there. Mother and Daddy were very fond of me. I forgot to say that grandmother and grandfather came and brought me a ring.

Life's been fine, so far. I don't know much yet but I'll learn. Anyway, I'm quite content to try some more.



THE NUT

Winifred Black, '19

"Ouch," I cried, and felt the top of my head to find out what had happened.

"Did you feel that?" asked a saucy, little voice from above me.

"I most certainly did," I answered, and looked up to discover a little brown squirrel on the tree branch.

"Pick it up," said the squirrel, so I got down on my knees and felt around in the grass until I found a nut. The squirrel assured me that that was what had hit me, although at the time I felt sure that it was nothing less than a football.

~~~~~ "Have you time to hear a little story before the bell

rings?" asked the squirrel, "I have looked at the sundial over there but I can't tell time very well."

"I have ten minutes," I said, "so be quick."

"All right. Well, all I want to say is this. That nut is a wonderful nut. It contains all the wisdom of the heavens and the earth and whatever else there is, and is most valuable at examination time. Take it with you and you will know everything."

I looked curiously at that very ordinary looking nut. The only explanation for it that I could think of was that it was a college nut and therefore knew all college knowledge. I decided to try it out.

"What is the area of a lune?" I asked, and although I hadn't known it a moment before, I immediately thought, "Pi R square A over ninety."

"Wonderful," I murmured. "Who were the first barbarians to sack Rome?" "The Visigoths," flashed through my head.

"This is absolutely marvelous," I cried out.

"What is?" asked a girl's voice behind me.

I was so startled that the nut dropped from my hand and rolled into the grass again. I was looking for it when the bell rang, and I had to go; but the nut is still out in the grass, so I must hurry out and find it.

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### PANDORA'S BOX

(Based on Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Paradise of Children")

Alice Laidlaw, '16

#### Characters

Epimetheus—Boy, happy and bright, clad in Grecian costume.

Pandora—His play-fellow, a pretty child with curls, most attractive but with a very inquisitive nature; also in Grecian costume.

Troubles—Dark brown people with wings and stingers.

Hope—A fanciful creature in rainbow-colored robe, with rose and silver wings.

Quicksilver—Old man with long cape, a cap of feathers and a staff with snakes entwined.

Group of children—Clad in Grecian costume.

Scene

A large room in Grecian style; at the left stage stand great pillars. Beyond these pillars opens a garden, with hills in the background. Several branches of roses, discarded by the children in their play, lie on the floor. At right of stage there is a large chair.

Epimetheus sits at foot of large chair pulling petals from roses. A knock sounds at the door; Epimetheus rises and answers the knock. Enters old man, clad in a long cloak of silver, with a cap of feathers and a staff entwined by two serpents.

Epimetheus—"Good evening, sir."

Quicksilver—"I have here a box which I wish very much to leave here in your trust, but you must promise not to open the box until I come for it, nor must you allow it to be opened."

Epimetheus—"Yes, gladly I'll promise not to open the box or allow it to be opened; so bring it in."

(Quicksilver drags in huge box ornamented with figures of babies and children playing amid flowers. The box is highly polished and is fastened by a gold cord in a knot which has no end. Quicksilver places the box back center stage.)

"But I have forgotten something, Epimetheus. Since you have no father or mother, your desire for a playmate is granted. I have brought her to you from a far off land and her name is Pandora. Come in, Pandora."

Epimetheus—"Oh! how can I thank you, kind Quicksilver; a playfellow is the only thing I have wished to make me wholly happy," (turns toward door.) "Oh! do come in, dear playmate! Is your name really Pandora?"

Pandora—(The door opens, and, there enters a beautiful girl clad in pale green robes, with garlands of roses in her hair.)

"Yes, I'm really Pandora, and won't we have fun together!"

Epimetheus—"I'm so glad you're here. Come, let me show you my playthings." (Children advance right center and dance around garlands, stooping to admire them. Group of other children come in door at right.) "Ah! here come the other children to welcome you!"

Group of children—

"How glad we are to see you."

"Welcome Pandora!"

"We're so glad you have come!"

"Will you play with us, forever?"

Pandora—"Thank you, playmates! But what is this beautiful box? You have not shown me it."

Epimetheus—"That must not be opened. It was left here by a strange old man who bade me promise not to open it. I, myself, do not know what it holds."

Pandora—"How provoking! I wish the great ugly box was out of the way!"

(Children play blind-man's-buff, using the garlands as a covering for their eyes and then tiring of that, dance merrily around. Pandora soon separates herself from the group and stands gazing down on the box.)

Pandora—"Whence can that box have come? And what in the world can be inside of it?" (She stoops to examine the covering of figures on the box-lid.)

Epimetheus—"I wish, dear Pandora, you would try to talk about something else. Come, let us gather some ripe figs and eat them under the trees, for our supper. I know a vine that has the sweetest and juiciest grapes you ever tasted."

Pandora—"Always talking about grapes and figs. This ugly box! I am so taken up with thinking about it all the time. I insist upon your telling me what it holds."

Epimetheus—"I have already said, a dozen times, that I do not know."

Pandora—"You might open it! Then we could see."

Epimetheus (in horror)—"Open it!! Pandora, what are you thinking of! Come, let us go and play." (Epimetheus and children exeunt left. Pandora remains by the box.)

Pandora—"What a dull boy he is!" (Pandora stoops to examine the box closer; touches the knot.) "I really believe that I begin to see how it is tied!" (She fingers the knot at first carefully, then a little more interestedly. She then tries to lift the box-lid.) "I could tie it up again after undoing it. There would be no harm in that, surely. Even Epimetheus could not blame me for that. I need not open the box." (She again takes hold of the knot, which suddenly comes open in her hand.) "This is the strangest thing I ever saw!" (Frightened.) "What will Epimetheus say? How can I tie it up again?"

(She tries to tie the knot, but in vain.)

"Now, when he finds the knot untied he will know that I have done it. How shall I make him believe that I have not opened the box? Well, since I am suspected of looking into the box, I may as well do so. I'll take just one little peep, and then shut the lid down as safely as ever. There cannot possibly be any harm in one little peep."

Epimetheus—(Epimetheus comes to the door carrying figs and grapes. Seeing what Pandora is about to do he stops.)

"Since Pandora is resolved to see in the box, I cannot let her be the only wise person in the cottage. If there is anything pretty or valuable in the box, I will see it, too. Then, I didn't open the box, so I couldn't be blamed."

(He tip-toes after Pandora, who is intent in trying to lift the lid. She lifts the lid and a swarm of Troubles climb out, with long needles which they stick into Epimetheus and Pandora.)

Epimetheus—"Oh! I am stung. Naughty Pandora, why have you opened this wicked box? Now, I know these are Troubles, Passions, Cares, Sorrows, and Diseases."

(Pandora and Epimetheus sink on the floor, sobbing.)

(Suddenly there is a gentle tap on the box.)

Pandora—"What can that be?" (turns to Epimetheus.)

"Epimetheus, you are very unkind not to speak to me!"

"Who are you?" (to the box.)

Voice—"Only lift the lid and you shall see."

Pandora—"No! No! I have had enough of lifting the lid!  
You shall stay inside the box."

Voice—"Ah! you had much better let me out. I am not like those naughty creatures. They are no brothers and sisters of mine as you would see at once if you were only to get a glimpse of me. Come, come, pretty Pandora and let me out!"

Pandora, to Epimetheus—"Shall I lift the lid?"

Epimetheus—"Just as you please, you have done so much mischief already that perhaps you may as well do a little more. One other Trouble in such a swarm as you have set adrift about the world, can make no very great difference."

Pandora—"You might speak a little more kindly. Come what may, I am resolved to open the box!"

Epimetheus—"And as the lid seems very heavy, I will help you!"

(Children lift the lid. Out flies a sunny and smiling person, throwing light wherever she moves. She lays her hand on Epimetheus, and kisses Pandora on the forehead.

Pandora—"Pray, who are you, beautiful creature?"

Hope—"I am to be called Hope. And because I am such a cheery little body, I was packed into a box, to make amends to the human race for that swarm of ugly Troubles, which was destined to be let loose among them. Never fear! We shall do pretty well in spite of them all."

Pandora—"Your wings are colored like the rainbow! How very beautiful!"

Hope—"Yes they are like the rainbow, because, glad as my nature is, I am partly made of tears as well as smiles."

Epimetheus—"And you will stay with us, forever and ever?"

Hope—"As long as you need me—and that will be as long as you live in the world—I promise never to desert you. There may come times and seasons now and then, when you think that I have utterly vanished. But again, when perhaps you least dream of it, you shall see the gleam of my wings on your ceiling.

"You could not live without me! I spiritualize the earth,

and make it new ,and even in earth's best and brightest aspect,  
I show it to be only the shadow of an infinite bliss hereafter.  
And now I must go to comfort the rest of the world."

(Hope goes out right door.)

Epimetheus—"Come, let us go and play with our friends  
as we did before the box was opened."

Pandora—"Yes, come; Hope will fix things all right."

(Children exeunt left.)

Curtain.

---

### THE PROBLEM OF THE BRIGHT CHILD

Gertrude Levis Frame, '16

To-day a great many educators are giving their time and attention to working out efficient methods for educating subnormal children. This is an encouraging fact, but there is a problem of equal importance to which they have given as yet but scant attention. The supernormal child usually completes curriculums with ease and his progress is noted by the teacher, with a sigh of relief, and with a feeling of satisfaction by those who are interested in the control of the school. The teacher proudly "shows him off" on all occasions, and holds him up as an example to her other pupils; he has a large amount of spare time on his hands and this is spent in marking papers or running on errands for the teacher. Of course his fellow pupils become jealous; it never occurs to them, or to him either for that matter, that the extra time they require for their work is wasted for him. Once or twice in his school career he may skip a grade. As a matter of course, he is delighted, but it is hard to conceive of a more pitiable makeshift of a year's work being so important that even a bright child can afford to forego its advantages..

Parents are especially apt to become jealous of the progress of a successful student and to interfere in such a way as to make life very unpleasant for all concerned. When Robert Browning was about eight years old he attended a dame school.

He made rapid progress and before long the parents of the other children began to complain to the dame that she spent the greater part of her time instructing "that Browning boy" and their children were being neglected. The matter became so serious that the dame finally asked the Brownings to remove Robert that her school might not go to pieces. She could not refrain from remarking, however, that if the other children had had brains to compare with those of Master Browning that there would have been no trouble and that if the truth were known she had given him less time and attention than she had given the others. It is the same in all schools. The teacher is obliged to regulate her work in such a manner that the larger part of her class will be benefited. In consequence the subnormal child can not follow and the supernormal child is left to shift for himself.

It is very difficult to obtain a definition for an exceptional child that will serve as a basis of classification. The attempt may be made, however, from the point of view of the definition of an average child. The National Educational Association has formulated the following,—"The average child is one who takes fairly well to the subjects of the school curriculum, has some manual ability, is sometimes tardy, mischievous, talkative, disobedient, untruthful, and occasionally indisposed. "Every child who shows marked variations, hereditary or accidental, above these may be classed as an exceptional child. The Association made further classifications as follows:

1. Mentally bright children who are normal physically.
2. Mentally bright children who are weak physically.
3. Children of average ability, who have exceptional will power and ambition.
4. Children who are mentally bright in one or more lines but who are almost deficient in others.

Dr. Stern of Breslau divides exceptional children into two classes, the specifically gifted and the universally gifted; in other words those who have exceptional ability in some one line and those who have unusual gifts in many lines. To the first class belong men of Mozart's type; to the second persons

endowed like Leonardo Da Vinci. The first class includes those who may be deficient in some way. It is often called the idiot-savant group. Blind Tom is an example of the type. He was an ex-slave, who could render on the piano, any musical selection, no matter how difficult, after hearing it but once. On the other hand, he was so idiotic that he would applaud himself vociferously even at a public performance. In time he became so difficult to manage that his public appearances had to be discontinued.

Writers vary greatly in their ideas concerning the best means of educating the supernormal child. Dr. Shuttleworth says that one should not attempt to develop the powers of the exceptional child, for nature dearly loves an average and the offspring of the man of the man of genius is apt to be mentally below the average. . He seems to forget that if his argument held true then the children of mentally defective parents would in all probability be geniuses. Galton believes that exceptional ability is hereditary. In his "Hereditary Genius" he states that genius is bound to rise in spite of all obstacles and that the best method is to let it alone. He cites numerous examples of great men who overcame great difficulties; but he forgets to explain how he learned that the men who have come into prominence are the only ones who had natural endowments or the will to do so. There has not been a great man in waiting for every crisis.

Hirsch and Baldwin both believe that education has a beneficial effect upon gifted children. According to them deficient education has usually been the cause of the failure of prodigies after they reach maturity.

Dr. Stern protests against the premature development of a child's mind. If he is referring to a child like William James Sidis he is right to protest, but there is an incalculable difference between forcing a child's mind to premature development and giving a child all he is ready to assimilate in a normal, healthy way. Grozzman uses the Sidis boy as an example to back his argument against premature education. Master Sidis was eleven years old when he lectured to the Harvard profes-

sors on the fourth dimension. One day he is said to have asked whether children of future generations would celebrate a certain day because it was the occasion of his beginning the study of the natural sciences. Grozman thinks that this shows that he is warped in his mental make-up. At present the boy is suffering from a complete nervous break-down.

Florence MacCunn, in her paper entitled, "A Plea for Precocious Children," advocates special education for the bright child. She believes that their difference from the average child is most often shown as a matter of disposition. She cites Sir Walter Scott, who was dull mentally and weak physically, when a tiny boy. Yet he loved to lie on the mountain top while thunder rolled and the lightning flashed. "Bonnie, bonnie," he would exclaim, clasping his hands in ecstasy. Later he showed a capacity for making rhymes, and a lady who heard some of them ventured to assert that he might become a great poet, but his father bluntly remarked that he was more like to become a strolling fiddler.

Andrew Lang suggests that a remarkable child shows his unusualness more in character than in action. Genius, he believes, results from the marked development of intuition and imagination—characteristics which every child possesses to a degree—which appears in maturity. A great many children have written poems but very few of them have become great poets. Also the poems written by the average child are often better than those written by one who is later acclaimed as a genius. The early poems of Scott, Byron and Tennyson are trash. Lang agrees with Miss MacCunn on the question of character. DuGuesclin, he tells, was so disagreeable as a child that he was unbearable. His parents were obliged to make him eat at a table by himself. Napoleon was a sullen, lonely dreamer; Byron had a tempestuous, passionate nature and a morbid inclination for solitude. Lang closes his paper by stating the belief that remarkable children should be allowed to follow their own inclinations, although he admits that if his son were to show a talent for mediumship, such as D. D. Home pos-

sessed, he would take stringent means to hinder its development.

One educator says, "Democracy should not keep talent in the quarantine of mediocrity; the supernormal or precocious child is the incipient genius." Today we are educating citizens for our republic but we are forgetting to train leaders to guide them. Even good citizens need guidance. However, like most other reforms it will come when the people demand it. At present a great many parents are opposing anything that will help their children develop any faster than the average child. Educators are quite willing to leave things as they are. It is from the point of view of the individual child's rights that a realization of the need must be approached.

Germany has made a few half hearted attempts to solve the question but unsuccessfully. The high schools of Baltimore, Maryland, have special provisions for exceptional children but they have not been in operation long enough for their efficiency to be accurately judged. England formulated the Cambridge plan which has not been uniformly successful. There have been no other marked attempts to solve the problem.



# THE SOROSIS

## PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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### EDITORIALS

April 23rd will be the three-hundredth anniversary of the death of William Shakespeare. In order to insure a proper celebration of the day in all parts of the country, last summer the Drama League of America appointed a special committee to assist local centers, clubs, schools, and neighborhoods in planning festivals, dramatic performances and other appropriate methods of honoring the memory of Shakespeare. The chairman of this com-

**THE SHAKESPEARE CENTENNARY**

mittee is Percival Chubb, the new president of the Drama League.

The general policy advocated by the League has been that of utilizing for celebration purposes opportunities and resources already available. Customary anniversary celebrations, home weeks, fairs, school and college commencements, annual performances of dramatic clubs, etc., will be converted into festival occasions.

Community celebrations will range from the simplest type of folk-dancing, particularly the Morris dancing and country dancing of Shakespeare's time, Elizabethan folk-songs and folk-games, mummings, revels, processions, and pageants in Shakespearean costume, with or without a representation of Shakespearean characters. Playgrounds and neighborhood celebrations will be given in small parks, in squares and even in streets. Elementary schools and high schools will take part. Many of the high schools will present plays, parts of plays or masques; for the smaller children the celebration in most cases will assume the form of pageantry with dance and song and singing-games. Many colleges and universities will convert their commencements into the form of a Shakespeare festival.

Settlement and neighborhood associations, Y. M. C. A.'s and Y. W. C. A.'s, drama clubs and musical clubs are making use of Shakespeare material; many libraries are making a special feature of Shakespeare shelves and sections. The movie is also being utilized in the Poet's honor; "The Life of Shakespeare" is of exceptionally high quality. As Shakespeare's birth-and-death day (April 23rd) will fall on a Sunday, it has been suggested that pastors should be urged to preach a Ter-Centennial sermon, which might emphasize the relation of Shakespeare's work to the Bible.

Much has been done to render the necessary music available. The principal publishing houses have printed the music requisite for the various forms of celebration; some are issuing in cheap form the dances, songs and singing-games most suitable for schools. Moreover, a large number of the dance

tunes will be available for the victrola. The League has been assisted by the National Federation of Musical Clubs in pushing the musical side of the work. The Federation has seized this as an opportunity to accomplish in the field of musical education what it is hoped will also be accomplished in the field of literature by promoting a more effective study of Shakespeare and the drama, and in the field of physical training, the large introduction of the beautiful old English folk-dances, with the music, words, and games which are associated with them.

New York City has developed elaborate plans. Here the local Tercentenary Committee has laid out a very interesting and elaborate program for a city-wide celebration, including a great variety of performances during the season by local clubs, schools, settlements and other organizations, and culminating in the great Shakespearean Masque, written by Mr. Percy MacKaye, and which will be produced under the auspices of the Players Club. Chicago also has large and varied plans comprising features not included in the New York program.

An old English garden, in which as many as possible of the flowers mentioned in Shakespeare's plays shall be grown, will be made in the Missouri Botanical Gardens, in St. Louis. Tree-planting is another simple form of celebration. The Associated Shakespeare Clubs of Toledo, Ohio, having observed the Poet's birthday for eleven years, is interesting colleges, high schools and women's clubs in the smaller cities in celebrating the Tercentenary by planting a memorial tree.

Pittsburgh also is formulating plans for an elaborate celebration. The plans are not completed as yet, but, we have reason to believe, are evolving into something which shall compare very favorably with what other cities are contemplating. As yet, we know little about the details; of one thing, however we are confident,—P. C. W. is going to be a very important personage in that festival, perhaps leading-lady.

---

A disagreeable period has just passed by—"exam week." Once more we can breathe freely and actually enjoy the routine

which before January 24th seemed so monotonous. To most of us, examinations are a trial. If we are **EXAMINATIONS** conscientious, we perhaps worry about them; if we are otherwise, we are, at least, annoyed by them.

Examinations, however, do have their virtues. First, they teach us in a certain measure to meet the crises which will confront us some day in the real active life which we hope for in after-college days. We have not taken many exams before we realize the necessity of "screwing our courage to the sticking point." We can not allow ourselves to "go to pieces" if we are to do ourselves justice, "and not fail." If we learn to face an exam steadily, firmly, and with confidence in ourselves, we have gained just so much power in facing other greater crises in life. Second, exams strengthen our knowledge. This knowledge on the examination days is usually not "full measure, pressed down, and running over," but at least it is "pressed down." Third, exams teach us how we may work more effectively. We can not prepare for an exam without saying to ourselves several times, "If I had only done this or that!" Afterwards, a few of these laments have left impressions upon our minds, and, if we are wise, we act in accordance with the lessons we've learned.

At the present time a prejudice is growing against examinations; but can we not see that they are ultimately beneficial?

R. O. W., '18.

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#### THE ALUMNAE

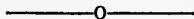
Margaret Brown, '14, has been substituting in Dilworth Hall.

Miss Dorothea Sander entertained recently at a shower in honor of her sister, Mrs. Helen Sander Straw, '14. A number of the Alumnae were present.

The engagement of Gertrude Wayne, '11, and Mr. Aaron Horwitz has been announced.

We were all glad to see a number of the Alumnae at the Joint Glee and Mandolin Concert.

Virginia Morris, '15, is teaching in Verona.



### THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Mr. Mayhew and Mr. Whitmer will present two opera recitals in February, the first before the college students, and the other before the Tuesday Musical Club.

Miss MacKenzie will give a recital of American music before the Outlook Alliance, early in March.

Mr. Whitmer was elected president of the Musician's Club of Pittsburgh, at the recent election.

The Western Theological Seminary will publish Mr. Whitmer's motet over the 84th Psalm, this winter. The Cecilia Choir of the Seminary will present this work in the Spring. It is written for solo, chorus, violin, harp and organ.

At a recent contest for membership in the Tuesday Musical Club, Miss Helen Golder was one of the successful players.



### DRAMATICS

Two Irish folk plays, "The Hour Glass" and "The Land of Hearts' Desire," by W. B. Yeats, were given by the Dramatic Club, Friday evening, February 14th. The cast for each was as follows:

#### "The Hour Glass"

|                                         |                                                       |
|-----------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|
| A Wise Man.....                         | Estelle Shepard                                       |
| A Fool.....                             | Dorothy Minor                                         |
| The Wise Man's Wife and Two Children... | { Charlotte Hunker<br>Alice Stafford<br>Alice Calvert |

|                     |                                                                                                |
|---------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| An Angel.....       | Josephine Paul                                                                                 |
| Some Pupils.....    | Alene Van Eman, Jane Errett, Katherine MacKenzie, Martha Dunbar, Leah Claster, Louise Reinecke |
|                     | "The Land of Hearts' Desire"                                                                   |
| Maurteen Bruin..... | Estelle Shepard                                                                                |
| Shawn Bruin.....    | Leah Claster                                                                                   |
| Father Hart.....    | Martha Dunbar                                                                                  |
| Bridget Bruin.....  | Jane Errett                                                                                    |
| Marie Bruin.....    | Josephine Paul                                                                                 |
| A Fairy Child.....  | Louise Reinecke                                                                                |

Miss Roup gave a number of readings at the Highland Laundry, last month.

The Story Telling class went to the Thomas Weightman Home and gave a very enjoyable program for the children.

The Junior Expression class gave a very interesting Browning program, Jan. 18th.

The Sophomore Expression classes gave two programs during their class hours.

A very enjoyable afternoon was spent by those who attended the Freshman Expression recital, Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 9th.



### THE Y. W. C. A. JUBILEE

The Y. W. C. A. is having a wonderful time this month, at all of its birthday dinners and pageants. Our Association has had many opportunities to come in close contact with the secretaries, and has taken advantage of them. We were all glad to hear from Miss Hopper and Miss Owers how the Association, of which we form a small part, is entering into the life of the industrial girls, giving them a bright spot in their lives, valuable friendships, and helping them develop initiative, and making them better prepared to combat the world.

One day in March, 1866, two downtown rooms in Boston were fitted up as headquarters, with Miss Mary Foster, the first general secretary of any Y. W. C. A., as hostess. Miss

Foster helped girls to find work and boarding-places. There was a Thursday evening class. Some educational classes, botany, bookkeeping and history classes were organized. Shortly after Boston made this venture, other cities organized associations on the same plan. Philadelphia was the first to open a separate restaurant for noon service, and to construct a summer vacation home for its members. This was Sea Rest, at Ashbury Park.

It is interesting to note that the Association work with students was not started till 1873, when a small group of girls in the Illinois Normal School organized themselves as the Young Ladies Christian Association Normal, Illinois. Elsewhere the young women students were spontaneously thinking of organization. The State Associations of Michigan, Ohio and Iowa were formed in 1884, and Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana and Minnesota followed in 1885. The first summer conference lasted three weeks and was held at Bay View, Michigan.

This great work has extended, now, into rural districts, and even into foreign countries. In 1894 the first American foreign secretary went to Madras, India.

Now, in 1916, all associations throughout the whole country are helping Boston celebrate her 50th anniversary. Our Association joined with the Pittsburgh Association in the Jubilee Membership Dinner, which was attended by one thousand members. We also took part in the Pageant, "The Girl of Yesterday."

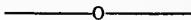


### OMEGA SOCIETY

The regular monthly meeting of the Omega Society was held on Thursday, January 20th. The subject for discussion was Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome." Miss Kates read a paper on the life of the authoress. A discussion of the book was given by Miss Shepard. Miss Coolidge was a guest. The hostesses were Miss Lewis and Miss Weihe.

At the next meeting of the society, Anne Sedgwick's

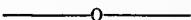
"Fountain Sealed" will be discussed. A special discussion will be given by Miss Hill. The life of the author will be reviewed by Miss Wolf.



### DEUTSCHER VEREIN

Schiller Programme  
(Feb. 7th, at 4:30)

1. Life of Schiller.....Leora Lewis
2. "Die Hoffnung".....Leah Claster
3. Piano Solo.....Helen Golder
4. "Die Glocke".....Gertrude Frame



### COLLEGE NEWS

On Monday morning, January 7th, both College and Dilworth Hall enjoyed a very delightful recital by Professor S. H. Clark, of the University of Chicago. Mr. Clark read Tennyson's "Elaine," and his wonderful delivery certainly has increased our appreciation of this masterpiece.

At the last recitation before our midyears, the Sophomore Physics class was delightfully entertained by a moving-picture show.

The senior girls of the high schools of Pittsburgh and vicinity were the guests of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, at the Margaret Morrison Carnegie School, on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 22nd. Miss Marion Holmes, the president of the Association, presided. Miss Mary B. Breed, dean of the Margaret Morrison Carnegie School, gave the address of welcome; Miss Ida Allerton, president of the Pittsburgh College Club, spoke on "The Large College," and Mrs. George Porter on "The Small College." Miss Frances Parry, of the faculty of Margaret Morrison School, spoke on "The Professional School," and Dean Coolidge on "The College as a Preparation

for Leadership." The music for the afternoon was furnished by our own Glee and Mandolin Clubs. The girls from P. C. W. enjoyed the afternoon, too, because some of them were taken for high school girls again. We were also represented by our ribbons which were distributed to the guests. Ours were the only badges which were accompanied by their college flower.

On the Tuesday afternoon of exam week the faculty sought relaxation in a tea. The hostesses were the Misses White, Holcomb and Stuart.

On February 9th the Mandolin Club took part in an entertainment at Ralston High School. The programme was educational in character.

P. C. W. was well represented in the charming Y. W. C. A. pageant, given in the Carnegie Music Hall, during the Jubilee week. A number of the girls in the Mandolin Club played in the Camp Fire Scene; eight other girls formed the Procession of the Year. They were dressed in costumes representing the different decades from 1866 to 1916.

The joint concert of our musical clubs and those of Tech was largely attended, and the dance after the concert heightened the pleasure of the evening.

Miss White, in History 13: "Does anyone know what the Diskobolus after Myron means?"

There are two new students in college this semester, Miss Harrie Quinn of New Castle and Miss Ellinore Salinger from West Virginia.

On Wednesday morning, Feb. 9th, Dr. B. H. McHatton gave a lecture to the college on "Tagore."

February 24th is the Day of Prayer for Colleges. We will observe the day by special services.

## THE SOROSIS

On February 16th a recital will be given by Mr. Whitmer and Mr. Mayhew.

Dr. George W. Nasmyth is one of the foremost leaders among the younger element in the American Peace Movement. While studying at Cornell he was largely instrumental in organizing Cosmopolitan Clubs in colleges and universities, and they have already exerted a wide influence throughout America. He studied three years in the Universities of Berlin, Gottingen, Heidelberg and Zurich and has visited the universities of twenty-two countries. No man has done more to develop an international student movement than he. As leader of the international student movement Dr. Nasmyth has been president of the National Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs and the International Federation of Students. He was president of the World Student Congress which met in the United States in 1913 and elected Director of the International Bureau of Students, which position he now holds. Dr. Nasmyth has recently visited all of the European nations, the Balkans and Turkey, and since the war has made a study of conditions in England and Germany. He has had many interesting discussions with leading statesmen and his personal experiences add interest to the conclusions which he has reached regarding the entire situation.

Dr. Nasmyth will speak to the College, February 23rd, at 9:30 o'clock. His subject will be "America's Leadership in the New World Politics."

The Annual Reception and Dance will be given, this year, at the Schenley Hotel, on the evening of Feb. 18th. Twelve hundred invitations have been sent out, to the Alumnae, to the students and their parents, and to many outside friends. It is hoped that the occasion will prove a pleasant, old-fashioned reunion of friends of the College, both old and new. The floral decorations for the evening will be furnished by Kaufmans.

**COLLEGE ATHLETICS****Basket Ball**

The girls are turning out wonderfully for college practice and only once have we had less than enough for two teams. This is certainly an improvement over last year and it is hoped that the enthusiasm will last throughout the basketball season.

The college team, chosen for the first game, consists of the following persons:

|                     |                       |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Right forward.....  | Louise Kindl          |
| Left forward.....   | Leila Hill            |
| Jumping center..... | Dorcas Beer (Captain) |
| Side center.....    | Jo Herald             |
| Right guard.....    | Mary Stratton         |
| Left guard.....     | Eleanor McEllroy      |

The manager and captain have succeeded in arranging a very fine schedule for games with outside teams.

Feb. 5. Beaver College, at Beaver Falls, Pa.

Feb. 12. University of Pittsburgh, at Pitt University.

Feb. 19. Beaver College, at home.

Feb. 26. Westminster College, at New Wilmington, Pa.

March 11. Westminster College, at home.

There is an open date for a game with the University at home.

Besides the college practice every Tuesday, from 4:30 to 5:30, we have also every Wednesday, from 4:30 to 5:30, for our class games. Each class will play the other classes in two games, thus making a total of twelve games. As far as possible these games will be played at this class hour.

The schedule for class games is:

Feb. 9. Fresh. vs. Jun.; Soph. vs. Seniors.

Feb. 16. Jun. vs. Seniors; Fresh. vs. Soph.

Feb. 23. Jun. vs. Soph.; Fresh. vs. Sen.

March 4. Fresh. vs. Soph.; Jun. vs. Seniors.

March 8. Fresh. vs. Seniors; Sophomores vs. Juniors.

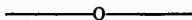
March 15. Sophomores vs. Seniors; Freshmen vs. Juniors.

March 22 will be reserved for the game which must decide the tie, if there is any.

Miss Lillian Lindsay, the College coach, has kindly consented to come on Wednesday also and help the girls in their class games. All the girls who have been out this year so far think Miss Lindsay the very best coach we could possibly have and we are sure she will lead us on to victory.

Jo. Herald, Pres. of Athletic Assn.

("Victory" is indeed ours. We won at Beaver, 33 to 16. Three cheers, girls, for our noble crew! And now for Pitt!)



#### CLASS NOTES

1916

At last examinations are over, and safely, we hope. Every one is wearing an expression of relief and we are rejoicing in the thought that we have just one more such week before the end.

In History: "They took Luxemburg to a congress in Vienna."

"This Hohenzollern prince was a relative of Bismark."

We are glad to learn from the Freshmen that the Popes have all lived in the Vatican since the time of St. Peter.

The Anglo-Saxon Class has learned that it is possible to confuse saints and hail.

We warn the Juniors, Sophs and Freshmen to treat us kindly. Remember that we'll not be with you long. Alas, all things must end and you'll have a happier future if you can remember that you were good to us while we were with you.

### Accounts of the Juniors

Alas, no more meetings to discuss caps and gowns and class rings will be held by the Juniors. For the last two months, the above-mentioned articles have been the main topics of discussion. Black samples, and sample rings became almost a bore. But now the caps and gowns are being made, and the rings are ordered. They will doubtless be here before long, to the relief of all the Juniors.

Jo, in need of a pump, with which to blow up the basketball, inquired for one at several places in town. At last, being told to try a shoe store, Jo went boldly in and asked, "Do you happen to have a basketball pump?" The clerk replied sweetly, "Just sit down a moment and I'll see. What is the size, please?"

Mr. Putman, making out the class role: "Miss R., have you a middle name?"

Miss R., emphatically, "No, I haven't, Mr. Putman." (In an undertone) "Maybe I will have some day though."



### The Sophomores

Ruth Austin has left us again after a short return. However, we hope to see her again in September. Florence Younkins is taking a month's vacation—she's a real "sport."

The Soph's have been working hard lately, due to the exams—but soon they'll begin to "do things." Watch them!

A brilliant Soph made this parody recently upon the classic of an unknown writer, when a Freshie was rude:

Seniors were made for great things,  
Juniors were made for small,  
But we Sophs have never discovered  
Why Freshies were made at all.

Never mind, Freshies, we like you anyhow.

**The Freshmen**

According to the Freshman dictionary, a heretic is a man who thinks that he is right and everyone else is wrong.

M. W.—“I put down six things but I don’t know what they were the answer to.”

Miss Roup, after great urging on our part, gave several delightful readings one day in Rhetoric class..

It is great to have Mary Philput with us again. She has been in the hospital with appendicitis.

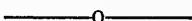
Miss White does not prohibit abbreviation, but rebels when we christen Louis, the German, Louis the Germ.

R. B.—“Butterfield is her name. Miss Butterfield, that doesn’t sound right to me.”

M. H.—“Oh, that’s because you are used to oleomargarine.”

Fraulein Randolph—“Miss S., why did you erase Miss H.’s work?”

Miss S.—“I thought it was French.”

**HOUSE**

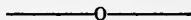
Exams are over and the girls are back still living and seemingly in good spirits. Most of the girls went home after exams. A number went a-visiting.

Bonnie Taylor went home with Elfa Norman, to Kittanning.

“Fairy” Gibbons spent the week-end with Jane Johnston, ’15, in California, Pa.

Imogene Armstrong, after a strenuous week, went home to Vandergrift to recuperate. Gladys Leech was also in Vandergrift, visiting friends there.

Harriet Reel visited at Erretts', in Carnegie.  
Martha Crandall went home with Seba South.  
Ruth Gokey spent the week-end with Helen Ailes.

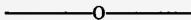


### Vespers

Miss Meloy spoke in Vespers, Sunday, January 9th, on "The Benefit of Outdoor Life." She talked to us as Miss Meloy alone can speak, and interested all immensely.

Mr. Patterson, assistant minister of the Third Presbyterian Church, spoke in Vespers, Sunday, January 16th. His text was, "The Doctrine of the Unrequired Mile." Everyone felt better for having heard Mr. Patterson.

Miss Owens spoke in Vespers, on Sunday, January 23rd, about her work among the Industrial girls. She is one of the Y. W. C. A. workers. We enjoyed her talk and would have liked more.



### INTERCOLLEGIATE NOTES

Harvard is endeavoring to bring about a more correct use of English. Any man in any class who does not use satisfactory rhetoric is compelled to take an elementary course without credit.

University of Chicago Co-eds have gone on strike because they are not allowed to sit on the same side of the room with the men students in certain lecture courses.

One student was killed, this year, and six others injured, more or less seriously, in the annual freshman-sophomore bowl fight of the University of Pennsylvania.

Princeton makes her Freshmen roll bandages for the Red Cross Society.

School has been disbanded at W. & J., owing to the sudden outbreak of scarlet fever.

**EXCHANGES.**

We were interested in the "Diary of a Frenchworker," in one of the late issues of the Washington-Jeffersonian. It is the real thing, written by a member of the Kaiser's army.

The Pharetra for December brings to us one of the best stories of the year, "The Wandering Jew."

The photographic department of The Cornell Era is a great success.

"Student Government At Mount Holyoke College," in the January Mount Holyoke is an excellent article, written from the student's point of view.

The Sorosis acknowledges the receipt of the following: Pitt Weekly, Westminster Holcad, The Pharetra, Washington-Jeffersonian, Mount Holyoke, Echo, and Knick-Knacks.

---

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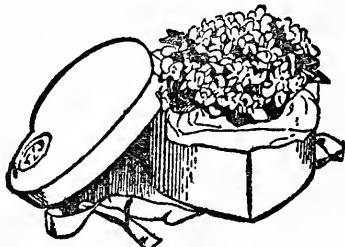
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VIEW OF CAMPUS, PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN





Vol. XXII.

MARCH, 1916

No. 7.

## THE WOMAN'S PEACE MOVEMENT Katharine Kech, '17

Unsolicited, the Woman's Peace Party evolved from the sympathy prevalent in the hearts of women and reigning there so powerfully that an expression of this emotion was easily realized when an outlet was afforded. Jane Addams, of the Hull House in Chicago, perceived this sympathetic strain, and realizing the ready response of the Chicago women to the suffrage cause, she ventured, as a pioneer into the new movement of Woman's Peace. Since the proposal of peace could not be expected to come from the nations at war, and no other proposal had been effective, she hoped that the united efforts of woman would be instrumental in lessening the horrors of belligerance.

By addresses, magazine articles, and her own extensive personality she aroused the enthusiasm of the Chicago women, which radiated throughout the country, inciting enthusiasm as a spark to the smoldering coals of sympathy. Miss Addams also spoke at various centers of influence, after which all preliminary efforts were collected by the first Woman's Peace Party in Washington and bound together as the first shoot of the young blade above the ground.

On January 10th, 1915, the leaders and interested adherents met at Washington, D. C., to announce their platform and so put the movement on a conformative basis. Jane Addams was elected president and a constitution was drawn up and adopted. The meeting was indeed representative of the United States, and

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many were turned away from the congress for lack of room, the leaders having underrated the growth of interest.

Contrary to supposition, their platform was not based on suffrage. Only one clause concerned suffrage definitely, which stated that women as well as men should have the power of declaring war. This clause is found in the preamble of their constitution, which also stated the trials war brought to women, and their intentions of avoiding it if possible. It also expressed their hope of making an International Peace Party, to consist of all neutral nations. The platform proper consisted of eleven articles, of which the more important were: one that armament should be limited, and that the nations should manufacture it themselves; another that a convention should be called, to consist of representatives from all neutral nations; also, the education of the youth in ideals of peace, an aim quite contrary to the present warring nations. The "Concert of Nations" was to supersede the "Balance of Power," thus giving Internationalism with an international army or police force.

While the conference was still in session, Jane Addams, in an address, presented to them the five aspects of human life which war is rapidly destroying. "Woman, being more sensitive than man, realizes the necessity of these five aspects," was her underlying argument. Skillfully she vivified the needs for the protection, nurture, fulfillment, conservation, and finally the ascent of human life.

Following this first tangible evidence of procedure, an International conference was called to meet at the Hague, in Holland, the last three days of April. Accordingly, on the twenty-eighth of April, 1915, three hundred women of various nationalities convened there to discuss "peace." Many more had planned to attend, but due to the interception of passports and immediate actions of respective countries, many were necessarily compelled to stay at home. Those who actually were present experienced many hardships in getting across border lines, and in securing transportation. Sixteen nations were represented, but no personality nor hysteria prevailed among women of the rival coun-

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5

tries. Jane Addams was elected president and at once a calm handling of their discussion of peace followed.

Internationalism was the general theme from which all discussion branched. These women, realizing that their own fathers, brothers, or husbands were then in the turmoil of the trenches, experiencing the bitter agonies of war and hatred against their enemies, stood on a common ground and argued the ways and means for a settlement based on justice to all. No presence of rivalry was evident, and the conference throughout was a wonderful example of optimistic tact and self-restraint.

The only immediate result was the delegating of two groups of envoys to interview the combatant and the non-combatant nations concerning an effective peace movement. These delegates were to present to the nations their combined resolutions as passed in their conference. This was done just after the close of the meeting. The warring nations politely laid their plea on the table, to be postponed indefinitely, while the neutral nations were afraid to act lest they should become embroiled in the war itself.

So one may ask what significance and results are presented by this pioneer attempt of woman into the field of war-opposition. Being an entirely unprecedented movement, no tangible, effective result was realized. However, the Chicago Daily News is consoling by the statement that "at least it called attention to the fact that there are in the world a goodly number of people sane enough to desire peace and brave enough and optimistic enough to labor for it effectively or otherwise." Such a thing had never happened before, so that it was but a feeble mobilization to dispell the idea of hatred between women of warring countries. It left a stamp on the woman concerned of the possibilities of effective action. Mrs. Willard, in the New York Tribune, says, "We of the Woman's Peace Party are trying to help open the first tiny wedge in the thick walls of prejudice and precedent . . . and to realize that war is the consequence of false ideas instead of being a fatality like an earthquake . . . ."

No definite action was then taken by the party, except the publishing of peace programmes and pamphlets until the first

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annual meeting of the National Woman's Peace Party was held in Washington, D. C., during the third week of January, 1916. Constructive peace for the whole world was the resolute hope and goal, which was the theme of their work and discussion, as Lucia Ames Mead, Secretary of the Party, said: "We are non-voters, working for an unpopular cause at a time when the acts of America may shape the policy of the world." Again internationalism was their hope. Mrs. Burritt, an active member of the association, met the reproach of "peace-at-any-price" by disavowing its claim to pacifists and stating that militarists alone are willing to pay life and blood in any amount in their efforts for a tardy peace. One clause in their constitution was amended at this time by the substitution of "economic pressure" for an "international police system." They presented the advantage of the national manufacture of armament, by which private interests in war would be eliminated and the nation could prevent foreign help to any warring nations.

Finally, a conference of neutrals was suggested by Jane Addams, which should serve as a clearing house for belligerent nations, through which suppressed peace negotiations for a proposed peace might pass. A small outlet for the sentiment of peace terms exists as all news is strictly censored, which is done by the wild enthusiasts for war, and not the people en masse. So the benefit of such a conference is explained by Miss Addams in her statement, "If this war is to be ended by public negotiations and by discussions on the part of the people themselves of the terms of peace, it can only be done through some such clearing house as a conference of neutral nations would afford. Otherwise the people will know nothing of the terms of peace until actually ratified; and the only way popular opposition could then express itself would partake of the character of revolution."

---

### THE REFORMATION OF KATHLEEN

Gertrude Levis Frame, '16

I have the reputation of being the fussiest old maid in the little town of Auburn with but one noteworthy occupation—that

of sticking my broom straws in other people's cakes to see whether I approve of their consistency. So it came to pass that I learned all about Kathleen Austen.

Kathleen was a hater of men, and her idiosyncrasy had become a by-word in the vicinity. No one would have believed it to have looked at her; she was so unusually feminine. Kathleen firmly believed in woman's suffrage, too, but that doesn't concern us at all. Everyone agreed she was very attractive. She had brown eyes with sunny specks that danced when she laughed. Her dusky blonde hair shadowed her winsome face prettily. Kathleen had what I am fond of calling an air, too, and her simple but bewitching toilets were the despair of many an Auburn belle. No wonder all mankind rose up in arms at her misanthropy; and it was a sorry delight they took in laying at her mother's door the blame for her unnatural state of mind.

As is usually the case with the majority, it was in the right; her mother was certainly to blame. Kathleen had scarcely been out of the kindergarten when her mother began to fill her mind with safeguards against the atrocious members of the male universe.

"Beware, my dear, of all men," said this estimable lady. "They are not to be trusted. Give them a thought and they demand your mind. When a man pays you attention look him very much askance, demand his credentials and ask him his intentions."

"Yes, mamma," replied her dutiful but also charming daughter; and to give her due credit, she was not only careful and discreet in her intercourse with the major sex, but she became an overconscientious man-hater into the bargain.

This was all very well while Kathleen wore short dresses and tied a large bow on her hair; but later trouble began to brew in our hitherto peaceful little town. Many were the unfortunates that fell victims to sweet Kathleen's attractions. Eminently respectable youths were icily received; indeed most unmarried ladies would have treated undesirable characters far more kindly. The result was unprecedented in the annals of Auburn. An epidemic of woman-hatred spread widely amongst the men of the

## THE SOROSIS

town. All this affected the cause but little; Kathleen conscientiously performed her duty. I chuckled to myself and enjoyed the situation immoderately.

Just about this time Henry Gibson came to board with me. He was my favorite sister's son and, much as I loved Kathleen, I did not intend to let her make a fool of him. I should have saved my breath for I only succeeded in putting him on his mettle and he swore that if he found my praises valid he would give her a few effective lessons in the proper treatment of masculine admirers.

Now Kathleen's birthday came in the pleasantest part of summer. As she approached the twentieth anniversary of that very important event, her best friends eagerly discussed every means available for showing their love for their companion on this occasion. At last, in sheer desperation, they came to me.

"We're utterly at sea," said bonny Dolly Irwin sighing.

"I don't doubt it," I said sarcastically. Just then I was certain that Kathleen would soon be making a laughing stock of my favorite nephew.

"We came to you because you know Kathleen so well, and because you always have so many new ideas," added black-eyed Susan Gray ingratiatingly.

A brilliant idea suddenly came to me and in spite of myself I unbent.

"Why don't you give a picnic and call it the man-haters' outing?" I exclaimed. "You can invite a man apiece and the name of the picnic will keep her from expecting such a catastrophe until the fun is well under way."

There was a chorus of delighted laughter and I was pronounced a "dear" and all kinds of ridiculous things. I bore it all very well until they began to hug me and then I called attention to the immaculate condition of my nicely laundered, white, linen collar.

When the hubbub had ceased, Kathleen's best friend was discovered sitting on the sofa, her face clouded with disapproval. The little malcontent shook her head and ominously predicted untoward events. However, the plan was adopted; and Kath-

leen was delighted at the honor her friends saw fit to bestow upon her. She alone knew what a picnic composed of but one sex would mean to her friends' man-loving hearts.

The duties of chaperon fell upon my broad shoulders, and I was as pleased as any of the girls with the cloudless sky that greeted us the morning of the festal day. Kathleen professed herself delighted with everything; but her face had been shadowed with dismay when she realized that the title of the picnic was a frank farce. However, she made the best of it as far as the feminine part of the crowd was concerned. I had tried to keep Henry away from the affair but he had laughed me to silence. He devoted himself to her to the exclusion of everyone else. Cold stares and monosyllabic answers were all the reward he got for his marked attentions.

"Miss Austin, may I offer you my best wishes?" he asked.

Of course it must be remembered that he had been in Auburn but a short time; also that all Kathleen knew about his pedigree was that he was my nephew.

"I suppose it's the proper thing to do," responded Miss Austin coldly, "thank you," and turned to assist the girls who were gathering up the debris of the luncheon. It made no difference to her that too many persons were already engaged in that onerous task.

At supper time we sent Kathleen for the water that the birthday cake might be unwrapped and decorated during her absence. She started down the path with uptilted chin and I knew she was wondering why those hateful men hadn't offered to go in her stead. Then Henry followed in her footsteps, and calmly took possession of the bucket. I was so curious to hear what she would say to him that I could hardly refrain from following them. It was several months later that Kathleen told me the details of that walk.

"Allow me," said Henry in his most dulcet tones.

There was a distinct silence for an interminable length of time. Then, for conversational purposes, Henry said politely, "Have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Of course," she answered with an air of finality.

He felt that there was nothing more to be said on the subject, and tried another.

"Have you always lived here?" he asked.

"No," she answered absently. Her tone was as final as it had been before.

Henry looked at her dainty profile and decided to try again. They had reached the spring, and as he filled the first bucket he asked, "Are you very fond of spring water?"

This time Kathleen glared at him and deigned no answer.

He was indeed nonplussed. They walked in silence. Henry studied Kathleen's sweet face furtively, wondering how such a disposition had come to be coupled with so adorable a countenance. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw them returning, but Kathleen's stony eyes and Henry's hurt look made me feel a pagan desire to shake Kathleen soundly. Arthur Scott, however, looked decidedly pleased. As he would have expressed it, "he had been there himself,"

"Say, Harry," he exclaimed, drawing his friend aside, "how do you like our icicle?"

"Whom do you mean?" returned Henry with extreme gravity.

"Why our snowy Kathleen, to be sure."

Henry deliberately filled his pipe, and eyed his friend nonchalantly. I held my breath sympathetically and listened.

"Frankly, Arthur, I was never so taken with a girl in my life," and having hurled his bomb he turned away.

"Miss Austin, may I have the unusual pleasure of escorting you home?" I heard Henry ask Kathleen when it was time to go home.

Kathleen did not raise her eyes. I think that even then she was beginning to be very much afraid of my handsome, young nephew; she realized that he belonged to the presumptuous type.

"Certainly not," she answered in acid tones, "I'm perfectly capable of going home alone."

"So I should have supposed," he said coolly. "But since I go your way anyway, there can be no harm in our walking two abreast on the public street."

Kathleen had the grace to blush. I conjectured that she thought that he was making fun of her, for she gazed shyly at his handsome, dark head and his frank, open countenance.

He had forgotten all about me so I trudged quietly along a few paces behind them. To my surprise they walked in silence. Kathleen was plainly ill at ease, but Henry seemed to be thinking intently and bothered but little about his unwilling companion. Poor Kathleen! She wasn't accustomed to entertaining escorts.

At the gate she tried to leave him with a shy "Good night," but he held her back. He smiled down at her in a superior, good-humored way that caused her little head to lower. I stopped in the shadow of the great elm by the corner of the garden, and listened as though I were vitally concerned.

"Well, ask me to call," he said.

"Oh, no," she exclaimed horrified, "I can't."

"Why not?"

"Well," she answered in shocked tones, "I don't know you."

"Oh, you don't!" he exclaimed. "Well, I want to come and see you to get acquainted."

"But—but—" she said lamely.

"Well, go on."

"No one knows anything about you or where you come from or anything. Mother says—"

That was as far as she got. Henry threw back his head and laughed. "How about my aunt?"

"She doesn't know if you are an imposter or not," said Kathleen seriously.

I came very near giving myself away. For a moment Henry seemed stupified, then he broke into another hearty laugh. "All right, Kathleen, good night," he said with a sigh, and started away. Kathleen seemed about to call him, but restrained herself and turned to go into the house.

"Humph!" I said to myself as I resumed my homeward path, "I suppose Mrs. Austin thinks she has accomplished something with that daughter of hers."

How I chuckled when Henry told me about Mr. Sullivan's visit. It happened in this wise. Mr. Sullivan went to see Kath-

leen, to put in a good word for Henry. Mrs. Austin entered the parlor in her haughtiest manner. Mr. Sullivan eyed her with amusement.

"Good morning," she said, "you wish to see me?"

Mr. Sullivan smiled. "Pardon me; no, I asked to see your daughter on a matter of business. I'm sorry but you'll not do this time."

Mrs. Austin's eyes flashed angrily, but there was nothing for her to do but call Kathleen. The girl entered the room gracefully, and seated herself very self-consciously on a straight-backed chair. Her mother remained, only saying, "Mr. Sullivan wishes to speak to you, my dear."

There was a silence. Kathleen's mother waited for the visitor to begin; but he sat and looked at her as if he expected her to leave the room. Against her will, the poor mother was forced to allow this monstrous man to have his way.

When she had gone Mr. Sullivan turned to Kathleen with a pleasant smile.

"I do not know whether I am known to you or not," he said kindly, "but I am Henry Gibson's employer and I am here in his behalf."

Kathleen blushed.

"You need not blush," he said, "I admire your discretion, and so I am sure, does he."

Poor Kathleen blushed harder.

"He requested me," he went on, "to testify as to his character. It gives me great pleasure to tell you that his conduct has been irreproachable during the six months that he has been with me. Also he came to me very highly recommended. There is no doubt but that he will make his mark, and that honorably. Any girl could be proud of his acquaintance."

Kathleen had nothing to say to this.

Seeing her embarrassment, Mr. Sullivan considerately took his leave.

That evening I heard Henry upstairs making an elaborate toilet. At least so I judged from the sounds that were proceed-

ing from his room. An hour or so later he appeared, very carefully dressed in his best outfit.

"Henry," I said with a cough.

"Yes," he said uneasily.

"Don't forget," I went on, "that you had better make a confidant of me in this affair. I may not be able to handle the daughter, but I can be very useful where the mother is concerned."

He laughed. "I don't understand you. However, you may rest assured that I am not going to marry anyone's mother."

Then he hurried off, leaving me much chagrined over my unsuccessful effort at information getting. Still there was some consolation in the fact that Henry would stand no tomfoolery from Sophy Austin. It was Kathleen who finally told me all about that eventful evening.

Kathleen received him coolly, but not indifferently.

"What is the matter?" he asked, "you're as bleak as the North Pole. Didn't Mr. Sullivan speak well of me?"

"Yes," said Kathleen weakly.

"Oh, hang!" exclaimed Henry and turned towards the door, but, after reconsidering, came back and stood before Kathleen.

"Girlie," he said gently, "will you marry me?"

Kathleen looked at him in amazement. "Well, hardly," she gasped.

"All right," he said ruefully, "I didn't expect you'd say yes; but I wanted to get you used to the idea before you had all my earthly credentials. I don't want you to ask for my passport to heaven." Then he went away without even saying good-bye.

Henry came home, packed his grip and hurried off without telling me where he was going. He was away a week. Several times I passed Kathleen on the street looking very pale and forlorn indeed.

Then Henry returned as suddenly as he had gone away. None of my multitudinous questions elicited any information, and on the dot of half-past seven he set out for Kathleen's, as I rightly guessed.

Kathleen opened the door for him.

"Hello," he exclaimed in a cheery voice.

"Oh, good evening," cried Kathleen joyfully, "won't you come in?"

"Hhmmh." It doesn't matter. I can talk very well here if you don't want me to come in."

"Oh, come in," she said laughing nervously.

They sat together before the fire. He carried a bundle of papers which he immediately opened. He handed her a long document. It is too bad that I couldn't have been hiding behind the door and watching this ridiculous performance. It is one of the big regrets of my life.

"This," he said, "is my birth certificate. Would you care to look it over?"

Kathleen took it awkwardly and blushed.

"Well, I don't think it's necessary," she answered.

"These," he continued, gravely passing her the bundle, "are my earthly credentials. To-wit, my parents' marriage certificate, my pedigree, a doctor's certificate, and reports from various people in my home town. Will you please examine them? When you are through I have a question to ask you."

She met his eyes bravely and spoke, at the same time laying the papers aside. "You may ask it."

He looked at her in astonishment. He quickly recovered, however, and pulled a small box from his pocket. Opening it he drew from it a dainty solitaire.

"Then," he said, "let me place my last credential on your finger," and he drew her unresisting toward him.



### THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ADVERTISING

Leah Claster, '17

"Advertising has as its one factor the influencing of human minds." This quotation from Walter Dill Scott, Ph. D., sometime director of the Psychological Laboratory of the Northwestern University, is enough to convince us of how important a part Psychology plays in advertising.

An article by Francis Felton having as its title, "The Influence of Newspapers on Crime," while not dealing with advertising as such, still discloses in a most impressive manner the effect of type on human minds and the latters' response to it, which response, after all, is Psychology. Cases of various types were treated: one in which people consciously model their acts after those in the paper; a second where people are unaware of influence, which is so-called pure suggestion, and a third where newspapers have gradually built up standards which are partially causes of anti-social acts. Thus all news is treated as some form of advertising and advertising which has Psychology, in as far as mental reactions to stimuli, suggestions and impressions are Psychology, as its basis. In affirmation of this last statement, allow me to quote from Felton himself, in regard to the newspaper as a whole. "The effort of advertising is to suggest; the impulsiveness of human nature enforces suggested ideas." In this one statement lies the cause of the criminal influence of anti-social literature on the one hand, the success of the advertiser on the other.

If a subject is merely theoretical, it is delectable to scholars only. To be popular a thing must be practicable, and, in the majority of cases, able to be converted into some form or applied to some idea which in turn may be readily converted into money or its equivalent. Psychology has thus been treated in several instances, and one of the most important of these is in the field of advertising. One would naturally be led to think that for so practical a thing as advertising, Psychology, popularly conceived as purely theoretical, would of necessity have to be changed in all its concepts, but let us see.

Investigation as to methods of imprinting advertisements on the reader's, and incidentally, the probable customer's mind, has shown his (the reader's) memory to be something which it is extremely important to take into consideration. The first principle in the accomplishment is repetition; the advertisement that is repeated again and again at frequent intervals gradually becomes fixed in the reader's memory. An advertisement reproduced intact while kept before the reader's eye may become

monotonous, therefore it has been effective to furnish a sufficient diversity by changing details of surroundings and still secure the effect of repetition by keeping the same central and characteristic feature. The efficacy of this is shown in the use of the jovial, colored chef in the nationally-renowned "Cream of Wheat" advertisement and in the different groupings of merry children in the "Have you a little fairy in your home." The next means of affecting the reader's memory is by an intense impression, by using startling colors, by inserting advertisements in the first and last pages of a magazine, thereby leaving the most vivid impression. When this impression is so effective or vivid as to cause motor response it has reached its broadest mark. When a woman answers an advertisement by sending stamps for a sample of "Pompeian Massage Cream," she is not going to forget the advertisement easily. Association must of course enter into memory; a successful advertisement is easily associated with personal interests and former experiences of the reader. Thus the picture of a woman performing the common task of washing flannels with "Ivory Soap" is very apt to arouse association and sympathy in the mind of the woman reader.

Feelings and emotions are certainly fundamentals of Psychology. An advertisement must primarily appeal to the emotional side of the reader (whether bodily reaction follows, or is followed by the emotion is of little import so long as the right form of reaction follows; namely, financial reaction). A person in a happy mood is psychologically more open to suggestions than when "blue." The wise wife approaches her husband after he has indulged in a hearty and well-cooked meal, and in identically the same way, must the reader be "jollied" before he is approached. The average person has an aesthetic taste whether he will admit it or not, and this taste must be satisfied. Therefore, artistic subdivision of spaces is sought as well as unity of form and symmetry of proportion. These beautify the advertisement and hence arouse pleasurable emotion in the reader.

We all feel more in sympathy with those who are most like us or who are ideals of what we should like to be; we appreciate by personal experience just what their various emotions of joy

and sorrow may be. An automobile advertisement which pictures an old couple enjoying their first ride may give me a pleasant feeling, but I cannot picture myself in their places, and their pleasure is not nearly so contagious as that of a group of animated young people out in the woods gathering autumn leaves, with a large Overland car as the central feature. Further, in the line of sympathy, comes that which is aroused by sorrow and joy, respectively. Unfortunately we are a more or less selfish people; we all have troubles of our own and, therefore, while we quickly pass by the picture of a consumptive woman who "should use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup," we are prone to turn repeatedly to the little happy-faced girl who is devouring, with most evident delight, a bowl of Kellogg's "Toasted Corn Flakes."

"A suggestion is an instruction—something that comes to us with the force of a command," which command usually results in action, and thus accomplishes the desired result of the advertisement. After all, we are not, as is commonly thought, a reasoning people, but instead act to a degree on impulse, which is most successfully aroused by suggestion. I see an attractive young woman brandishing a paint brush upon which is Jap-a-lac; her action suggests that my floors need to be re-varnished; the woman is manipulating the brush with such ease and evident satisfaction that I straightway have the desire to indulge in the same thing. Along another line of suggestions is the advertisement which gives the reader something to guess. For example, in the advertisement of one of the down-town stores, shortly before the Christmas holidays, there appeared these letters at the top of the page, "D Y C S E" with the expressed suggestion (in the case of the Jap-a-lac it was implied of course) that the reader guess what these letters stood for. Immediately the reader's curiosity was aroused; she thought seriously for several minutes and when finally she discovered their meaning, she had such a feeling of satisfaction with the advertisement and with herself that she proceeded to scan the former interestedly.

Imagination must enter into advertising in two ways: certainly the reader's imagination must be aroused, but, on the other hand, it is equally important that the advertiser's imagina-

tion be stimulated in order that his advertisement be offered in the most attractive and catching form possible. An example is given of two boot-blacks on equally busy corners on a Saturday afternoon. The first cried, "Shine your boots here"; the second, "Get your Sunday shine." The latter conveyed information as to the actual need for a "dress-up shine"—in short, appealed to the hearer's imagination and associations in general. Which was the more successful?

Human flesh is weak and among its frailties are acquisitiveness and selfishness. The successful advertiser takes advantage of these. Let there be an advertisement of pianos and people will pass it by without a glance. Now, let there be inserted a coupon, stating that upon presentation of it a \$50 reduction may be secured upon any piano; a new light dawns. Ways and means are discussed, actual reason brought to light as to why there is an actual need of an instrument, and as a consequence, several hundred pianos are sold,—simply because people cannot let slip the opportunity of "getting something for nothing." Even more effective is the scheme of having in addition some simple rebus or puzzle, the solution of which, together with the coupon, entitles the solver to the reduction; thus is his imagination exercised and his satisfaction with his intelligence as well as his acquisitiveness catered to.

The recognition of the advertiser that man is selfish is shown in advertisements which state that there is a number of suits which can only last two days and more of which positively can not be secured. We wish to be just a little different from others and rush to avail ourselves of this "unusual opportunity." Just this human weakness "to have something which the masses can't have" often gets the better of our economic carefulness. Upon this strain is based the very successful farce, "It Pays to Advertise," which appeared at a local theatre in February. Common soap at five cents a cake is a "drug on the market" to the manufacturer and he faces bankruptcy. His son conceives the idea of raising the price to a dollar a cake; the soap is taken out of the common reach; the "vulgar rich" are overjoyed to be able to secure something in which only the "select few" may in-

dulge. As a consequence, the soap cannot be manufactured rapidly enough and the firm waxes wealthy.

"Necessity is the mother of invention" and many skillful advertisements have grown out of the need of "doing something." Several years ago there was a slump in the apple market. California fruit dealers found that they were greatly "overstocked." They had to act and act quickly. As a result there appeared and soon became familiar everywhere the slogan, "An apple a day keeps the Doctor away." A rosy apple appeared on the advertisement; this not only appealed to the reader's imagination but also to his "sense of taste." It was a concrete economic suggestion, as well as conducive to health. We don't like to have the Doctor and the cost of keeping him away is very slight, especially when in return we are given such a pleasant preventive. - The scheme was successful.

Last year there was a distressing slump in the clothing trade. Wholesalers of Rochester, N. Y., suffered great losses, and, after much deliberation, they came to a realization of the effect of a psychological appeal to the man. Their slogan was "Dress Well" and was based upon this psychological fact: "A man when well dressed from head to foot has greater confidence in himself than otherwise; confidence begets aggressiveness and aggressiveness of the right kind results in success—therefore, a man owes it to himself in order that he may achieve success, to be well dressed." Of course this advertising was supplemented by particularly effective window displays on the subject and all manner of apparel suggesting that the man invest immediately. A boom resulted and sales increased markedly.

Probably the most important of all local advertising are the placards in street railway cars. There are three reasons for their importance: they are presented to a larger number of possible purchasers for a longer period of time, and more frequently than any other form. It is useless to state the great number of people who ride on the cars and very often over the identical route, daily. Scenery becomes monotonous; cars are often too crowded to indulge easily in the paper; we scan our neighbors, but it is impolite to stare. Only one thing is left for us to do—study the

advertisements and, this, frequently. It is a known psychological fact that that which occupies our attention for the longest period of time, takes on an importance by it; as a consequence, by repetition, if by nothing else, the reader's mind is impressed to not a slight degree.

Other and important modes of advertising are by bill posters, painted signs, window displays, etc. Just as the printed advertisement, these must attract the reader's attention, impress his memory, arouse his imagination, stir up associations, and, most of all, appeal to his aesthetic taste—lest they appear glaring.

Ten years ago there was but little advertising. Today such firms as the Hart-Schaffner-Marx clothing firm spend several thousand dollars weekly for a double page advertisement in the "Saturday Evening Post," which brings it before the eyes of some two million people. The methods of these firms are purely psychological and, needless to say, they are made to pay. Their advertising men, by reason of their knowledge of human Psychology, are the highest paid men on the pay roll. Has Psychology a practical value?



## APRONS AND MANNERS

Leila Hill, '16

Harry pressed his round, pink face close between the fence palings and peered with wide-eyed astonishment at his darling little playfellow, who had ventured beyond the realm of his own front yard and was now cautiously exploring the narrow boardwalk that edged the dusty, unpaved street.

"Oo, Joe!"

His baby mind could find no way in which to express his consternation as Joe recklessly left the walk for the narrow strip of grass that edged the very road itself. Joe stooped over eagerly and lifted something in his tiny fingers. Closely he examined the bright shining thing as he slowly turned it over and over.

"What is it, 'oo find somethin'?" queried Harry.

Joe made no response, but continued his scrutiny of the

newly discovered treasure. The sunlight flashed a blue light from the shining object.

Harry pressed his plump cheeks closer between the palings and raised his piping little voice.

"Haw-y wants to see what 'oo find, Joe!"

At last Joe turned his head.

"Come on out," came the challenge.

"Oo."

The face between the palings disappeared as its owner involuntarily drew back.

"Oo! I'm 'fraid out 'er!"

Joe threw up his head with an air of superiority as he dropped his newly found treasure into his pocket.

"I aren't 'fraid. It's nice out here."

Then he added coaxingly, "Come on."

Harry drew back farther still behind the fence and pulled at his dress.

"Oo! Somethin' might git 'oo out 'ere," he lisped.

But Joe disdained to answer. He was exploring farther down the walk. At three years, a few feet beyond the barrier of the home fence hold marvelous things. Joe toddled along on his baby legs and whole vistas of wonders opened before him. Seeing the distance between himself and his playfellow steadily increasing, Harry at last gained courage enough to push the front gate open just far enough to allow the passage of his brilliant red, curling hair and cherub face.

"Come back, Joe!" he piped.

"Will 'oo come out?" came the answer.

"Mm," hummed the rosy lips from the gate-way.

He advanced just two steps and stopped to look up and down the road. Close to his baby heart he clutched a large, rag doll. His long gingham apron enveloped his chubby figure almost to the tops of his square-toed shoes and his hair hung in bright curls about his shoulders. Not ten feet away stood his playfellow, who, smaller in stature, looked the very little man in his bulging pocketed knickerbockers and blouse waist. His close-cropped, white head glistened boldly in the sunlight.

"See!" he shouted, lustily holding up something round and white.

"Oo," crooned Harry.

"Oo's afraid to come!" challenged Joe as he dropped into the grass at the roadside.

Slowly Harry crossed to his side and a welcoming hand pulled him down to examine the new wonder. It was round and white and had four little holes right in the center.

"What is 'at, Joe?"

Joe deigned no response.

"Give me 'at!" coaxed Harry, his plump hands fingering it lovingly.

"'Oo play wif dolls all the time and 'oo haven't no pocket at all anyhow!" said Joe, as he eyed the apron of his companion with disgust and shoved the button deep into the pocket of his newly acquired knickerbochers.

"I wish I was over 'ere!" he announced pointing to a shady apple tree on the other side of the road.

"Oo!" gasped Harry, his round blue eyes contemplating with a frightened expression the wide stretch of road between them and the cool shadow.

"I'm goin'," said Joe, and, throwing out his little chest, bravely started across.

"Oo, Joe, take me," wailed the abandoned Harry.

"Come on then!"

Joe stood resolutely in the center of the road. Timorously his companion took the first few steps.

"Oo, I forgot Claudey," he gasped and started back.

"Come on," commanded Joe.

Harry cast a frightened look over his shoulder and ran to the place where the rag doll lay deserted among the weeds. He clutched it tightly by the arm and started back. The warm tears trickled down his cheeks and a sob tightened his throat.

"Oo! I'm 'fraid," he wailed.

"Come on," urged the explorer and held out his hand. Their finger tips touched. He clasped the chubby hand and

raced across the dusty stretch dragging the half-reluctant, half-willing Harry along with him. Claudey trailed in the rear.

Harry rubbed his eyes with a dirty fist and threw himself on the grass. Much exploring rendered the region under the apple tree a land of wonders. Short, green moss covered the ground about the projecting roots; myriads of smooth pebbles lined the gutter where the water ran high after a rain; delightful butterflies and big, brown, woolly bees flew about. Joe investigated all that he saw while Harry propped himself against the tree trunk and prattled to Claudey of all sorts of things. But suddenly the rude world broke in upon their revels. From the region beyond the home fencee came the call:

“Joe-o! Ho, Joe-o!”

“What!” lustily shrilled the baby voice in reply.

“Where are you? Come right home!”

Joe jumped to his feet.

“I’m doin’.”

“Oo! Wait for me,” said Harry, scrambling to his feet, still holding Claudey in his arms.

“Come on!”

Just then the tinkle of a bell arrested their attention. Not twenty feet from them, tossing its horns, came the bell-cow and straggling behind, the five or six followers.

“Oo, Joe! I’m ‘fraid!” wailed Harry as he clung to his companion’s blouse waist with the desperation of fear. His protector’s chest swelled bravely as he clutched a big stick

“Never mind, Haw-y! I won’t let them hurt ‘oo,” he comforted as he clutched one trembling chubby hand in his own tiny one.

Slowly the meek cows ambled past, followed by their lazy driver, and revealed on the other side of the road two anxious mothers peering over the gate.

“Come on, Haw-y! I won’t let them hurt ‘oo,” comforted Joe again as he led his trembling playfellow across the dusty road. Safely on the board-walk, the red curls bobbed as the head lifted and two blue eyes looked up into two sympathetic ones.

“Oo, muver,” he cried and bolting into receiving arms burst

into baby tears.

But not so Joe. With stick firmly clutched, he stalked proudly through the gateway.

"Haw-y's 'fraid uv cows," he announced with a superior air. "I ain't 'fraid uf nothin'! Am I, muver!"

Late that afternoon the two mothers watched the little play-fellows from the front porch.

"I wonder," said Harry's mother, "why my boy is so afraid of everything. He was frightened to death this morning."

Joe's mother smiled proudly.

"Do you know, I think that if you'd dress him like a little boy and quit wearing those foolish aprons on him that it would help a lot. And I'd have his hair cut, too."

She spoke in a matter-of-fact tone.

The other woman gave an involuntary shudder and her eyes sought the bright head crowned with long, red curls.

Joe's mother went on, "There's my Joe, he's just three and Harry is at least three or four months older. Of course, if you dress him in aprons and let him play with dolls he'll act like a baby. I like to see manly little boys."

Harry's mother sighed and again her eyes rested lovingly on the chubby baby form.

"I do love to keep him a baby as long as I can. He'll be a big boy soon enough. But oh, I would hate to have him so timid and such a cry baby."

Strong emotions conflicted within her. Long after her neighbor had left she sat on the porch watching the spot where Joe raced about chasing grasshoppers and Harry sat curled up in the grass cuddling his Claudey.

The next evening Harry's father returned home to find his wife in tears. She sat in the middle of the floor, the picture of utter despair. In her lap she fondled a mass of long, red curls. Before her, with close-cropped head, stood the shorn one, his round, blue eyes doubtfully fixed upon his mother's face, and a chubby hand awkwardly thrust into the pocket of a brand new pair of knickerbockers.

"Well, well, daddy's big boy," shouted the genial voice of Harry's father as he tossed the little fellow into the air. "My, but I'm glad that you've given up that foolish idea of keeping him a baby forever!"

The newly found "big" boy landed upon the floor and straightway proceeded to do the unexpected thing. He rushed to his mother's side and threw both arms around her waist.

"Don't 'oo ery, muver," he wailed as he mingled his tears with hers.

At last the storm was over.

"Go on, now, dear, and let Joe see how fine you look in your new suit."

Awkwardly he moved toward the doorway. There he hesitated, then ran back and picked up the big, rag doll where it lay upon the floor.

His mother gasped.

"Oh! no, dear! Big boys never play with dollies. Get your wagon and let mother have Claudey."

Tears brimmed into the round eyes as he tenderly laid Claudey's ungainly shape upon a chair. Then he stiffly strutted through the door. As he went he looked down upon himself, so wonderfully clad in those strange, uncomfortable garments, and his gaze was full of wonder and non-comprehension. Slowly one chubby hand passed over the stubby bristles of his shorn head.

For three days Harry manfully conducted himself. Sometimes he would hover lovingly near his lost Claudey, but when he looked up to see his mother nodding a grave negative he would pick up the tongue of his little, yellow wagon and stiffly proceed to the yard. Indeed, he walked with a new dignity. He no longer raced madly across the grass and gurgled to Claudey as he threw himself down and rolled over and over for sheer joy of living. Slowly and thoughtfully he paced along, his chubby face sober and expressionless, and the round, blue eyes looked rounder and wider than ever under the few, short, red bangs that were all that remained of his crown of glory.

## THE SOROSIS

His mother would watch him with a serious look. Sometimes her gaze would linger for a moment upon the smooth, round head and then she would look away quickly, with eyes that glistened. It was a doubtful question as to whether she was as proud of him as she rightly should have been of such a manly son. However, Joe's mother appreciated the improvement to the full.

"Just look at him!" she exclaimed one afternoon as she gossipped on her neighbor's porch. "My, but he has improved! He struts along like a regular little man. I'm quite jealous of him; he's so much bigger than my Joe."

"Indeed he has improved! He never plays with his doll any more. He's getting to be a regular little boy. His father is as proud of him as can be." Here Harry's mother hesitated ever so slightly and then ended up with a resolute tone: "And so am I."

But somehow the voice lacked enthusiasm.

"You know he's getting over all his baby tricks so fast. He never sucks his thumb any more at all! Why, he'll be protecting your Joe now instead of Joe taking—!"

Here a loud clatter and a shrill scream interrupted the speaker. The two women sprang to their feet. Around the corner of the house raced a chubby form enveloped in a flowing apron. Tightly he pressed in his arms the ungainly form of a large, rag doll. The blue eyes were dilated with fear as they were directed behind him upon a large, black rooster that raced close on his heels.

"Muver, muver," screamed the baby voice.

Loving arms came to the rescue.

"Shoo, chuck, shoo! There mother's darling, don't cry!"

Tenderly Harry's mother gathered her be-aproned boy, doll and all, into her arms.

"Oo, oo!" sobbed the piping voice, "I dist went out to the barn to, oo, boo, oo, to play wif Claudey an' have my dessie on an old Bennie chased me, boo, oo!"

"Never mind, baby, you shall play with Claudey right here."

Two strong, tender arms cuddled the chubby baby tightly, and warm tears rained down on the stubby, red bristles.

**FIRELIGHT**

Melba R. Martin

Before the fire I drew a high-backed chair,  
It was made for dreams, and cast a magic spell  
On all about. The flames leapt up; then fell  
And showed me things I had not dreamed were there.

A lady, with shining golden hair,  
Was sitting in a forest of tall oaks;  
Around her, nymphs and other fairy folks  
Were dancing in and out, quite free from care.

The picture vanished and another came;  
A gallant knight, on charger passing by,  
A cavalcade, a castle old and high,  
Whose storied walls great bards have sung to fame.

A woman old and bent came in their stead,  
And gathered fagots with a trembling hand,  
Her thoughts quite far away from fairyland.  
A man appeared with slow and weary tread.

And then all vanished in a misty haze;  
The knight, the princess, and the cavalcade,  
And left me wond'ring, thoughtful and afraid.  
Just glimpses—these—of fairies' land and ways!

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**RELIGION OF THE CONGO**

Jane Errett, '17

In a village on the Lower Congo lived Luokka, the most dreaded man of the town. He it was who could charm away one's soul and put it in a jar or box and keep it there while you would become insane.

But more, he used even oftener the power of his hundred or more fetishes. Among these was the tooth of an alligator

which had killed a young girl. When the tooth had been placed in the ground near the stream where the women washed clothes, it had revealed the old woman whose jealous spirit had entered into the alligator; then the old woman had been stabbed to death. Besides this tooth there were tigers' claws, and skins, a thorn, a stone and some grass from the grave of a slain chief, a piece of elephant tusk and many, many other articles which had figured in certain particular incidents. To make Luokka jealous, meant to incur a great risk. On the other hand, he could use his fetishes for good when he chose.

The most terrible of the fetishes was the elephant tusk. He could, and indeed he did, use it often, for the people of that country hunted elephants frequently. Many times people had attempted to steal the fetish, but Luokka, knowing that they would try to do so, kept it closely concealed.

One evening, before the hunters had started away, Luokka slipped up to the door of the hut belonging to one of the strongest men, of whom he was jealous. Tibbo was the man's name. It happened that all Tibbo's family were away as this was the first part of the night. In the Congo the midday is so hot that the people have to stop their labor, and sleep or rest. Then the time is made up after night has settled. Some work, many join in groups around bon-fires, where they dance and play games.

On such a pleasant night Luokka crept up and carefully concealed the elephant tusk in the thatch roof over the door, with the wish that an elephant might kill Tibbo. Then, still unseen, he crept away, and soon joined in the happy sports.

The next morning Tibbo started on the hunt, which took him into the deep jungle. In the course of the day the hunters brought to the ground with their spears, two or three huge elephants. Towards evening, as they pressed through the forest, Tibbo spied a prize animal and darted ahead to attack him. But alas, in a moment, a cry rang out and Tibbo was swung up into the air, pierced by the giant's tusk. With loud wailing by the men, which was increased by that of Tibbo's wives and others, he was brought home and buried.

But who or what had caused this? Tibbo had surely not

angered the departed spirits; nor had he transgressed against his "orunda." By it he had been forbidden to eat under trees when on an expedition; and all remembered his care in selecting a cleared spot. He had also in his garments the fetish which he had made for protection. Ah! Luokka! Had he not an elephant tusk? Yes, it was he. So they decided and he knew it, but they dared not harm him. Some of them had once helped by this same tusk. Moreover, it could not be found near the hut of Tibbo—for its owner had deftly removed it.

The years rolled by and Tibbo's son, Dodo, grew up, with a desire to excel everyone and to punish Luokka—but how? At any rate, he decided he would try to rob him of the tusk; and so Dodo planned, or better, schemed.

As Luokka journeyed home one evening from the fire-dancing, alone, suddenly, "Luokka! Luokka!" came a voice so like the wind that he shivered. He answered, but there was no response. Again, the next night, came the call; someone was calling his soul away. He must see a Witch Doctor, who might be able to discover the thief.

The first doctor he visited knew nothing about it, but he soon found one in a neighboring village who did know. A certain man, who was about to move far away, the doctor said, had Luokka's soul in a small cooking vessel closely covered with thatch. Luokka might have it for the elephant tusk. Thus, in danger of losing his soul, he could find no substitute, and so gave up his charm.

Now, by some chance, of course, the charm traveled to Dodo, who promptly buried it near the hut of Luokka. To place it directly in his pathway, where he might notice the loosened earth, would not be safe, and so Dodo put it at the side of the path, where his enemy's shadow would fall on it.

It was at least a month before Luokka made any trips away from the village. Dodo waited impatiently. At last, however, a marauding expedition was made. Before starting every man made a fetish for protection, and Luokka's was like this: roots and splinters were woven together and in them Luokka placed a piece of human skin, and claws of animals for protection

against man and beast; food, beer and roots to insure health and nourishment. This he carried with him.

Dodo was doomed to disappointment—for Luokka was killed by a warrior's spear. Who shall name the cause? Perhaps Tibbo's spirit entered into the spear.

Our last view of this powerful man will be at his burial in his native Congo village. The grave was duly dug at the edge of the forest, and nothing was allowed to disturb the diggers of it. When they finished their work, they crossed two sticks in the floor of it to show to any wandering spirit that the grave was reserved. Then came the time of burial.

Everyone from the village viewed the funeral in some part. The painted body, in a sitting posture, was carried in the rude coffin to a spot some distance from the grave; but not down a front street, for that would contaminate the village. It was carried through less used streets and, wherever anyone happened to be when the body passed him, there he must remain till the burial was ended. There were women carrying babies, but the babies' faces were carefully covered—otherwise their lives would be troubled. All this time one could hear the wailing of people who stood around the open grave.

Whirrrr-rr-rr! in rushed the Witch Doctor and in feathers, paint and beads performed the wild, weird, whirling, fantastic Dance of Death till it seemed that he would break with his bendings and twistings. Then, as it ended, there were heard wild shrieks and moans, and black objects were hurled into the grave—the living wives of the chief. Then the dead chief, now wrapped with hundreds of yards of white cloth, was carried forward and lowered into the grave and the earth was placed over all. Next, the slaves of the chief were beheaded; for, what is a life worth, any how? and a man must have wealth and company in whatever life he lives hereafter. This ceremony ended with a mad rush of any of the participants for the nearest stream to purify themselves and to free themselves of any compliance in the death.

And life, without any sorrow for the dead, but also without joy or love, went on as before in this village on the Lower Congo.

**SONG—YES OR NO**

Giulietta Plympton, '14

A cozy sleigh, a great highway,  
Two jet-black steeds with spirits gay,  
A perfect moon, my heart in tune,  
A stretch of snow where clear gems glow,  
A merry jingling as we fly—

She and I—

Beneath the arching sky.

I wonder where the highway leads,  
Where go my prancing steeds.  
Love knoweth well; but I—  
I cannot tell!

Dost thou know, moon so large and bright,  
Moon that shines on us tonight?  
Can ye say, oh snowflakes pure and white?  
Whisper where, breezes cool and light;  
Tell me, little bells that sing and ring,  
Rhyme and clime,  
Is it to a sunny clime?

Is it where I trow?  
Tell me, Love, only thou dost know!  
Will I reach the goal I dream of—  
Yes or now?

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**MICHAEL**

Olive Wolf, '18

In this poem we find that Wordsworth has three of the four things which he set for himself as an aim in poetry. These are incidents of common life; they are thrown into an unusual aspect; human nature is traced in them. The language, however, is not the language of every day.

Wordsworth's interest in man seems to have been primarily in nature and thence to nature's relation to man. He tells us that these domestic tales, of which "Michael" is one, are of men "whom I already loved; not verily for their own sakes, but for the fields and hills where was their occupation and abode." Consequently the men he deals with are not the men of the city, but of the country—simple, frugal peasants. The incidents he relates in connection with them are necessarily ordinary, common ones, but they have a real human interest. In "Michael" they are sad and pathetic; so also in "The Brothers" and in "Ruth." They appeal to our sympathy. Especially in "Michael" does Wordsworth make us feel the beauty of simplicity.

There is nothing unusual about the incidents in "Michael." The main story is a common experience. However, Wordsworth throws it into an unusual aspect by using a few well-chosen details. He names the house "The Evening Star," a phrase which by itself recalls to our minds Michael's home and story. The sheepfold impresses itself upon our minds by its unusual use. That a father should erect so common a thing as a sheepfold as an evidence of faith between him and his son seems, to say the least, peculiar. But Wordsworth describes the laying of the first stone so sympathetically that we cannot forget it. We feel that the covenant is really a sacred one.

Wordsworth traces human nature here. Michael and his family are true products of the rugged mountain life they lived—simple, straight-forward and honest. We do not wonder that separated from the beauty and simplicity of his home, Luke falls into evil ways, faced by the sordidness of the world. The parents in their joy and faith and ultimate sorrow in their son are perfectly human.

I have said that this is not the language of every day. It has the simplicity of common language, but it has too much dignity and elevation to be every-day language. It has a simple solemnity in keeping with the theme. The verse form, as well as the language itself, produces this effect.

**WORDSWORTH'S ATTITUDE TOWARD MAN****FROM "MICHAEL"**

Rachel Alexander, '18

As we have already seen, Wordsworth has taken for his aim in writing poetry, to write about "real subjects, taken from common life and looked at through the medium of the imagination." This being so, "Michael" is a truly Wordsworthian poem.

Deeply sincere and sympathetic he writes in this poem about "man, the heart of man and human life." But although he writes about man, it is Nature who has been his teacher, and has enabled him to see man understandingly: ". . . having felt the power of nature, by the gentle agency of natural objects, led me on to feel for passions that were not my own." The story of Michael is very emotional and pervaded with an air of earnest intensity, but here, as in all of Wordsworth's poetry, it is "emotion, recollected in tranquility," so that it is not overdrawn but is natural and very touching.

Wordsworth treats of a purely human man, a shepherd who has led a rather lonely life. A great deal of his time being spent out of doors, Nature has become to him "a pleasurable feeling of blind love, the pleasure which there is in life itself." He and his wife live together "a life of eager industry," and at the coming of their son, together they turn to him as their one source of joy and happiness, "from the Boy there came feelings and emanations—things which were light to the sun and music to the blind and that the old man's heart seemed born again." How happy and how natural is the boyhood of Luke—his growth among the mountains, following in the footsteps of his father. He is his father's "comfort and his daily hope." And then the misfortune comes which "took more hope out of his" (the father's) "life than he supposed that any old man ever could have lost. Patiently, but helplessly, he fights against the oncoming sorrow, angry at no man. He says, "I forgive him." His wife, too, forgets her own trouble for him: "Do not go away for if thou leave thy father he will die," while the son, a true youth, is rather eager for the change. The climax of the story is reached

at the parting of father and son and after this we see the old man living a life, first of lonesomeness and then of sorrow, ending in his own and his wife's death.

Here, indeed, is a portrayal of human life, simple, sincere, natural, but pure and elevated. Wordsworth has selected a man from the very humblest of lives, but he is a man who is exactly suited to the treatment given him—outwardly calm and unemotional, but nevertheless feeling intensely and passionately. Certainly what Wordsworth depicts is true of life: the hard, bitter toil of the old man with so little gain and then the destruction in such a short time of all the profit gotten from forty years of labor; and then the supreme sacrifice which he must make, which means absolutely everything to him, but which is left for him to decide. “Heaven forgive me, Luke, if I judge ill for thee.”

The pathos and the human feeling are the most marked elements of this poem, simple in style, simple in contents, but most beautiful and most touching in its portrayal. Wordsworth seems to see in the unpretentious life of the peasantry, not only a life of equal passion and feeling as that of the city, but a purer and nobler life, due to the environments. But to attach any definite moral to this simple tale, so full of natural feeling, would detract from it, and such a moral seems unintentional on the part of the author.

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#### A MIN'STER'S TOTTER

Rebekah L. Crouse, '16

Mary Elizabeth, very little and very tearful, bent tenderly over Ruth Margaret. Her own little baby! Ruth Margaret had been such a dear, beautiful child, with yellow ringlets and eyes bluer than the forget-me-nots that grew in the woods in the spring-time. And now Ruth Margaret had no nose; a small, flat figure of triangular shape marked the spot where her little, pink nose should have been.

Mary Elizabeth strained Ruth Margaret to her heart. “‘Ou pore ‘ittle t’ing,’” she sobbed. “It—it ‘urts mudder more than ‘ou, darlin’. ‘Ou pore ‘ittle t’ing!’” And she raised Ruth Mar-

garet and, with great tenderness, kissed the white scar on her baby's face. "It's all 'ur old bad Uncle Bennie's fault. 'E's—e's—a—a bear."

It was impossible for Mary Elizabeth to find an adequate word with which to express her present opinion of her six-year-old brother. An hour before she had tucked Ruth Margaret in bed, and had gone out to play; and when she had returned, she had found Bennie tightly clutching Ruth Margaret around her little waist, utilizing her as a saw to cut through his mother's ironing-board. Mary Elizabeth had rescued Ruth Margaret, but, unfortunately, too late to save her nose.

"'Ou're tweeter than efer," murmured the little mother, "but 'ur old Uncle Bennie—'e's, 'e's jist 'orrid."

Just then the gate into the yard creaked. Mary Elizabeth glanced up to see a man coming up the path to the porch. He stopped at the foot of the steps, and smiled. He had gray hair and a beard like her grandfather's. Mary Elizabeth smiled back.

"Are you the minister's little daughter?" he asked, pleasantly.

The minister's little daughter! Mary Elizabeth caught her breath. Was she the minister's little daughter? Yes, she knew what he meant! He wanted to know if she were the nice little girl that Miss Laura had told her about. It had been such a beautiful story, and Miss Laura had said that it was much better to be the little girl in the story than to be a princess. It must be something like being an angel, she guessed. But, Mary Elizabeth couldn't remember whether Miss Laura had said that she was a minister's daughter, or she wasn't. It was very perplexing. So she didn't answer the gentleman, but stared at him, doubt and uncertainty in her eyes.

"Are you the minister's daughter?" he repeated. Then his kind, fatherly eyes falling to Ruth Margaret, whose battered face was hidden against her mother, he added, "What a pretty doll!"

The gentleman's remark recalled Mary Elizabeth again to her sorrow and the tragedy of life. Poor little Ruth Margaret! Could her mother be a minister's daughter? Miss Laura had said that it was much nicer to be a minister's daughter than to be a

princeess. And princesses were always happy. No, she couldn't be a minister's daughter, for she and Ruth Margaret were both very unhappy.

Her eyes raised themselves to the stranger's face. They were very sober and very sad eyes for a little girl not more than three years, four months old.

"No," she said, very gravely. "Me—me 'tisn't a min'ster's totter."

The man looked surprised. At the same time Mary Elizabeth's mother appeared at the door and glanced from the stranger to Mary Elizabeth. Astonishment and concern were in her eyes as they rested upon her daughter. She turned to the gentleman.

"Why, how do you do, Dr. Shandon!" she said. "Just step in."

Mary Elizabeth's eyes filled with tears after the door had closed upon her mother and the caller. Ruth Margaret and her misfortunes faded into the background before the new trouble that confronted her. The stranger's question had suddenly conveyed her into the world of romance and imagination; it was the same as though someone had come and asked her if she were not a princess, a fairy or an angel. It made you feel as though you ought to be one—and that maybe you were, although you were rather certain that you were not. Now, Mary Elizabeth was rather certain that she was not, for how could she be when she was unhappy? She still remembered, however, Miss Laura's beautiful story, and somehow it seemed very real. If only she had not forgotten whether Miss Laura had said that she was or she wasn't. It was the same way with other things. The day before she had forgotten if angels had wings, or if they hadn't, and she had appealed to her mother, who had said—why, she had forgotten already! but she thought that her mother had said that they hadn't.

"Me ask mudder," she suddenly resolved, her face brightening.

She scrambled to her little sturdy legs, and started toward the door into the house. Peeping in, she saw the stranger talking to her mother. She had forgotten!

Her face clouded again. In a moment, however, a new thought brightened it.

"Me dow ask Miss Laura!"

Miss Laura lived in a big house set back in a beautiful yard where pine trees grew, and roses and honeysuckle. Mary Elizabeth loved Miss Laura. Indeed, everybody did that knew her. Miss Laura was plump and rosy, and always happy, it seemed. When you saw her sunny face, you involuntarily smiled—you just had to. Miss Laura would do for you the things that no one else would.

Mary Elizabeth always went to Miss Laura when her little world needed readjustment, also when she wanted something good to eat, such as pies and cookies. Miss Laura also fed Mary Elizabeth's naturally fertile imagination. The two wandered through Fairyland together, and Miss Laura was just as young as Mary Elizabeth. She was a wonderful story-teller. She could tell all kinds of tales, stories of real live children, and stories of fairies, imps, phantoms, giants, witches and princes and princesses—but the latter kind were more vivid and real to Miss Laura and her little listener than "real" stories. It all depends, you must know, upon what kind of a world you are living in—for there are many, many worlds.

Mary Elizabeth shambled through the dust of the road, in her arms her poor, sick child. Probably Miss Laura could make Ruth Margaret well!

"Miss Laura will make 'ou well, darlin'," she whispered into Ruth Margaret's left ear.

The day was warm, and although Miss Laura's house was not far away, the walk was up-hill. Consequently, when Mary Elizabeth raised herself on tip-toe and tried to remove the iron ring that secured the gate, her cheeks were as red as the tempting apples that lay under the trees in Miss Laura's yard.

The front door was closed. Mary Elizabeth was surprised, as it was always open in the summer. She reached for the brass knocker half way up, but it was too high. Accordingly, she clasped Ruth Margaret tightly in one hand, and knocked with

her little knuckles against the hard wood. But Miss Laura did not appear.

Mary Elizabeth's face clouded as a sky in April. She called plaintively:

"M-iss Lour-a! Me—me 'unts 'ou." No voice responded, however.

Miss Laura was not at home! Her Miss Laura was away, and Mary Elizabeth wanted her. Little, crushed, and disappointed, Mary Elizabeth sank down in a heap upon the door-sill, and the clouds broke until great tears fell in showers down her dust-stained face.

"'Uth Marg'et—'Uth Marg'et!" she sobbed. "Me 'tisn't a min'ster's totter. Me is only a—a princess, I guess."

Gradually Mary Elizabeth's tears were dispelled, but her little face still retained its sad, anxious look. It was such an expression as a princess might wear who had suddenly been banished from her kingdom and deprived of her birth-right.

On her sad journey homeward she passed the gentleman with the gray beard. He nodded and smiled as before. Mary Elizabeth was glad he had left, for now she could ask her mother what she desired so much to know. She did not stop to pick any of her favorite flowers that grew along the roadside. They didn't seem to belong to her any more. They were happy and she and Ruth Margaret were not.

When she reached the house her shoes were white with dust, her little legs were tired and her arms ached from carrying Ruth Margaret. She was very sorry to find Bennie riding the gate. When she saw him, she instinctively hid Ruth Margaret's face against her pink-barred dress.

Bennie laughed, as Mary Elizabeth had expected.

"How's Ruth Margaret?" he teased. "Ef I was you, you wouldn't catch me carryin' around a doll without a nose." Bennie's eyes gleamed devilishly, his mouth extended across his face in a broad grin.

His little sister's shoulders heaved dangerously.

"Me unts in!" she pleaded.

Bennie was swinging backward and forward on the gate, barring Mary Elizabeth's entrance.

"No, you ain't. This is my castle," Bennie answered, like the great big bear that he was.

"Me—me 'unts in." Mary Elizabeth began to sob. "Me 'unts mudder."

At the same instant a voice called from the house: "Bennie, let Mary Elizabeth in."

Bennie, with rather poor grace, opened the gate and allowed his sister to pass through. Mary Elizabeth was very miserable. She would go to her mother. Mother always made things better; if Mary Elizabeth hurt herself, mother always made her well again; if Bennie teased too hard, mother always came to her rescue. So, one little hope and comfort surviving, she hastened into the house to her mother.

Mary Elizabeth's mother was in the kitchen paring potatoes for supper. She looked up as her daughter entered, and Mary Elizabeth was frightened by the stern, strange look in her mother's face. There was sorrow in her eyes, the look that was always there when she or Bennie did something that mother didn't like.

Mary Elizabeth was so frightened that she was unable to summon enough courage to ask the all-important question. She stood still, her big, round eyes gazing up into her mother's, the tip of her forefinger in her little baby mouth.

"Mary Elizabeth," her mother said, looking at her with a sad look in her eyes, "I'm sorry that my little girl will not always tell the truth. I'm very sorry, Mary Elizabeth, but I'll have to punish you. Daddy would be so sorry, if he knew."

Mary Elizabeth's eyes filled and overflowed. Two big, warm tears fell upon Ruth Margaret's face.

"You'll have to sit in the corner and not say a word until after supper, Mary Elizabeth." Then her mother's eyes also became shiny. "Mudder can't help it, Mary Elizabeth. It hurts mudder more than you—when you're bad."

Mary Elizabeth's misery and sorrow were supreme. Her whole little world was dark and confused. Blinded by tears, she stumbled towards the corner of shame and penitence, Ruth Mar-

garet still tightly clasped against her. For one long hour she sat on a straight-backed chair, her body convulsed by great sobs from time to time. Finally she ceased crying, but her face was pitiful to see. It was very sorrowful and sad for the face of such a little girl.

Once Brother Bennie came whistling into the room, but when he saw Mary Elizabeth, his face suddenly changed. He came up to her penitently.

"It's—too—bad, Mary Elizabeth," he stammered, awkwardly placing his arm around her shoulders. And Bennie actually looked as uncomfortable and as serious as Mary Elizabeth herself.

For supper she was allowed only milk and toast; mother had gravely stipulated them as part of her punishment. But Mary Elizabeth was not hungry. She could not eat the toast, every mouthful seemed to choke her. She did not realize the reason of her punishment—it was merely a part of the unhappiness incident to her not being a minister's daughter. Of all Mary Elizabeth's sorrow, the heaviest part was the certainty that Miss Laura's story could not possibly be true. Her increasing unhappiness but bore witness to the fact.

Mary Elizabeth always went early to bed. At seven-thirty mother took the kerosene lamp and led the way upstairs. The stairway seemed haunted by little black imps that ran in and out between the banisters. Mother undressed Mary Elizabeth as always, and tucked her in bed; but Mary Elizabeth had never been so unhappy—the shadows frightened her, they seemed to know that she wasn't a minister's daughter.

She watched her mother turning down the light, while the shadows grew deeper and deeper. Would she leave the room now and go downstairs without kissing her? Yes, she would, because—but, no! her mother had returned to the bed and was bending over her. Was she really going to kiss her, after all?

The next moment Mary Elizabeth felt her mother's lips upon hers, upon her cheeks, upon her forehead.

"It's too bad, honey," her mother's voice said. "It hurts mudder very much to punish you; but you know, dear, you must

never say you aren't a minister's daughter when you are. Little girls mustn't tell stories."

Mary Elizabeth's heart jumped so that Ruth Margaret, nestling close, must have wondered what was wrong. What was her mother saying? Could it be true after all?

"Um—I—a min'ster's totter?" she asked, eagerly, her baby face brightening.

"Why, yes, dear," her mother answered. "Didn't you know it, you baby?" And a new light dawned in her mother's face.

"N—oo," Mary Elizabeth lisped.

And oh, how happy she was! All the glory of Fairyland was hers again—everything that was lovely and beautiful. And when her mother clasped her in her arms and kissed her over and over and murmured, "You dear little thing," Mary Elizabeth smiled happily. Of course her mother should kiss her and love her, of course Mary Elizabeth was happy, for Miss Laura's beautiful story was true.

"Uth Marg'et," she whispered down into the covers, after her mother had left the room. "'Uth Marg'et, we is happy. Me 'tisn't a princess—me is a min'ster's totter."

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#### BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Ruth Gokey, '17

Booker T. Washington was born a slave on a plantation in Franklin County, Virginia. The exact date of his birth is not known; it must have been in 1858 or 1859.

His life had its beginning in the midst of the most miserable, desolate and discouraging surroundings. His earliest impressions were of a plantation and slave quarters, but his owners were not especially cruel, as compared with others. He was born in a typical log cabin, about fourteen by sixteen feet square. In this cabin he lived with his mother, and brother and sister until after the Civil War, when they were all declared free.

Little is known of Mr. Washington's ancestry. In the days of slavery not very much attention was given to family history and family records—that is, black family records. His mother,

probably attracted the attention of a purchaser, who brought her to his plantation, became her owner, and later Booker's owner. Her addition to the slave family drew about as much attention as the purchase of a new horse or cow. Even less is known of the father; in fact, Mr. Washington did not even know his father's name, though he often heard reports to the effect that he was a white man who lived on one of the nearby plantations. The mother's name was Jane. She was wholly ignorant as far as books were concerned, but her love for her children was great, and Booker dearly loved her. He wrote, concerning her, when he was older, "She, to me, will always remain the noblest embodiment of womanhood with whom I have come in contact."

The early years of Booker's life, which were spent in the little cabin, were not very different from those of thousands of slaves. The mother, who was the cook at the plantation, had little time in which to give attention to the training of her children during the day. She snatched a few moments for their care in the early morning before her work began, and at night after the day's work was done. Booker could not remember having slept in a bed until after his family was declared free. The three children—John, the oldest brother, Amanda and Booker—had a pallet on the dirt floor, or rather they slept in and on a bundle of filthy rags laid upon the dirt floor.

When Mr. Washington was asked to tell something about the sports and pastimes that he engaged in during his youth, it occurred to him that there was no period of his life devoted to play. Almost every day of his life was occupied in some sort of labor. During the period that he spent in slavery, he was not large enough to be of much service, but he was occupied most of the time in cleaning the yards, carrying water to the men in the fields, or going to the mill, to which he used to take the corn once a week to be ground.

Booker had no schooling whatever while he was a slave, though he remembered, on several occasions, that he went as far as the schoolhouse door with one of his young mistresses to carry her books. The picture of several dozen boys and girls in a schoolroom engaged in study made a deep impression upon him,

and he had the feeling that to get into a schoolhouse and study in this way would be about the same as getting into paradise.

The first knowledge that he got of the fact that his family were slaves, and that freedom of the slaves was being discussed, was early one morning, when he was awakened by his mother kneeling over the children and praying that Lincoln and his armies might be successful, and, that one day she and her children might be free.

During the war, she slaves deprived themselves of many things in order that the mistresses might not be in want. Nothing that the slaves possessed was too good for their superior, and their loyalty was firm. One of Booker's young masters was killed, and two were severely wounded, in the war. Booker's mother was summoned to the "big house" more than once to render her service in caring for the wounded men.

Finally, when the war closed, and freedom came, there was great rejoicing. Booker's stepfather, who had not belonged to the same owner as his wife, and who had rarely come to the plantation, sent for the family to join him in Kanawha Valley, West Virginia. Here, although a mere child, Booker and his brother were put to work in a salt-furnace. Often they had to work as early as four o'clock in the morning. It was here that the young Booker first learned anything in the way of book knowledge. A young colored boy could read and every night after work he gathered a group around him and tried to teach them. Booker always was eager to learn, and he listened and drank in the words eagerly.

A school was started in this place, but Booker's stepfather had discovered that he had an economic value and that it was more profitable for him to continue his work in the mine. This was a great disappointment to Booker, for he longed for an education. Booker's mother interceded for him, and later he was allowed to attend school a part of every day.

Booker made a marvelous struggle for an education. One day while at work in a coal mine, for his trade had been changed, he overheard two miners talking about a great school for colored people somewhere in Virginia. He heard one tell the other that

not only was the school established for the members of his race, but that opportunities were provided by which poor but worthy students could work all or part of the cost of board, and at the same time be taught some trade or industry. Booker resolved at once to go to that school, although he had no idea where it was, or how many miles away, or how he was going to reach it. In order to obtain a little money before starting he worked for a Mrs. Ruffner for a year and a half, at five dollars a month. He himself states that the lessons that he learned in this woman's home were as valuable to him as any education he received afterwards. She was very strict. Everything had to be in "ship-shape" order.

Finally, after saving a small amount of money, Booker started out for Hampton Institute. Hampton was five hundred miles away from the town in which he had been living, and in those days trains ran only a part of the distance. So, by walking, by taking a stage-coach from town to town when he could afford it, and by working his way along, Booker reached Hampton. His experiences and hardships along the way had been many and his condition upon arrival was poor. It took the principal a long time to decide as to whether this ragamuffin was worthy of entrance, and it was only after she had asked him to sweep and dust the living room, that she even considered his entrance. Booker swept and dusted as never before, and when the principal examined the room and found it spotless she gave him a chance to enter the school and work as a janitor.

There is not sufficient time to dwell upon Booker's life and work at Hampton Institute. He was working untiringly to pay his board, and to show what a poor young negro might do if only given the chance. His clothing and supply of books were meagre, and, had it not been for the generosity of the many friends which he made, I fear that he could not have "kept up." Booker had that happy faculty of making friends easily. He was admired by all, faculty as well as students.

During his last year at Hampton every minute of his time that was not occupied with his duties as janitor was devoted to hard study. He determined to make a record in his class that

would cause him to be placed on the "honor roll" of commencement speakers. This he was successful in doing. It was in June, 1875, when he finished the regular course at Hampton.

After graduating from Hampton, Booker returned to his home town, where he taught in the school for two years. (In 1901, he received the degree of LL. D., from Dartmouth College.)

In 1881, he was chosen as the principal of the Tuskegee Institute, in Alabama. This was a new institution, founded for the purpose of training negroes to become useful citizens. When Dr. Washington took charge of Tuskegee, the only schoolhouse was a shanty, he had only one assistant teacher, and his school consisted of thirty pupils. But, under his direction, it grew in a wonderful manner. Gifts flowed in to the institute, new buildings were erected, and the number of pupils increased rapidly. Today, Tuskegee has one hundred and eighty teachers, and more than fifteen hundred students, and possesses property worth two millions of dollars.

Dr. Washington believed that the best education for his people was one that would train their hands as well as their minds and fit them to earn a living on the farm and in the shop. His idea was, that, by labor and thrift, the negro would acquire property, and that property would bring respect and position. He therefore went among the negroes in all parts of the South and urged them to abandon such studies as Greek and Latin and give their attention to manual and industrial training. A few of the colored people felt that he was right, but many felt that he was wrong. They regarded manual labor as menial labor, and they were afraid that an industrial education would keep them what they had always been—"hewers of wood and drawers of water." Dr. Washington at first made for himself many enemies by his teachings; but as time goes on the colored people probably are coming more and more to believe that he was right.

Dr. Washington died November 17, 1915. He had worked too hard for his cause, but those who knew him felt that he had started a great work, which would continue after his death, and grow rapidly. When the news of his death was spread over the continent, heart went out to heart that a common friend was gone.

**THAT'S WHY!**

Bonnie F. Taylor, '19

Characters:—Auntie (Anti) Preparedness and her nephew,  
U. S. A.

U. S. A.—But, Auntie, why can't I have a gun? All the other fellows have 'em.

Auntie Preparedness (sadly; looking from her window and seeing the others "at play" with their guns)—Yes, they all have them. But, you must remember that we haven't lived long in this street of World Powers. Ours was the very first house of its kind. You know with what interest they've watched us ever since we moved in. They expect us to be different. We must uphold our ideals.

U. S. A.—But I've never had as fine a gun as theirs. We must keep up appearances, even at the sake of our ideals. I'm bigger than any of the others. They'll think it strange that you won't let a boy of my size have a gun. They'll think I'm afraid!

Auntie Preparedness—You must not forget, U. S. A., that you're very large for your age. We don't want them to think you're a coward; but, after all, isn't it wise to be afraid of dangerous things?

U. S. A.—But I'd be very careful with it. I know the others would think more of me if I had one. Do you suppose they want any one in the street who can't keep up with the times?

Auntie Preparedness—Just one question, then, before we decide. If I gave you a nice, new gun—all polished and loaded and in the very best of order—what would be the first thing you'd do?

U. S. A.—What a strange question! I'd shoot, of course!

**DISTANCE**

I saw two stars tonight  
That strolled in the eastern sky  
Like lovers in the moonlight;  
Hand in hand they went,  
Slowly, brightly, and the light  
In their faces was holy and tender and warming,  
So that the cold beams of the moon  
Once more grew gentle, caressing.

I asked their names of him—  
Of my lovers that strolled in the eastern sky;  
He laughed. Lovers? what a strange thought!  
The stars are millions of miles apart;  
They cannot be lovers. And I wondered;  
And, as we walked, I wondered more,  
While the night winds grew cold  
And the moonbeams ceased to caress.



# THE SOROSIS

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## PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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**EDITORIALS**

Three years and the Freshmen will be Seniors. It seems a long time, doesn't it, Freshmen, a score of years, a century or two? Well, it isn't—the Seniors know better; for three years ago they, too, were just nearing the first **ONLY THREE MONTHS MORE!** milestone, and the journey ahead seemed long. And now they have only three months to travel, a paltry quarter of a mile. And the road behind has been traversed as in a dream, a dream that it is pleasant to remember. Old age, the philosopher, should

be rich in happy memories, and, so, we hope, are we. The hardest task we performed in the four years is a pleasant memory now; down to the least infinitesimal fraction we are not sorry for the work that it required. Nor are we sorry for the prizes that we honestly strove for and failed in securing; no, not now, though we may have tried again and again and (this is a confession) at the time may have been keenly disappointed. We are not sorry now, for philosophers as we are and at the same time lovers of Browning, we can say to ourselves:

“What I aspired to be  
And was not, comforts me.”

And we mean it. The dream remains a pleasant memory. If unpleasant things occurred, either we do not remember them or they have now assumed their true perspective, they have discarded their temporary aspect and have ultimately emerged beautiful, like butterflies.

You may like to ask just what in our dream and our memories we prize most highly. Is there something that lies warmest against our hearts? We desire very much to be honest, to tell you if we can. There is much that we treasure. But we think we know. Intricately interwoven in the dream is something that, if it could possibly be torn out altogether, would rend asunder the whole dream fabric and leave it in shreds, a lifeless, useless thing. Can you imagine what this vital something is? Shall we call it friendship, the love of and for people? Take from the years our friendships, the friends that are ours, whether they know it or not, the power which they have engendered in us for the highest love—not the love that takes but that which gives of itself—and the dream becomes vague, and all its beauty fades away into cold mist.

---

Yes, it is possible that you do not enjoy the chapel service, that you attend merely because Student Government law requires it; you secure no good from the meeting, no **TO THE GUILTY** inspiration nor help for your work of the day, no renewed hope nor confidence for the days ahead. Yes, we will concede all this as possible, as probable.

We are not endeavoring to lay the responsibility; we are merely admitting the possibility of such being the case.

However, although you yourself may secure no benefit from chapel attendance, can the same be said of all? We believe not. Those fifteen minutes in the morning of divine worship mean much to many others. They are moments that some of us shall remember in after years, moments of clearer insight into the truths of life, moments of comfort and cheer, when the clouds that threaten are dispelled and the eastern sky is made beautiful with golden lights that radiate hope and promise. It is then that some of us are our best and noblest; when we think our purest thoughts and our kindest; when we love most. And some of us need such moments badly, many of us do—some that you wouldn't think would. And do you know that sometimes it is the girl sitting next to you that has that great need? She may answer you if you speak to her; yes, but her need has not been relieved. You are robbing her of something the value of which you cannot possibly appreciate nor understand, of something intimate and spiritual, that belongs to her personally. Don't do it.

---

### THE ALUMNAE

The marriage of Miss Eva Cohen and Leo Jackson took place in January.

Miss Anna Hunter, who has been very ill, is recovering.

A large number of the Alumnae were with us at the mid-year reception at the Schenley.

Miss Calla Stahlman is teaching in the Freeport High School.

Mrs. James Lowry Rifenberick, '06, is receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter, Ruth, on February 28th.

We are sorry to announce the death of the father of Alice Darrah, '11; also the death of the father of Mrs. Sara Pfeil Barker, '03.

The March meeting of Decade II. will be held at the home of Mrs. Helen Sands Ferry, '01.

Word has been received from Mrs. Helen Sherrard Fuller, '02, of the arrival of a young daughter, Elizabeth Hart Fuller, on March 4th.

---

### MUSIC NOTES

February 22nd the Mandolin Club gave a very interesting concert at the Wilkinsburg Old Ladies' Home. A good dinner was served, and later a moving picture show helped to provide entertainment.

The Club also gave a concert at Ralston School, under the auspices of the Civic Club.

The Home Concert of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs will probably be given next month.

The Whitmer Music Club presented to the College and Pittsburgh for the first time the novelty of a harpsichord recital on the evening of March 10th. The harpsichord was the direct predecessor of the piano. Miss Frances Pelton-Jones, of New York City, was the player of the interesting, old instrument. Mr. Mayhew sang two groups of songs from the period of the harpsichord.

The following students of the School of Music are themselves conducting large classes of students in various parts of Pittsburgh and vicinity: Misses Suzanne Homer, Mildred McWilliams, May Dutson, Martha Bamford, Ruth Chilcott, Edna Evans, Elizabeth McCurdy, Mildred Weston and Mrs. Mayhew. Several are holding church positions, as Miss Alice Horrocks, organist of a Methodist Church and Mrs. Ionia Smith Cuppet, organist of the largest church (Baptist) in Clarksburg, W. Va.

**DRAMATICS**

The Dramatic Club is planning a trip to the Nixon theatre, where they will be shown through the theatre and behind the scenes.

The Seniors have already begun rehearsals for the Senior play, "Mid-summer Night's Dream." The regular weekly rehearsal is at 3:30 p. m. Wednesdays.

Miss Kerst, head of the Expression Department, was ill in the hospital during the last week of February. We are glad that Miss Kerst has fully recovered and is with us again.

---

**Y. W. C. A.**

On Wednesday, February 16th, Miss Pomeroy, of the Central Y. W. C. A. told us in a very interesting way, about the life of Miss Grace Dodge. Miss Dodge was for many years President of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A. She was a very rich woman and used a great deal of her money in Y. W. C. A. work and in brightening the lives of many girls in this country. The influence of "the lengthened shadow of her personality" will be felt for years to come.

At the meeting of the twenty-third of February, we had the pleasure of hearing Miss Isabel Laughlin of New York, who is Secretary of the Joint Committee on Student Work of the Women's Board of the Presbyterian Church. In spite of her long and rather formidable title she spoke in a very entertaining way about the opportunities for practical work which the Presbyterian Church offers to college women. This phase of church work is not often discussed and was very interesting.

A new plan has been adopted this semester by which girls may choose between going to chapel and going to the Y. W. C. A. meeting on Wednesday mornings. If they go to Y. W. C. A. that

is counted the same as chapel attendance. So far, the plan has been very successful and the Association meetings are well attended.

---

### COLLEGE NEWS

Another enjoyable faculty tea was given on Tuesday afternoon, February 8th. The Misses Brownlee, Brownson and Duff were hostesses.

Miss Coolidge was the hostess for the New England Colony Club at P. C. W.

Miss Butterfield sang a group of songs at the Tuesday Musical Club at Memorial Hall, Tuesday afternoon, February 8th.

The most exciting and charming event of the P. C. W. calendar took place Friday evening, February 18th. This most enjoyable affair was the Annual Mid-year Dance, given by the president and faculty of the college, at the Hotel Schenley. New gowns and smiling faces were everywhere in evidence. It is needless to say that everyone had a wonderful time. Even a member of the faculty admitted it was "powerful."

Miss Josephine Paul and Miss Charlotte Hunker presented the statue scene from the Greek drama, "Pygmalion and Galatea" before the Women's Literary Club of Bellevue, recently. It was so highly appreciated that several other clubs of the city have asked to have it repeated. This scene will be given at the College in the near future.

On Saturday afternoon, February 19th, Miss Dorothy Minor was the hostess of a very charming afternoon tea at her home, in honor of her house-guest, Miss Mary Waddell.

Monday morning, February 21st, the class of 1917 donned the academic garb of cap and gown. After chapel the student body sang our Alma Mater, after which the lower classmen remained respectfully standing while the upper classes retired.

The Sorosis wishes to extend its sincerest sympathy to Gertrude Bradt in the recent death of her mother.

Friday evening, March 3rd, the Sophomore class entertained the faculty and college students at an International Cotillion. The decorations consisted of flags and "I am neutral" kewpies. The famous 1918 class banner hung resplendent over the organ. The surprise of the evening was the "Norway" dance, during which the midnight sun shone brilliantly, and everyone awaited a "stunt" with expectancy and were disappointed. "The best dance of all," for which little '18 banners were the favors, closed the pleasant party.

Some of the P. C. W. girls presented a program at the Sarah Heinz Settlement House on the afternoon of March 5th. Elfa Norman sang a number of songs; Josephine Paul gave two readings; Kamala Cornelius spoke on "India;" and the mandolin Club played some selections.

Miss Elinore Salinger was awarded the prize in The Sorosis Cover Design Contest. First honorable mention was given to a design by Virginia Jeffers, '18, and second honorable mention to one by Bryson Finley, '19. The judges were highly pleased with the designs submitted, some of which evinced marked originality and skill on the part of the artists.

Cards have been sent out by Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Goorin for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Sara B. Goorin, and Arthur B. Gatz, which will take place in the Rittenhouse the evening of March 20th. Miss Goorin was formerly a member of the class of 1918. Among Miss Goorin's attendants will be the Misses Sara Shapira, Eleanor Goldsmith, Leora Lewis and Olga Saul, all P. C. W. students.

"Quality Street," a four-act play by J. M. Barrie, was the annual class play of the fourth year girls of Dilworth Hall. It was presented in the assembly hall of the college on the evenings of March 17th and 18th. New scenery and very attractive costumes were features of the entertainment. The cast of the play included all the fourth year girls. The play was given under the direction of Miss Vanda E. Kerst.

On Wednesday morning, March 8th, a lecture on John Knox was given by Rev. W. L. McEwan.

The regular monthly meeting of the Omega Society was held on Saturday evening, March 11th, at seven o'clock, in Miss Coolidge's drawing room. Two short plays by Barrie—"Rosalind" and "The Twelve-pound Look"—were read by members of the society. Miss Frame was hostess.

The regular meeting of the Deutscher Verein will be held on Monday afternoon, March 20th. Paul Heyse's life and some of his work will be discussed. Miss Randolph will be one of the hostesses.

---

## ATHLETICS

P. C. W. has won three of the five basketball games that have been played. The scores were:

|              |                      |    |
|--------------|----------------------|----|
| P. C. W..... | 33—Beaver .....      | 16 |
| P. C. W..... | 12—Westminster ..... | 32 |
| P. C. W..... | 12—Pitt .....        | 39 |
| P. C. W..... | 45—Beaver .....      | 16 |
| P. C. W..... | 44—Westminster ..... | 40 |

And now we are looking forward to the second game with Pitt; yes, in spite of defeat the first time. It is impossible for players to fight and win without the inspiration that can only come from an enthusiastic audience. And so, oh loyal daughters of P. C. W.! come and cheer your team on to victory.

---

## CLASS NOTES

1916

On Friday, February 12th, the Seniors feted themselves at a Valentine supper. Favors, flashlights and speeches were the order of entertainment. Later in the evening, the Seniors were

the guests of the faculty at the faculty play, which proved delightful. We are glad to have Miss Kerst with us again after her illness. We missed her a great deal and hope that she is well for "keeps".

On Thursday and Friday, March 2nd and 3rd, Mrs. Coolidge and Miss Coolidge entertained the Senior Class at informal teas, which were intensely enjoyed by all.

### The Juniors

On Monday morning, February 21st, the "Cap and Gown" service was held in chapel. According to our custom, the Juniors don the cap and gown after the first term of the third year. Immediately before the chapel service began, the procession entered, each Senior accompanying a Junior. Miss Coolidge spoke a few words of welcome, impressing upon us the significance of the academic symbol.

M. J. C (entering a church just as the organist starts to play Lohengrin's "Wedding March")—Oh! listen, Helen, they are playing our "Alma Mater."

Martha (to waitress in Reymers)—Have you black walnut ice cream?

Waitress—Yes, Miss.

Martha—I'll take a chocolate sundae.

R.—How many girls we have in the Dorm by the name of Martha!

Martha C.—I know it; I'm going to change mine just as soon as I can.

### The Sophomores

Wanted—More chairs in the lunch room. At one o'clock the average is often three Sophs to a chair. This is rather dangerous during spirited arguments.

Wanted—Information as to the letters H. G. G., and certain secret meetings of a certain group of suspects.

Wanted—A den. Nuf ced!

The Sophs have to admit the Juniors looked pretty fine when they donned their caps and gowns. But why! oh why! did you all act as though you had stiff necks?

### The Freshmen

The class of nineteen hundred and nineteen are progressive, energetic and enthusiastic in the truest sense of the word. At first they were rather quiet and unassuming (especially in the library), but all that was merely in deference to their upper classmates, to be explicit—the Sophomores. But, now they have come into their own, as it were. Look how 1919 is represented in all the walks of school life. Pick up a Sorosis and, in turning over the pages, you will be sure to find a story, full of "pep," signed ———, '19. Go to the gymnasium and see how 1919 figures on the basketball team. For future exploits of this phenomenal class, see later edition.

Some of our number think they are immortal, but Margaret Hamilton is sure that she is going to die. (You might mend your ways, "Ham"!)

---

### HOUSE

Miss Pauline McCaw visited Martha Crandall for several days.

Winona Sterling attended a House Party at State.

The Reception is over and "talk" is once more what it once was.

The Valentine Party was a very exciting affair. Everyone was dressed in festal array and at about half past six o'clock began to march into the dinnig-room at Berry Hall. An appropriate Valentine place card was at every place. All the faculty were present. The tables were all connected in a way to give the impression of one big table. How appetizing was the dinner! Near the end of the meal some of the Dilworth Hall girls dis-

tributed the presents. These consisted of flowers, candy, books, almost everything one might think of. Before the meal was entirely over, certain ones of the faculty excused themselves for various reasons. It was very mysterious! What were they going to do? After the dinner we went to the assembly hall and danced, and we then found out what those faculty were doing, for we saw the faculty play.

### Vespers

Miss Wilson gave a very interesting illustrated lecture in Vespers, Sunday, February 6th.

On Sunday evening, February 13th, Mr. James Rule, principal of the Central High School, spoke in Vespers on "Conservation." His speech was both entertaining and instructive.

Dr. Fisher spoke in Vespers on Sunday, February 20th. As always, his was a very delightful talk—one not to be forgotten.



### INTERCOLLEGIATE NEWS

Last year an organization called "The Pitt Players" was formed at the University of Pittsburgh. Its purpose is to produce modern plays and to encourage original dramatic effort.

Cornell has a new student council this year. It is composed of sixteen members drawn from all four classes in the University and it exercises jurisdiction over all student activities.

Another dormitory is promised Carnegie Tech.

There is a movement among basketball coaches and authorities to change the rules of the great floor game. The most important change suggested is that of tossing the ball in from the side lines instead of throwing it up in the center at the beginning of the game and after each field goal.

The Cornell Women's Review is a new monthly published by the women students of Cornell.

**EXCHANGES**

The Allegheny Literary Monthly contains an amusing article, "The Mechanics of Short Story Writing." Read it, all you who write the uninteresting theme, and profit thereby.

"Three Pictures from the Pages of Life," in the January Washington-Jeffersonian, brings us strikingly into the atmosphere of those awe-inspiring days of the French Revolution.

The Mount Holyoke for February is "so full of a number of things" that a page might well be used in discussing them. Your department "In Short" is excellent this month. The idea of intercollegiate exchange articles is a big step forward.

We have not received Muhlenberg Weekly for several weeks.

The Sorosis acknowledges the receipt of the following: The Owl, Cornell Era, Mount Holyoke, Washington-Jeffersonian, Pitt Weekly, Franklin, Holead and Echo.

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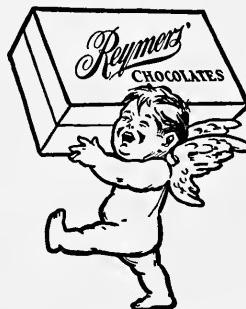
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Vol. XXII.

APRIL, 1916

No. 8.

### VOICES OF SPRING

Ellen B. Crowe, '18

Sing, little robin,  
From your newly built nest,  
Thrill all the world with the song you love best;  
Spring has come dancing over the hills.

Sing, little brook,  
Dashing on toward the sea,  
Re-echo the song in your babbling glee;  
Spring has come dancing over the hills.

Gleam, brilliant sky,  
Let your broad plane of blue,  
Splashed with white and with gray, paint the  
picture anew;  
Spring has come dancing over the hills.

Throbs all new life,  
In the wonder of birth;  
Repeats with new zeal the truth to the earth,  
God is afield on the wakening hills.

—o—

### THE STUDENT OF LINES

Estelle Shepard, '17

Louise Hastings laid down her book, and looked rather petulantly at the calling card that the maid had just given her.

"Tell her I'll be right down, Ann," said Louise as she cast a regretful glance at her interesting book.

She sat down at her dressing table to adjust her hair before going downstairs to her guest. She was intent upon her task,

using the mirror only for a means to help her, not for the purpose of gazing at herself. She didn't notice her clear, frank eyes, her round, but not fat, face, her broad forehead, and long, hooked nose; nor did she realize how unbecoming was her straight, light brown hair, piled in a psyche above her face, nor how stringy wisps of hair hung down before each ear. Though she brushed up the wisps, they would remain in place for only a few moments.

In the parlor she greeted her guest cordially. "Hello, Sarah! I am glad you came over to see me. How have you been? Sit down. Don't you want to take off your hat and coat?" she said in a hasty way.

"Thank you," said Sarah in answer to all Louise's questions. She was a slim, slight, almost delicate girl, with small, cameo-like features, and a gentle voice that seemed to match her dainty appearance. Her daintiness was produced by studied emphasis of her good qualities. She had poise, and ease, and was conscious that she had them.

"It seems a long time since I've seen you," continued Louise in her breezy way. "But it hasn't really been long. Just a great many things have happened."

"Tell me about them," suggested Sarah calmly. She drew her chair a little nearer to Louise's.

"Oh, dear! I don't know where to begin. You tell me about the E. S. A. dinner first."

"It was delightful. The favors, the menu, the speeches, all were different from the ordinary, and satisfying to everyone." She watched Louise brush back the wisp in front of one ear.

"That was great. I wish I might have gone." She brushed back the wisp in front of the other ear. The first wisp had again fallen down. "Come upstairs. I do want to show you the adorable dress I got for the alumni dance."

As the two girls entered the room, Louise said, "Don't mind how things look."

Sarah sat down in a straight chair, and watched Louise get her dress from the wardrobe.

"How are you going to wear your hair, Louise?" she asked.

Louise turned around from the wardrobe. "Why just as I always do!" she exclaimed in surprise.

"I'd wear it differently if I were you."

Louise came back from the wardrobe without the dress. She walked to the cheval glass, and looked at herself.

"Of course it is very untidy now," she said, smoothing the psyche and brushing up the wisps from each ear. "But, it is very comfortable, and no trouble to arrange."

"But it isn't adapted to the lines of your face."

Louise looked at her friend in the mirror, and then turned to look at her directly. "Isn't it?" she asked rather hopelessly. "I had never thought of that!" She turned to consider her features again in the mirror. "Sarah, what are the lines of your face? I've sometimes read of them in 'Beauty Talks,' but I never knew what they meant, and I never heard anyone say anything about them."

Sarah laughed musically and delicately. "Dear me! One would think you were quite a child, Louise. Let me show you."

She walked over to the dresser, picked up a hand glass and gave it to her friend.

"Now look at your profile," she sweetly ordered. "You have a long nose, that is—"

"Hook-shaped," added Louise brusquely.

"That isn't perfectly straight," continued Louise with a smile. "Your chin is rather prominent, and you have a very long line from your chin to the crown of your head. That length of line is emphasized by your psyche. Don't you see, these are some of the things you ought to consider."

Louise stood gazing at the profile, unfamiliar yet familiar to her.

Sarah watched her with enjoyment. At last she interrupted her hostess. "You haven't shown me the dress yet."

Louise put down the mirror and somewhat thoughtfully got out the dress.

"It is pretty," said Sarah, simply. Her words suggested that she was chary of praise.

Louise's enthusiasm returned. "I do like it myself."

After a discussion on the lines of the dress, carried on mostly by Sarah, she rose to go.

"I have enjoyed being here, Louise. I hope you will have a good time at the dance. Good-bye. You needn't see me to the door, I know the way." She walked out of the room daintily, and gracefully.

"Good-bye," she called again in her musical voice, from the foot of the stairs.

But Louise did not answer her. She picked up the hand mirror and again studied her profile.

"For goodness' sake!" she exclaimed to herself, "I have lines. She said I had a long line from my chin to the crown of my head and that line was emphasized by my psyche."

She sat down before her dresser, and pulled out her hairpins, and shook down her thick, short hair. She parted her hair on one side, and made an eight at the back of her neck. She picked up the mirror again.

"There, Louise, that does look better," she said to herself. "But those wisps show." She tried in vain to pin them up. Suddenly she got up, heated a poker and curled them.

"There," she said, "I've done it. I know it's hard on my hair. I always said I'd never do it. But I have." She smiled at her reflection.

The maid entered, and handed her another card. She raised her eyebrows in surprise as she read the name.

"I will go right down," she said. "I'm glad my hair looks nice, for Miss Mason," she added to herself.

She walked slowly down the stairs and into the parlor. "How do you do, Miss Mason?" she said, holding out her hand to the tall, well-dressed young woman before her.

Maude Mason gave her a limp, soft hand, and allowed Louise to squeeze the finger tips.

The two girls sat down more or less embarrassed by formality.

"Won't you take off your wraps?" asked Louise after a moment's awkwardness.

"Thank you," replied the guest, "I believe I will." She

threw back her furs, and slipped off her coat. Louise was watching her closely.

"And your hat?" she suggested. "If she takes it off," she thought, "I can see how her hair is arranged."

"No, thank you."

Louise hoped her face did not show her disappointment. In desperation, she began to talk of the weather, and then of school.

Miss Mason said only "Yes," "No," or "I think so, too."

Louise squirmed uneasily. She made a motion to brush back the wisps of hair, and smiled as she felt the soft, fluffy curls instead of long, straight wisps.

"Are you interested in music?" asked Louise, hoping to find some common ground of conversation.

"Yes," replied Miss Mason. As an afterthought she added, "Do you play the piano?"

"A little," Louise answered modestly.

"Won't you play?" An eager note came into Maude's tones.

Louise thought for a moment of the stilted, forced conversation; then she went to the piano. As she sat down on the piano bench she half unconsciously brushed back the wisps of hair. The soft, curly feeling brought a mental picture of her face as she had studied it in the mirror. She readjusted several hairpins in the back of her hair.

She played a few chords, and then, without any notes, began Mendelsohn's "Spring Song." Instead of playing the familiar piece almost by instinct, she found herself considering what chord came next. Among the thoughts and struggles for the next bar or measure, her mind wandered to Maude Mason. She wondered if her guest had a good view of her profile, and if she were a student of lines.

"She surely must be," thought Louise, "for everything about her is harmonious."

Louise turned her head a little, that Maude might have a clearer outline.

A discord jerked back her wandering thoughts. She forgot her notes, and stopped helplessly.

"I don't know what is wrong with me," Louise said with a red face. She rose hesitatingly.

"Do go on, Miss Hastings," said Maude. "I think it is wonderful to play without notes."

Louise sat down again. She played chords uncertainly as though she were trying to decide what to play. She began the "Melody in F." She watched her hands while she played, and wondered how they looked to Miss Mason. Again she stopped in confusion.

With a very red face, Louise returned to her former seat. She brushed back her hair.

"Do you ever attend Mr. Heinroth's recitals?" asked Miss Mason.

She looked directly at Louise. Louise dropped her eyes, and, realizing she was blushing, she thought, "Are red cheeks becoming to me, I wonder?"

She was dimly aware that something was expected of her. "Yes?" she said half questioningly.

"I do, too," said Maude, as though she were admitting a fault. "It is quite plebeian, of course. But I like the music just the same."

"Where, did you say?" asked Louise.

"Why, at Carnegie Hall."

"Did you mean the Ellis concerts?" asked Louise still floundering in the unknown.

Maude raised her voice a little as though the other girl were somewhat deaf. "I said 'Mr. Heinroth's recitals'."

Louise blushed. She made no apology.

After a few moments of awkward silence Maude rose to go.

"I am glad you came," said Louise as she handed her guest her coat and furs.

When Maude had gone, Louise stood looking out of the door for several minutes. Almost unconsciously she brushed back the curly hair in front of her ears.

**OUR GOVERNMENT OF THE PHILIPPINES**

Martha Temple, '18

Although we do not hear much about the Philippines in these days of European warfare and trouble in Mexico, the relations between the United States and those islands are in a rather serious condition. For a great many years the Philippines have been a credit to the United States as an example of the successful management of a colony, but under the present administration we are losing the good reputation we have had, and a great deal of harm may be done if the present policy is continued.

At the beginning of the present administration President Wilson appointed as Governor-General of the Philippines Mr. Francis Burton Harrison, a Democratic member of Congress. Under Mr. Harrison's leadership our policy toward the Philippines has changed and a great deal more power has been given the Filipinos.

There are two branches of the Philippine legislature. The Assembly, or lower branch, has since 1907, been composed exclusively of Filipinos elected by popular vote. The Philippine Commission is appointed by the President of the United States and formerly was composed of five Americans and four Filipinos, the Governor-General being president of the body. Now the Filipinos have the majority and they have had charge of this last year of legislation.

There are conflicting reports in the United States as to the success of this year of legislation. According to statements made by Senor Manuel Quezon, Resident Commissioner from the Philippines at Washington, this year has been very successful. He says the Filipinos have proved that they can do the work, as the major proportion of bills were framed and presented by Filipinos. He says that for the first time since the Philippines have been under the control of the United States there has existed "perfect accord in aims and principles between the Governor-General and the two houses." Professor Thomas L. Blayney, an American who was sent by the Albert Kahn Foundation of Paris

to study the situation in the Philippines, says in an article in the "Review of Reviews":

"Another matter of disillusionment for those of us who have been guided by feelings of sentiment toward the independence movement is to learn, on studying the situation on the ground, that much that we have heard about the excellent work and disinterested patriotism of the Philippine Assembly is not borne out by the facts. Space will not permit even the mention of the many accounts of the inefficiency of these lawgivers. It might be noted, however, that the last Assembly occupied, despite the more or less direct protests of the Governor, a great part of its time with questions relating to political posts and appointments, and it was with the greatest difficulty induced to discuss the budget."

In the same article, Prof. Blayney tells of the disastrous results which have followed the appointment of Filipino office-seekers to succeed able, efficient Americans. It seems that Filipinos have been appointed, in order to keep in favor with the political "ring," when they had no qualifications whatsoever for the position. One instance of this is seen in the following account:

"The post of Assistant Director of the Bureau of Agriculture was to be filled. Without even consulting the American Director of the Bureau, the Governor-General promised the post, at the request of the Speaker of the Assembly, to a henchman of the latter, the then Governor of the Province of Pampanga \* \* \* \* Now, it so happened that the Filipino Governor selected for the post by the 'ring' and accepted by the Governor-General had been one of the most obstinate of the native governors about carrying out the hygienic orders issued by the Bureau for the prevention of the spread of cattle disease, and a man who had caused the Bureau in the past endless trouble. And yet here he was being placed by the Administration in a position to enforce in an executive capacity the very regulations which he had insistently ignored." The Director tried to impress the Governor-General with the impossibility of the situation and even threatened to resign before the man was removed. "This incident

shows the happy-go-lucky and reckless manner in which appointments are promised where ‘politics,’ and not ‘efficiency,’ is the watchword.”

A bill was presented before the last session of Congress concerning self-government in the Philippines. The three important features of the bill are: first, a declaration of the intention and purpose of the United States to recognize the independence of the Philippine Islands as soon as a stable government shall have been established therein; second, provisions enlarging the scope of self-government in the islands, by granting to the insular administration certain specified powers not heretofore enjoyed by it, and by establishing an elective senate in the islands, thus making both branches of the Philippine Legislature elective and responsible to the Filipino people; third, provisions declaring the nature of relations between the United States and the Philippines, and giving absolute, ultimate veto power to the President of the United States. Senor Quezon, in Washington, in a magazine called “The Filipino People,” says that the Filipinos want independence very much, and he urges that the bill be passed in this session of Congress, since it was defeated last year.

Prof. Blayney says, however, that after talking with “representative Filipinos who are not themselves political aspirants” he learned “that independence is not desired at this time by men of this type. Every one of them gave it as his opinion that revolution would certainly follow the lowering of the Flag.”

Ex-President Taft, former Governor-General of the Philippines, says that the Filipinos should not have self-government until they are ready for it, which will not be for at least two generations; until the youth of the country can be educated in English and can be trusted to carry on their own government. If they get their independence now the only result in sight is deterioration.

Another phase of this Philippine question is the political importance it is assuming in this country. Mr. Taft wrote the introduction to a small pamphlet published not long ago, “The Unhappy Conditions in the Philippines.” In this introduction he attributed the conditions described to the “blind and foolish”

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policy of President Wilson and Governor-General Harrison. Secretary of War Garrison replied to these remarks by saying that the Republicans are trying to lay foundations for the next campaign. He upholds the policy toward the Philippines and says that "conditions governmentally considered were never better than they are today." Concerning this controversy the "Literary Digest," of December 11th, says, "Mr. Taft claims and believes that the demoralization of the public service, of industry, commerce and education has been very serious. Mr. Garrison claims and believes that this has been grossly exaggerated by Republican critics for party reasons. The truth is perhaps between the two extremes."

The question should be considered, however, not from the standpoint of political prejudices, but to find out the truth of the matter and then to act in the way that will be best for the Filipino people in the long run. They should not be given independence now, just because a few of them want it, when the results would be so disastrous.

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### HOW TO TELL STORIES TO CHILDREN

Jo Herald, '17

Let us first consider the primary matter of the aim in educational story-telling. A story is essentially and primarily a work of art, and its chief function must be sought in the line of the uses of art. The message of the story is the message of beauty; its part in the economy of life is to give joy. And the purpose and working of the joy is found in that quickening of the spirit which answers every perception of the truly beautiful in the arts of man.

Knowing the aim of the story it is very important that we be able to select the right kind of a story to tell. And the following questions are very good tests. First we have the little children: (1) is the story full of action, in close, natural sequence? (2) are the images simple without being humdrum? and (3) is the story repetitive? Examples of very popular stories for

small children are: "The Three Little Pigs," "The Three Bears," and "The Old Woman and the Pig."

In the fifth grade, sometimes sooner, we find the temper of mind which asks continually, "Is that true?" To meet this demand one draws on historical and scientific anecdote, and on reminiscence. But the demand is never so exclusive that fictitious narrative need be cast aside. All that is necessary is to state frankly that the story is "just a story," or—if it be the case—that it is "part true and part story."

In all grades the telling of Bible stories is urged, especially the Christ-story. Other classes of stories that are suitable are: the Fairy Story, the Nonsense Tale, the Nature Story, and the Historical Story. Many stories can be told successfully to all grades. A vitally good story is little limited in its appeal.

It is often necessary to adapt material; for stories simple, direct and filled with sufficient action for telling, at the same time having the beautiful or valuable content we desire for children, do not lie hidden in every book. Certain general principles of adaptation which have proved valuable may be stated thus: to reduce a long story, eliminate secondary threads of narrative, extra personages, description, and unimportant events; to lengthen a short story, realize imagination; for both, keep close logical sequence, a single point of view, simple language, and the point of the end. Selection, and, if necessary, adaptation are the preliminaries to the act of story-telling.

As before stated, a story is a work of art, a message, as all works of art are. To tell a story, then, is to pass on the message. The story-teller is the passer-on, the interpreter, the transmitter. He comes bringing a gift. Always he gives; always he bears a message.

If we are to be story-tellers the first demand on us is that we possess. We must feel the story. Whatever the particular quality and appeal of the work of art is, from the lightest to the grandest emotion or thought, we must have responded to it, sensed it, felt it intimately before we can give it out again. Listen, humbly, for the message. The transmittible thing in a story is the identifying essence, the characterizing savor, the peculiar

quality and viewpoint of the humor, pathos or interest. We must cultivate our feeling, striving toward increasing it by just appreciation; and we should never tell a story we do not feel. Let us then set down as a prerequisite for good story-telling, a genuine appreciation of the story.

We should tell our story in such a wise that our hearers will get the same kind of impression as we ourselves received from it. Sara Cove Bryant says, "I believe the inner secret of success is the measure of force with which the teller wills the conveyance of his impression to the hearer." There is something approaching hypnotic suggestion in the close connection of effort and effect, and in the elimination of self-consciousness from speaker and listeners alike.

Story-telling has its technique. The following suggestions are an attempt to state what seem the foundation principles of that technique.

First of all comes a rule without which any other would be but folly—know your story. The halting tongue, the slip in name or incident, the turning back to forge an omitted link in the chain, the repetition, the general weakness of statement, consequent or imperfect grasp: these are common features of the stories one hears told. And they are features which will deface the best story ever told. We must know our story absolutely. Such knowledge does not mean memorizing. Memorizing utterly destroys the freedom of reminiscence, takes away the spontaneity, and substitutes a mastery of form for a mastery of essence. It means, rather, a perfect grasp of the gist of the story, with sufficient familiarity with its form to determine the manner of its telling. The easiest way to obtain this mastery is to analyze the story into its simplest elements of plot. Strip it bare of style, description, interpolation, and find out simply what happened. One has, thus, the framework of the story. The next process is the filling in. The best process of filling in is to tell it over and over, to an imaginary hearer. For talking it out, instantly brings to light the weak spots in one's recollection. And when these faults have been corrected by several attempts, the method gives a confidence, a sense of sureness, which makes the real tell-

ing to a real audience ready and spontaneously smooth. Sureness, ease, freedom, and the effect of personal reminiscence come only from complete mastery.

The next suggestion is a purely practical one concerning the preparation of physical conditions. We should see that the children are seated in close and direct range of our eye. The familiar half-circle is the best arrangement, but the teller should be at a point opposite the centre of the arc, not in the centre; it is important also not to have the ends too far at the side and to have no child directly behind another, or in such a position that he has not an easy view of the teller's full face. It is, of course, desirable that we should obtain hushed quiet before beginning; but, it is not so important as it is to preserve our own mood of holiday and theirs.

The children ready, our own mood must be ready. It is desirable that the spirit of the story should be imposed upon the room from the beginning; thus, result hangs on the clearness and intensity of the teller's initiatory mood. An act of memory and of will is the requisite. We must call up the essential emotion of the story as we felt it first. A single act of volition puts us in touch with the characters and the movement of the tale.

From the very start, the mood of the tale should be definite and authoritative, beginning with the mood of the teller and emanating therefrom in proportion as the physique of the teller is a responsive medium.

Knowing our story, and having our hearers well arranged, also being as thoroughly as we are able in the right mood, we are ready to begin. We should tell it, then, simply, directly, dramatically, with zest.

"Simply" applies both to manner and matter. In manner, we should tell our story without affectation, without any form of pretense, in short, without posing. Naturalness, being one's self, is the main thing. Then as to matter. Since the art of storytelling is primarily an art of entertainment, its very object is sacrificed if the ideas and images do not slip into the child's consciousness smoothly enough to avoid the sense of strain. For

this reason short, familiar, vivid words are best ; and there should be no taint of mystery.

Directness in telling a story is a most important quality. The story's movement must be unimpeded, increasingly swift, winding up "with a snap." The incidents should be told one after another, without explanation or description beyond what is absolutely necessary, and they should be told in logical sequence.

Sometimes, to be sure, a side remark adds piquancy and a personal savor. But the general rule is, great discretion in this respect. Explanations and moralizing are mostly sheer clutter. Brevity, close logical sequence, exclusion of foreign matter, unhesitant speech,—to use these is to tell a story directly.

After simplicity and directness comes the dramatic quality. It means not in the manner of the elocutionist, not excitably, but with a whole-hearted throwing of one's self into the game, which identifies one in a manner with the character or situation of the moment. It means responsively, vividly, without interposing a blank wall of solid self between the drama of the tale and the mind's eye of the audience. But do not pretend. Do nothing you cannot do naturally and happily. The expression must always remain suggestive rather than illustrative. The dramatic quality of a story-telling depends closely upon the clearness and power with which the story-teller visualizes the events and characters he describes. We must see what we say.

The last quality is zest. It is altogether necessary to be interested in our story, to enjoy it as we tell it. If we are bored and tired, the children will be bored and tired, too. If we are not interested our manner cannot get that vitalized spontaneity which makes dramatic power possible. We should tell our story with all our might, but this does not mean laboriously. True zest can be—it often is—extremely quiet, but it gives a savor nothing else can impart.

In conclusion there are two things to be said. The first is the wisdom of choosing stories in which we originally have interest, and of having a store large enough to permit variety. In the second place, if interest is lacking, "make believe." Pretend

as hard as ever you can to be interested; and the result will be interest.

To sum it all up, then, the method likely to bring success in telling stories includes sympathy, grasp, spontaneity; we must appreciate the story, and know it; and then, using the realizing imagination as a constant vivifying force, and dominated by the mood of the story, we must tell it with all our might—simply, vitally, joyously.

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### HENCE A CAKE

Leila Hill, '16

"One, two, three."

A baby voice sang the words out with confidence; then it went on hesitantly:

"Six—four—eight."

Then came a sharp silence. The gate squeaked slowly back, to the impelling force of Helen's little foot on the gravel walk. It was heaps of fun to swing on the front gate. But Helen wasn't thinking about that. Her round, rosy face puckered up in a serious expression. Then the little voice sang out happily:

"Five, ten."

Two slate grey eyes looked solemnly at two pink, chubby hands that grasped the pointed palings.

"Yef, dat's how many I ate! Ten piefes."

Mentally Helen lived over the joys of yesterday.

"Maybe somebody'll have another party," she murmured aloud.

Helen again lapsed into contemplative silence. She was living over the party of the day before. But somehow one part stood out more prominently than any other—the cake. How she had loved it and how horrified her mother would have been had she been there to have witnessed her little daughter's excessive appetite. Helen was still reveling in dreams and visions when her mother called her.

"Helen, dear, I want you to go to the store."

"All right."

Helen always obeyed mechanically; without thinking, when mother called she always went.

"Go down to Smith's and get a dozen of eggs. Now you won't forget, will you?"

"No, I won't forget!"

"Well, run along and hurry, dear; mamma's making a cake."

Helen turned and scampered down the walk. Mamma was making a cake! The charms of yesterday returned with three-fold vigor. If there was to be a cake, surely there was going to be another party. Her mind ran rapidly on. Before she knew it she had passed the store and was a square on the other side of it. The sound of a familiar voice aroused her from her dream.

"Hello! Whe're you going, Helen?"

It was her little playmate, Alice.

"Oh, oh, Alice! Muver's making a cake, she is, an' maybe we're going to have a party."

"Oh! gee, Helen, go on invite me."

Helen hesitated. Mother hadn't said that they were going to have a party.

"Ah, all right for you, Helen! I'll be mad if you don't invite me."

Alice pouted her rosy lips and turned her back. It was sufficient. Helen's chubby hand pulled at her skirt.

"Ah! tome on, Alice, you're invited. I guess we're dooing to have a party."

Immediately the gloom vanished. Alice beamed upon her hostess.

"Who else are you going to ask?"

"I don't know," wavered Helen.

But Alice knew. In a very few minutes she had named half the children in the neighborhood and was hurrying Helen along to invite them. As they passed the store, Helen had a sense of having forgotten something.

"Muver said I was to get something at the store!"

"What was it? Do let's hurry."

"I don't remember."

"Well, silly, you can't get it then."

"Oh, but muver said, 'Now don't forget'!"

Helen and Alice stared in at the store window. Finally by degrees Helen remembered.

"Eggs," she said suddenly.

Soon the two were issuing from the door with the eggs in a large, yellow bag.

About an hour later a very tired little girl pushed open the front gate. Behind her thronged a motley crowd of children. Helen had not been discriminating in giving her invitations. In her hand the yellow bag hung limp; down the front of her pink and white dress dripping egg-yolks left a yellow trail.

"Oh, honey, where have you been?"

Helen's mother flew down the walk and gathered her baby, broken eggs and all, into her arms.

"Mother has been hunting for you everywhere."

Mother's baby was so tired! Without a word she burst into sobs. The invited guests stood back in amazement. This was not what they had expected. Alice waited for some word of encouragement; then took it upon herself to speak.

"Where's the party? We came to the party."

Helen's mother became conscious of the other children for the first time. She looked from them to the weeping child in her arms.

"Wasn't the cake for a party, muver?"

Helen's mother smiled softly with a look of sympathy.

"Yes, it was; come in, girls and boys."

At sunset a happy crowd of children trooped away from Helen's porch bearing with them sweet memories of baker's cakes and ice cream. Helen leaned her baby head upon her mother's shoulders and smiled happily, while a very tired little arm waved good-bye.

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**CRADLE SONG**

Gertrude Levis Frame, '16

Swaying boughs and whispering leaves,  
Downy nest and evening breeze,  
Hush! my baby, bye!

Sleepy rose and nodding vine,  
Go to sleep, wee one of mine!  
Hush! my baby, bye!

Gently lulled on mother's breast!  
She and all the world at rest,  
Hush! my darling sleeps.

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**BROWNING'S MUSIC POEMS**

Kathryn Robb, '16

Seldom in the history of the race can one be found who as a young man was able to ask himself, "Shall I prepare myself to be a poet, artist or musician?" Browning was able to ask himself this question. The poet triumphed, but the other two were not lost.

In many of his poems, music is introduced as an accessory to the general effect, as in "The Grammarian's Funeral," or "Up at a Villa," or "Serenade at a Villa." "Saul" cannot strictly be called a music poem, but it is especially rich in musical allusion. It is certainly significant that the troubled spirit of Israel's first king was soothed by the strains of a shepherd minstrel.

There are four poems primarily concerned with music and musicians: "A Toeeata of Galuppi's," "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha," "Charles Avison" and "Abt Vogler."

In the first mentioned poem, a scene rises before us as Galuppi plays his Toeeata on his tinkling clavichord of the day,—the beautiful Italian spring weather, the warm sea, the balls and masks, the group of dancers and, finally, a glimpse of a Venetian beauty.

“Cheeks so round and lips so red,—  
On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell  
    flower on its bed  
O'er the breast's superb abundance where a  
    man might base his head?”

In the Venetian music typified by the Toccata, Browning sees mirrored the superficial life of the Venice of that day, the emptiness, vanity and fleshiness hidden under a polished exterior, the utter absence of aims beyond the present. A thought makes him shudder.

“Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice  
    spent what Venice earned.  
The soul, doubtless, is immortal—where a soul  
    can be discerned.

“Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha” is an entirely different poem from the preceding one. It is in a lighter vein. Master Hugues is very probably fictitious since no mention of him can be found in any historical records. The name evidently was invented for the express purpose of rhyming with “fugues.” The old organist, Master Hugues, remaining in the loft after the service is over, calls to witness and questions the composer of the fugue he has just played.

“What do you mean by your mountainous fugues?”  
Then follows a witty description of a fugue in which the organist tries to find out the meaning of it. He finds it to be a rattling, hair-splitting argument, like a gilt roof covered with spider webs. The strengthening of these cobwebs of form is blotting out the gold of true music.

“So your fugue broadens and thickens,  
    Greatens and deepens and lengthens,  
Till we exclaim—‘But where's music, the dickens?  
    Blot ye the gold, while your spider web strengthens,  
    —Blacked to the stoutest of tickens?’ ”

Life is a complex weaving till death end it all with a knife

and man gets small sight of heaven through his “comments and glozes” covering God’s gold. At last he gives up in despair and declares:

“Clear the arena!  
Say the word, straight I unstop the full-organ,  
Blare out the mode Palestrina.”

In this poem is found an expression of Browning’s attitude to music, i. e., that the truth that music can express is not of the mind, knowledge; but of the soul, feeling.

From a discussion of the fugue, Browning turns to a consideration of the march of “Charles Avison,” the almost forgotten organist of St. Nicholas Church, New Castle. The important question is asked in the poem:

“Does mind get knowledge from art’s ministry?”

The artist does not create by making something out of nothing. His faculty merely consists in his imaginative power to shape anew material which already exists. Instead of mind’s getting knowledge from art’s ministry, art would be but a frail flower were it not for mind’s ministry.

“Charles Avison” is not the example of perfection as is “Abt Vogler.” Symonds calls “Abt Vogler” the “richest, deepest and fullest poem on music in the language.” The true conception of art he gives in three exquisite poems, but he gives us no perfect painter. He has given us a perfect musician, an example of a noble life.

The old Abbe has improvised on his organ and he regrets that “this beautiful building” has vanished seemingly forever. Comparing his extemporization to a palace, he likens the organ keys to a crowd of builders, uniting to raise the building with rampired walls of gold, until by a great effort the “pinnacled glory reached and the pride of my soul was in sight.” Then follows the perfect moment of his artistic life.

“What never had been, was now; what was,  
as it shall be anon;  
And what is,—shall I say, matched both? for  
I was made perfect too.”

Browning in this poem was face to face with the creative spirit of the human soul and he tried to express it. In "Charles Avison," he has not risen to such heights. We are, as it were, hemmed in by technicalities.

"To strike all this life dead,  
Run mercury into a mould like lead,  
And henceforth have the plain result to shout  
How we feel, hard and fast as what we know,—  
This were the prize and puzzle!"

In "Abt Vogler" we may have a glimpse of Heaven.

"There shall never be one lost good! What  
was, shall live as before;  
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying  
sound;  
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil,  
so much good more;  
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven,  
a perfect round."

Finally, in the last line of the poem, after feeling for the common chord, the Abbe reaches the original key:

"The C Major of this life: so, now I will try  
to sleep."

Perhaps in this line there is a reminiscence of Shumann's belief that in music the simpler and more natural feelings find fit expression in keys of a few sharps or flats, while complex emotions require music of fuller signature. There are many instances that Browning understood the technicalities of music thoroughly. In the "Toccata of Galuppi's" he speaks of,

"Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished,  
sigh on sigh,  
\* \* \* Those suspensions, those solutions— \* \* \*  
Those commiserating sevenths."

In "Charles Avison," he "modulates through the key of A minor with the Lesser Third," followed by "the bold C major."

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It is noticeable in these poems that all Browning's musical symbolism is drawn from instrumental music, the fugues, toccatas, improvisation on the organ—the abstract expression of thought and feeling by sound alone, unaided by words. We have the keynote of his art convictions when he said:

“Music alone can pierce the mists of falsehood  
Which intervene between the soul and truth.”

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**A P A R T**

Louise Reinecke, '17

Come, little, foreign baby girl,  
And join our happy band;  
Don't stand apart from game and song,  
But play with heart and hand.

We will not laugh nor mock at you  
If you should fail to know  
Each little word or novel rule,—  
Come, play, and learn to grow.

For other little baby souls,  
Like yours are just as sad;  
So play, be happy, gay and free,  
Then help to make them glad.

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**PERSONAL IDENTITY**

Mary Edna Balsiger, '17

Personality is one of those ideas with which we are so familiar that we have lost sight of the foundation upon which it rests. We regard our personality as a simple, definite whole; as something which can be seen going about the streets or sitting indoors at home, which stays with us our lifetime, and about the confines of which there is no doubt within the minds of our

friends. But, nevertheless, this "we," which looks so simple and definite, is made up of many component parts, which are continually warring with each other. Indeed, our perception of our existence at all is perhaps the result of this very clash of warfare, as our sense of sound and light is due to the jarring of vibrations.

Moreover, as the component parts of our identity change from moment to moment, our personality can only be considered in the light of the present, which has no logical existence, but lives only upon the sufferance of the past and future, slipping out of one or the other the moment we try to apprehend it. Our personality is such a fleeting thing that when we try to determine of what it consists, or to draw a line as to where it begins or ends, we find ourselves completely baffled.

Considering our daily experiences, our bodies are certainly a part of our personality; therefore to say that our personality stops with the destruction of the body does not seem an illogical conclusion. We are now confronted with the difficulty as to the limits of our bodies. They are composed of parts so unessential as not to enter into personality at all, as the nails, hair, etc. Again, there are other parts which are very important, as our hands, feet, arms, legs, etc., but still are not essential parts or "ourselves," or, "soul," which continues to exist in spite of their amputation. Other parts, as the brain, heart and blood are so essential that they cannot be dispensed with; yet it is impossible to say personality consists in any one of them.

Each one of these component parts of personality is continually being torn down and built up again, all the while being supported in the process by the food we eat, the air we breathe, and the water we drink. Our food and drink before we take them are not a part of our personality, but after we have done so, they cannot be separated from us without the destruction of our personality altogether. But who can tell just the precise moment our food becomes a part of ourselves? A coat, for example, as it lies over the back of a chair is not a part of its owner, but when it is worn it would seem so, as a kind of food which warms, the loss of which might kill him of cold.

If this be denied, and a man's clothes be considered as no part of his self, nevertheless they, with his money, and possibly his religious principles, stamp a man's individuality as strongly as any natural feature could stamp it.

Our only solid foundation is, as in the case of the earth's crust, pretty near the surface of things; the deeper we try to go, the damper and darker and altogether more uncongenial we find it. Therefore, unmindful of where personality begins or leaves off and assuming that we know what is meant by the word "person," we say we are one and the same from the moment of our death, so that whatever happens to anyone, or is done by him, between birth and death, is said to happen to one individual, or to be done by him. This in practice is found to be sufficient for the law courts and the purpose of daily life.

Sameness is not held to its strictest meaning, because no one will deny that no man can remain one and the same person two moments together, any more than two successive moments can be one and the same moment; in that case, our present self would not be in reality the same with the self of yesterday, but another like self, or person, coming up in its room and mistaken for it, to which another self will succeed tomorrow.

How arbitrary current notions concerning identity really are, may be perceived by reflecting upon some of many different phases of reproduction. Wherever there is a separate centre of thought and action, we see that it is connected with its successive stages of being, by a series of infinitely small changes from moment to moment. A moth lays an egg, which egg becomes a caterpillar, which caterpillar, after going through several stages, becomes a chrysalis, which chrysalis becomes a moth. As in this case the appreciable effect of the branching out of the new centers of action has no more effect upon the parent stock than the fall of an apple full of ripe seeds has upon an apple tree. Hence we, in common with most living human beings, ignore the offspring as forming part of the personality of the parent, except in so far as we make the father liable for its support and extravagances for twenty-one years of its life.

Nor yet does personality depend upon any consciousness or

sense of such personality on the part of the creature itself—it is not likely that the moth remembers having been a caterpillar, more than we ourselves remember having been children of a day old. It depends simply upon the fact that the various phases of existence have been linked together, and like a continuous stream have flowed one out from the other. This is the very essence of personality, but it involves the probable unity of all animal and vegetable life, as being, in reality, nothing but one single creature, of which the component members are but, as it were, blood corpuscles, or individual cells, life being sort of a leaven, which, if once introduced into the world, will leaven it altogether. Indeed no difficulty would probably be felt about admitting the continued existence of personal identity between parents and their offspring through all times, were it not that after a certain time the change in outward appearance between ancestors and descendants becomes very great, the two seeming to stand so far apart, that it seems absurd in any way to say that they are one and the same being; much in the same way as after a time—though exactly where no one can say—the Thames becomes the sea. Moreover, the separation of identity is far more desirable to us than its continuity. We want to be ourselves; we do not want anyone else to claim part of our identity.

Nevertheless we are in the habit of considering that our personality, or, soul, no matter where it begins or ends, and no matter what it comprises, or from what it sprung, is nevertheless a single thing, unconnected with other souls. Yet there is nothing more certain than that this is not all the case, but that every individual person is a compound creature, made up of an infinite number of distinct centres of sensation and will, each one of which is personal, and has a soul, an individual existence, a reproductive system, intelligence, and memory of its own, with probably its hopes and fears, its times of scarcity and repletion, and with a strong conviction that it is itself the centre of the universe.

True no one is aware of more than one individuality in his own person at one time; yet there is a something which blinds

us, so that we cannot see how completely possessed we are by the souls which influence us when we become mere processes. Even when we are alone, and uninfluenced by other people except in so far as we remember their wishes, we yet generally conform to the usages which the current feeling of our peers has taught us to respect. Thus it is that we can never escape the parasites which abound within us; whose actions often cause men to commit grave crimes, make lunatics of them or kill them. The question arises: these parasites, are they a part of us or no? There is no line possible to distinguish those that are part of us, and the parasites which are not part of us.

Mr. Darwin explains it by concluding that each cell in the human body is a person with an intelligent soul, of a low class, perhaps, but still differing from our own more complex soul in degree, and not in kind; and, like ourselves, being born, living, and dying. So that each single creature, whether man or beast, proves to be as a ray of white light, which, though single, is compounded of the red, blue, and yellow rays. It would appear, then, as though "we," "our souls," or, "selves," or, "personalities," are but the full-flowing streams of countless sensations and impulses on the part of our tributary souls, or, "selves," who probably know no more that we exist, and that they exist as a part of us, than that a fly knows the results of spectrum analysis.

We conclude, therefore, that it is within the common scope and meaning of the words "personal identity," not only that one creature can become many, as the moth becomes manifold in her eggs, but that each individual is composed of many subordinate individualities which have their separate lives within him, with their hopes and fears, these individualities being born and dying within us, many generations of them, during our lifetime. "An organic being," writes Mr. Darwin, "is a microcosm, a little universe, formed of a host of self-propagating organisms, unconceivably minute, and numerous as the stars in heaven." As these myriads of smaller organisms are parts and processes of us, so are we but parts and processes of life at large.

**SPRING-TIME**

Emily S. Kates, '18

How sweet is Pennsylvania in the spring-time of the year,  
When the brooks from icy coverts gurgling leap;  
And the airy sunbeams dance on the rivulet's expanse,  
Where the violets from the grasses shyly peep.  
From wooded hills and vales the echoes ring,  
Oh! sweet is Pennsylvania in the spring!

How sweet is Pennsylvania in the spring-time of the year,  
With the apple blossoms whiter than the snow;  
Her dewy grasses gleaming and her verdant vesture beaming,  
All earth in beauty smiling everywhere you go.  
Then we listen to the news the breezes bring,  
Oh sweet is Pennsylvania in the spring!

How sweet is Pennsylvania in the spring-time of the year,  
When the north receives the pleasures of the south;  
When the feathered folk assemble and the air is all a-tremble,  
As the gaily chanted chorus bursts from every happy mouth.  
Then our hearts within us swell and sing,  
Oh! sweet is Pennsylvania in the spring!

How sweet is Pennsylvania in the spring-time of the year,  
With its happy sun-bright mornings and its dusky moon-lit  
nights;  
When in unfrequented ways you tread the cloudless days,  
Lured on by music played by elfin sprites.  
They transform the world to one vast fairy thing;  
Oh! sweet is Pennsylvania in the spring!

How sweet is Pennsylvania in the spring-time of the year,  
When your opening life just like the year is young;  
When your soul is newly waking like a velvet rose-bud break-  
ing,  
That turns its glowing face unto the sun.  
In dreaming youth, life is a pleasant thing;  
Oh! sweet is Pennsylvania in the spring!

**THE SOROSIS**  
**PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN**

**The Staff**

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**EDITORIAL**

According to Student Government law the first election for school officers takes place six weeks before the close of the term.

We are, therefore, at present just entering upon **THE RIGHT GIRL** the election season. It seems to us that it would be well to consider the importance of voting right. For to vote right, intelligently and wisely, is not always the easiest thing in the world. We believe that it would be possible for a girl to vote with the welfare of the school at heart, and yet to vote unwisely. Many of the men

who vote for our county and state officials are good men with good intentions; some of them are preachers, educators, and yet they have assisted to office some of our most corrupt politicians, some of our grafters, men who are tools in the hands of the liquor interests, and other organizations of vice. They have not done so intentionally; they desired neither bad politics nor more distilleries. But they were not intelligent voters; they did not know their men, the party relationships, nor the supporters of their candidates.

Now, although we are not fearing corrupt politics and distilleries as outcomes of our school elections, yet we meet with the same problem. There are girls who, if elected president of Student Government, would have as detrimental an effect upon our school life and welfare as one or two of our present politicians have upon the moral status of our state politics. There are girls who, if elected reporter on the Sorosis, would necessitate, monthly, a retinue of attendants, comprised of the members of the staff, whose duty it would be to see that she did not hold up the printing of the paper, by not having her notes in on time. And try to imagine the notes when finally extracted. And the same is true of all the other offices; if the wrong girl is elected it means weakness, trouble somewhere. It may not always appear on the surface, but it is there, and either the work will suffer or someone else will have an added burden.

We may be accused of taking extreme types, girls whom no one would think of electing as officers. Well, stop just a moment, and think for yourself; think over the girls in your own experience who at various times have been nominated for officers. "Would you have liked to have seen Mary \_\_\_\_\_ president?" "No." "Well, if you remember she had a very good chance of being elected, didn't she?" Yes, I think from our own experience most of us are able to summon the shadowy forms of various nominees, the thoughts of whom leave a wierd, uncanny impression. But more, we can all remember girls who have been elected to responsible positions, and who have proved miserable failures. They were not the right girls for the offices.

It is true that the danger of such a misfit is lessened in the

elections where a nominating committee serves. The graver danger comes in the class and club elections. And these elections are by no means unimportant; they are vital to the organizations concerned, and indirectly to the whole school life.

But aside from the danger of electing girls who do real detriment to the cause they are supposed to represent and further, let us consider another type of girl, the girl who would do her work conscientiously, maintain the standard of previous years, and lay down her work at the end of the term, probably having received very little criticism, either pro or con. Have we not found our ideal? Have we not here the time, the office and the right girl all together? Opinions and tastes differ however, and we for one do not agree. Either we have not found her or she does not exist. We are optimistic enough, however, to believe that she does exist, and that if we are untiring and earnest in our endeavors to find her (and it is here that we need to exercise our keenest powers of discrimination and our best judgment) we shall be successful. And the right girl will prove the only girl, the one girl who can best serve the office to which she is elected; the girl who will not be satisfied to leave the standard floating from its present position, but will endeavor to raise it still higher.

It is just here in the ability to draw the finest distinctions, to discriminate keenly, that we so often fail. We can easily see that such and such a girl would not make a good officer, but it is not always easy to know the right girl when we see her. She may be a girl who has never held an office before, who has never reported on a school paper, etc., but she may be the girl who could best do the work, who could best fill the particular office.

Let us consider this question of elections seriously; and let us instigate a most thorough search for the "right girl."

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Losers are not rare; we can find them anywhere. Good losers, however, are not to be found so easily. The girl who plays hard and fair, yet loses, is tested severely. Others always judge the loser by the spirit in which she takes her defeat. Games and

**GOOD LOSERS**

tournaments, however, are not the only circumstances that test losers. Every day, in arguments, in study, in conversation, comes that test for the spirit of the loser. As often as the test comes, the judgment is made, sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously. For we judge by the standard that

“The man that’s worth while  
Is the man who can smile  
When everything goes dead wrong.”

E. S., '17.

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As we all know, this is the year of the Shakespeare Tercentenary celebration, for which much preparation has been made. We, the daughters of Pennsylvania College for Women, are planning to join in this world-wide celebra-

**MAY TWENTIETH** tion, and to lay at the feet of the poet the very best that we have to give—any talents, any gifts that we may possess. Our aims are high; our plans, elaborate. If the latter are successfully carried out, we shall have produced the largest and most magnificent pageant in the history of our school; also, as we believe, the best of its kind given in the poet’s honor, in this country.

Our celebration, to be given on the afternoon and evening of May 20th, will consist of two parts: (1) the May Day Revels of the English villagers on the village green, preceded by a prelude, the Spring flowers of Shakespeare; (2) the May Day Revels at Court or in an English city, preceded by an interlude, the Hunt.

The first part, the revels of the English villagers, will consist chiefly of country dances and the singing of early English songs. After the interlude of a typical English hunt, the court procession, composed of Queen Elizabeth and her Court, will enter. The Queen will be presented to the Poet Shakespeare, who has prepared an entertainment in her honor. This is to be a play—“A Midsummer Night’s Dream.” The play, the climax of the festival, will then be presented by the Seniors, assisted by other students as fairies and attendants. Children will also ap-

pear as fairies. Over seventy-five people will take part in the fairy dances.

Everything has been planned on a large and magnificent scale. The historical costumes will be exceptionally elegant and beautiful; the fairies will be new creations, products of the students' imaginations, far superior to any that have ever had being before; much attention is being given to the dancing and the music; wonderful lighting effects will be produced.

We all anticipate great success for our celebration. We are interested in it; we want it to be the best ever given by the school; we desire that it surpass all others in the country. Interest alone is not enough; combined, however, with hard work and hearty co-operation, it will become an effective factor in accomplishing the desired result. Let us make our festival worthy of the object for which it was created, the best gift that we can bring to lay at the feet of the great poet.

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### THE ALUMNAE

Sylvia Wayne, '13, is recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

Corinne B. Bray, a former member of the Class of 1911, and a graduate of Columbia University, is teaching Domestic Science in the Detroit schools.

The Class of 1913 gave a musical and tea at the home of Esther Rosenbloom on April 15th. Arrangements for it were made at a reunion held in March at the home of Mrs. Walter Ament (Laila Clark).

Mrs. Meredith Lawrence (Lucy Layman) was the guest of Mrs. Walter Ament in March.

Gertrude Wayne, '11, has resigned from her position as instructor in German in the New Kensington High School; she expects to be married in June.

Christine Cameron, '13, has just returned to her school in

Northampton, after a visit home to recuperate from an attack of tonsilitis.

Claire Colestock expects to spend next summer in California.

Betty McCague was recently the guest of Anne Rutherford, '14, who is teaching at Washington, Pa.

Olga Losa, '15, recently spent several weeks in Florida.



### THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The series of Thursday afternoon recitals of the School of Music, was commenced April 6th, when a very delightful program was rendered by several girls of the Music Department.

The open meeting of the Whitmer Music Club was held Thursday, April 13th. A delightful program was given.

The third of this series will be held in the Drawing room on April 20th.

For four years the series of recitals has been brought to a close by a concert of original compositions. On April 27th, the fifth annual concert of this kind will take place, and a very enjoyable program is anticipated.



### DRAMATICS

#### A Midsummer Night's Dream

By William Shakespeare

To be produced by the Class of 1916 on May 20th

The cast is as follows:

|                   |       |                  |
|-------------------|-------|------------------|
| Theseus .....     | ..... | Martha Gibbons   |
| Egeus .....       | ..... | Grace Woodrow    |
| Lysander .....    | ..... | Kathryn Robb     |
| Demetrius .....   | ..... | Mildred Nicholls |
| Philostrate ..... | ..... | Rebekah Crouse   |

|              |                  |
|--------------|------------------|
| Hippolyta    | Leila Hill       |
| Hermia       | Leora Lewis      |
| Helena       | Helen Steele     |
| Quince       | Mary Stratton    |
| Bottom       | Ethel Bair       |
| Flute        | Frances Boale    |
| Snout        | Edna Gaw         |
| Snug         | Dorothy Errett   |
| Starveling   | Margaret Lee     |
| Oberon       | Alice Laidlaw    |
| Titania      | Melba Martin     |
| Puck         | Gertrude Frame   |
| Peaseblossom | Alice Greer      |
| Cobweb       | Seba South       |
| Moth         | Alberta Bannerot |
| Mustardseed  | Rose Geary       |
| A Fairy      | Amelia Slater    |



The plans for the Shakespeare Tercentenary were read by Miss Kerst in chapel, Thursday morning, March 23rd, and were greeted with enthusiasm by all. Miss Kerst deserves great credit for working out such elaborate and effective preparations. The celebration will take place on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, May 20th.

During lecture hour on Wednesday, April 12th, a delightful program was given by three students of the Expression Department, the Misses Charlotte Hunker, Josephine Paul, and Betty Stevenson. A scene from "Pygmalion and Galatea" and "Joint Owners in Spain," were exceptionally well presented.



#### **Y. W. C. A.**

#### **Eagles Mere**

The time has at last come around for us to think about Eagles Mere again. Although the conference is still some months away it is high time for us to plan for it and to decide

whether we are going or not. It is hoped that a larger number than ever before will go to represent P. C. W.

For those who have once been there, no words are needed to persuade them to go again, but for those who have never had that privilege, no arguments are too strong to use in urging them to try to go. Every one who has ever attended this summer conference says that the ten days spent there were ten of the most wonderful days of her life.

The meetings are very inspiring, and it is a fine thing to meet and talk with the leaders and speakers. And no small part of the enjoyment comes from the social and athletic side of the conference. Altogether, the conference is perfectly wonderful; no one can understand how wonderful until she has been there.

So, girls, think about it and talk it over. Discuss it at home and try to go!

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#### COLLEGE NEWS

On Thursday, March 23rd, the election of the May Queen was held. Miss Bessie Shipley, from the Fourth Year Dilworth Hall, received the largest number of votes and was therefore proclaimed queen of our May Day Shakespearian festival.

After chapel, on March 21st, Miss Kerst read the preliminary plans for our coming festival. The May Day this year will be a Shakespearian festival and we expect to make it the most attractive and elaborate pageant that we have yet given. The court of Queen Elizabeth will be represented in the fashion of the age; also courtiers and citizens of the time will appear. This year there will be a larger number of charming dances than other years. The grand climax of the pageant will be the presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by the Seniors. The pageant will be presented on the afternoon and evening of May 20th.

A faculty tea was given in the drawing rooms Tuesday afternoon, March 21st. Miss Bennett and Mrs. Drais were the hostesses.

Ellen gathering up recruits, "Come on, Gym, aren't you going to Jo?"

The students of History and Chemistry enjoyed a very delightful lecture by Mr. Balkan, at the Carnegie Museum. Mr. Balkan arranged an exhibit of prints of wood engravings, etchings and lithographs, and gave a very clear, interesting account of the process of making each kind of print.

The honors of the Fourth Year Dilworth Hall were awarded to Misses. Helen Bennett and Bessie Shipley.

The Chapel exercises of Friday, March 17th, were held in honor of Dilworth Hall Class Day. The procession was very attractive.

Esther Evans, a worthy Soph, was awarded first prize for her grace and best dancing, at the aesthetic dancing contest, held in the Gym recently. The judges were Mr. Heinrich and Mr. La Favor. Honors for '18!

Eleanor Stuckslayer and Ruth Seaman have been received as student members of the Tuesday Musical Club.

The members of the Immigration Class attended the United States District Court, and occupied the jury box while Judge Buffington examined fourteen aliens who desired to become citizens. Twice the Judge asked the opinion of the visitors while applicants were being examined. Leah Claster acted as spokesman for the girls.

Recently Dean Coolidge spoke on "Vocational Training for Girls" before the Woman's Club of Aspinwall.

The Mandolin Club gave a very delightful Five Hundred party and tea at the home of Elizabeth Sheppard during vacation. A large number of girls attended and reported a fine time.

On Wednesday afternoon during vacation, Dorothy Stoebener, leader of the Mandolin Club, entertained the members of the club at a luncheon and musical at her home on Northumberland avenue.

On Wednesday, March 15th, Dr. John A. Brashear, lectured in the chapel on his much favored subject, "Light." It was rendered intensely interesting to all, because Dr. Brashear always clarifies and makes interesting any subject upon which he talks. The college colors, as well as those of Dilworth Hall, were presented to him by the Student Government presidents. A song composed especially for him was sung by all the students.

On Wednesday, April 5th, Miss Beatty, of Pittsburgh, delivered an interesting and instructive talk to the college on "The Law in Connection with Women." Miss Beatty made the talk interesting by not attempting to make a set, formal speech,—it was practical and easily understood. Miss Beatty briefly traced the development of law in general—common and statute law. Then she traced, a little more fully and minutely, the development of law in connection with women. She closed with a few general remarks upon the opportunities for real service which lie open to both men and women in the field of law.

A faculty tea was given by Mr. and Mrs. Putnam and Miss Hooker, on Tuesday afternoon, April 11th, at the Putnam home.

The formal lectures of the year have ended and from now until June the lecture period will be given over to student elections and May Day practise.

The Vocational Bureau gave its first report at the annual meeting of the College Club, Saturday morning, April 1st. The success of the work has been of great encouragement and gratification to the club, which has financed and directed the work. The report of the advisory committee was read by Dean Coolidge, and the treasurer's report, by Mrs. George W. Martin, '92.

The regular monthly meeting of the "Deutscher Verein" was held on Monday, March 20th. Owing to the small attendance, the program was short, and consequently will be repeated with some additions at the next meeting. Miss Minor talked on the life of Paul Heyse. Miss Evans recited Heyse's "Morgenwind." Miss Randolph, the guardian of the society, was hostess.

The regular monthly meeting of the Omega Society was held on Thursday, April 20th. Joseph Conrad's "Youth" and "Typhoon" were discussed. Miss Weihe and Miss Claster read papers in discussion of the books. Three new members have been received into the society—Ellen Crowe, Rachel Alexander and Eulalia Fournier.

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## ATHLETICS

### Basket Ball

The basketball season closed with our Spring vacation. Our college played six games with three other colleges—Beaver College, Westminster, and Pitt University; three games were played at home and three on the opponents' floor. We won three games out of six and, although we would have done better if the regular line-up had been able to play each time, we feel quite encouraged over the results of hard practice, and eager and fully determined to do much better next year. The entire team was very much pleased with the coach, Miss Lilian Lindsay, and we all hope that she will be with us again next year. Doreas Beer, our captain, and Jane Errett, the manager, are surely to be commended for their hard work and their success of the basketball season. The entire team was very faithful in coming out to the practices; all showed true college spirit. We wish to thank the girls who made it possible for the team to practice; and we certainly appreciate Miss White's interest.

The games played resulted as follows:

|                   |    |               |    |
|-------------------|----|---------------|----|
| Beaver .....      | 16 | —P. C. W..... | 33 |
| Pitt .....        | 39 | —P. C. W..... | 12 |
| Beaver .....      | 16 | —P. C. W..... | 45 |
| Westminster ..... | 32 | —P. C. W..... | 12 |
| Westminster ..... | 40 | —P. C. W..... | 44 |
| Pitt .....        | 28 | —P. C. W..... | 21 |

The girls earning the basketball letters are Doreas Beer (captain), jumping center; Jane Errett (manager), guard; Mary Stratton, guard; Eleanor McEllory, guard; Louise Kindle, forward; Jo Herald, side center.

**Tennis**

The tennis season is now near, and it is hoped that there will be a large entry in the tournament. This Spring we will have the singles as usual; also, if possible, a match will be arranged with several other colleges. Each match will consist of three games. Each of the two winners in last fall's doubles will play her opponent singles; then the doubles will be played.

**Track**

We shall also have a track meet this spring, the first week after May day, on condition that the practicing will not interfere with May Day rehearsals and that everyone entering will promise not to get hurt.

Every girl in school should come out for either tennis or track—for both, if possible—if she is in any way athletically inclined. For all others we will have a walking contest.

P. C. W. is certainly offering athletics to each and every one in school; if anyone is left out of the contests, or is not in normal physical condition when she is graduated, it is her fault.

Jo Herald.

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**CLASS NOTES****1916**

"Where, O where, are the grand old Seniors!" Alas, we begin to realize that only too soon we will be out in the wide, wide world; as to how safe we will be, we are rather doubtful. When a worthy school director views us critically over his spectacles and thunders in a deep voice, "What experience have you had?" we begin to feel that we are anything but safe. But fate may prove kind, even though it is so ruthless in tearing us away from the protecting arms of our Alma Mater.

**Examples of Good Judgment:**

"He said that if they established a mission there, they would all be killed; so they established it."

"We call this the introduction because it is more closely related to what comes after than what follows."

Heard in History Class:

"Why did he marry his wife?"

"She was the wife of a very dear friend of his."

### The Juniors

After Dr. Brashear's splendid lecture at the College, the Juniors were very much honored by having him consent to being in their class picture. Dr. Acheson, Dr. McClintock, Miss Coolidge, and our honorary member, Miss White, also agreed to be in it, and so the picture, being composed of exceedingly distinguished individuals, with due modesty in reference to ourselves, is one of our most valued possessions.

Heard in Class Rooms:

Miss Coolidge (announcing an "exam" in Junior Education)—That will finish us up all right. (And it did.)

Helen Bowman (in Expression)—I just can't be myself, or act natural when I have a serious subject.

"When Marie Antoinette went to France, they took her around and showed her a good time."

Miss B. (explaining the sacrifices in Old Testament History)—Either a ruler or a private person is a goat.

Miss B.—Tell us something of the preparation of Solomon's army.

R. L. (not having put much time on the lesson)—Well, I didn't see any of the preparation.

### 1918

Wedding bells rang twice during March for girls who were with the Sophs as Freshmen last year, namely for Miss Goorin and Miss Rosenbloom. We wish them happiness.

On the Friday before vacation the Sophs had a spread: sandwiches, olives, pickles, salad, cake, ice cream and cocoa—

some "eats"! As usual, the stray Seniors, Juniors and Freshmen who "hung around" enjoyed hand-outs; but Soph spreads are noted for being "five-loaves-and-two-fishes" affairs. After the spread, a crowd went to the Regent. It may have been noisy, but it was jolly.

Miss Brownson—In commemoration of this event, a medal was struck.

Miss Crowe (in surprise)—Why did they strike the medal, Miss Brownson?

Miss Butterfield—Why is sulphur used in gun powder?

Miss Eggers (after deep thought)—To make it smell.

Voice from the Rear (after a particularly brilliant recitation in Bible)—Gee, Emily, you ought to marry a minister.

### The Freshmen

The Freshmen had a meeting one day,  
To find a teacher both wise and gay,  
Who would share their trouble and join their fun,  
And praise them after the fight was won.  
The bell rang calling the Freshies to class,  
They all rushed out in a jumbled mass;  
But happy of eyes and joyful of mien,—  
They had found Miss Green; three cheers for Miss Green!

Freshies are contemplating a skating party.

"An anti-climax is just a little wee climax," said Mary, in answer to Miss Roup.

---

### HOUSE

On St. Patrick's Day most of the girls wore a little touch of green, and at dinner we had quite a surprise, for the whole dinner carried out the color scheme suitable to the day.

Mrs. Crandall visited with Martha for a week before Spring vacation.

Virginia Hooff did not return immediately after vacation because of illness.

The house girls were very glad to have with them the Pitt girls who played in the game of Pitt vs. P. C. W. They were here for dinner and we hope that they will come again some time.

Ruth Gokey was delayed in coming back after vacation because of the floods.

#### Vespers

Dr. Acheson spoke in Vespers on Sunday, March 3rd. Everyone enjoyed his talk.

Mr. Royal Harris, of the Shady Avenue Presbyterian Church, was the speaker at Vespers on Sunday, March 10th.

Everyone enjoyed the talk given by Mr. James Kelso, President of the Western Theological Seminary of Pennsylvania, at Vespers, March 17th.



#### INTERCOLLEGiate NEWS

With a registration of 3,569 students, the University of Pittsburgh now ranks sixteenth in attendance among sister institutions of the country.

Plans are under way to organize a class for military instruction at Westminster College.

The Harvard University Press, organized in January, 1913, has already more than 250 titles on its lists, and its receipts reach \$70,000 annually.

Through the generosity of an alumnus at Cornell, a summer military camp will be established at Ithaca this year.

Dr. Marshman E. Wadsworth, emeritus dean of the School of Mines, University of Pittsburgh, is the only living resident of Pennsylvania who has been honored by having his name listed in the quinquennial catalogue of Harvard. From 1636 to 1915, only 58 names appear, such as Benjamin Franklin and James Russell Lowell.

The social union committee of Massachusetts Agricultural College has arranged to have moving pictures once a week at the college, purely for amusement.

**EXCHANGES**

The Cornell Era.—“No Women at the Front” savors of a rough sketch for a melodrama. It is the story of a man who loves his wife better than his life, but not so well as his military reputation.

The Mount Holyoke for March brings us a detailed account of the annual meeting of the Graduate Council.

The author of “The Tokio Shop,” in the Pharetra, craftily brings a breath of Japan into the prosaicness of an auctioneer’s shop.

The Owl.—You have a well written and thorough exchange department, but your paper is lacking in literary material.

The Sorosis acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges: The Allegheny Literary Monthly, The Washington-Jeffersonian, The Pharetra, The Pitt Weekly, The Westminster Holcad, The Mount Holyoke, The Cornell Era, The Owl, The Franklin, The Searchlight and The Echo.

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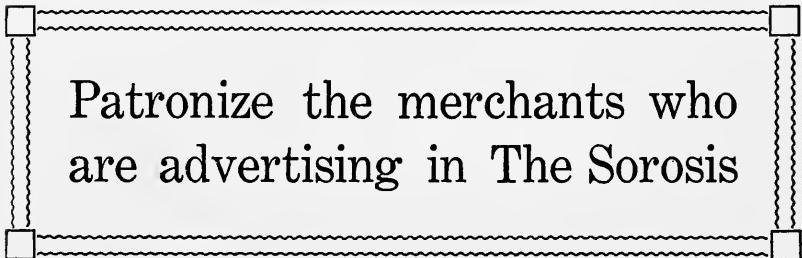
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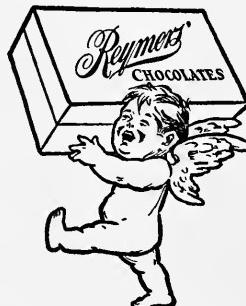
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Vol. XXII.

MAY, 1916

No. 9.

### CROSSING THE BAR

Martha J. Crandall, '17

(Editor-in-Chief of Sorosis for 1916-17)

The most beautiful of all lyrics of Tennyson is his "Crossing the Bar." Taken as a whole, the poem is the expression of his wonderfully optimistic and peaceful view of Death. He looks upon death, not as a hideous monster to be feared and dreaded, but as a tranquil journey over the sea into the land of the Unknown. The picture he draws of the embarking of the human soul who is to undergo this experience is marvelously beautiful. The setting is a peaceful shore, and calm sea, at sunset. Then comes the clear call which the departing soul recognizes; he realizes it is for him. There is no doubt, for it is a "clear" call. Owing to his own feeling of tranquility he wishes to be borne away on a tide and sea likewise as serene. There must be no roaring or thundering of the ocean; neither must there be any sad moaning of the waves, when he "puts out to sea." On the contrary, the tide must bear him slowly, gently, quietly away from the shore, out into the boundless deep. To the sea is attributed an almost human feeling, as if the sea recognized its sacred mission of carrying an immortal soul from out "our borne of Time and Place" to the mystic land whence it came.

Then the picture changes. Twilight falls; the evening bell sounds clear, as if it were a summons to heavenly rest. The little boat, having been carried thus far, glides slowly, quietly across the mysterious boundary line between Life and Death. "And after that the Dark." How true it is! So much we know; after that we can only conjecture. Our eyes are veiled as to the future, but our faith permits us to pass undisturbed into the land of

## THE SOROSIS

which we do not know; the land which is now to us "The Dark," because we do not know what it holds for us. But in spite of the soul's passing over the boundary line, it hopes that those left behind may experience "no sadness of farewell."

We are not told what the soul experiences when it has lost sight of the shore of earthly life; but only hope it expressed, the hope that

"Though from out our borne of Time and Place,  
    The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
    When I have crossed the bar."

To our mind is brought the picture of the little boat gliding quietly into the world beyond. It is dark no longer. The land is one of joy and light and welcome for the returning soul, for there stands the Pilot. The hope of the trusting soul is realized for at last he "sees his Pilot face to face, when he has crossed the bar."

---

### THE EASTER MIRACLE

Ellen B. Crowe, '18

A mist of dull gray spreads over the earth,  
    The wailing wind pierces the gloom;  
Mourning and sadness crush laughter and mirth,  
    The Hope of our life lies asleep in the tomb.

The sunlight paints the landscape with gold,  
    The song of a bird drowns a moan;  
The vigor of youth fills the hearts of the old,  
    The Hope of our life has ascended the throne.

**THE MAN WITH NO HEART**

Rebekah L. Crouse, '16

Jim Swagg leaned against the post supporting the arched entrance to Bunny's Cafe and Dining-room. He had just had a full meal. Also, it was Saturday afternoon, which meant no work till the whistle at the furnace blew at six o'clock Monday morning; it meant, moreover, a day and a half of loyal devotion to the Mouse. Jim Swagg had been a charter member of the club, he and Tom Mills and Andy Matt and one or two more survivors. Andy Matt! Suddenly Jim's line of comfortable Saturday afternoon thought came to an abrupt ending. Poor Andy had ceased to be a survivor at twenty minutes past ten the night before. Andy was dead.

Instinctively Jim's left hand delved into his pants' pocket. At the same instant his eyes fell upon a little, dirty, yellow dog that sat hunched a few feet away regarding him with rapt, impatient gaze.

Frowning, Jim drew his hand from his pocket.

"D—mn it!" he said. In his palm lay three poker chips, a key and a broken blade. "Not even a red cent—not even a nickel for refreshments."

He searched his other pocket, but to no avail.

"Not a copper for a bone, Pies," he said, gravely regarding the dog. "Guess I'll have to save you somethin', huh? Come on."

Pies shared Jim Swagg's life, in prosperity and in adversity; when he was flushed with three weeks' pay or when he hadn't a cent; when he walked straight and respectable like as though he was going to church or when he zigzagged home in the small hours of the morning.

At present Jim was conscious of walking straight and respectable. He passed Tracy's saloon and its Fort Pitt coat-of-arms, hands in his pockets and nose in a line with his chest.

The dog stopped and sniffed at the crack under the door.

"Come on," roared the man. "What you doin'? I said no refreshments."

The dog always made it harder. But dogs had sense.

Across from Tracy's was Haggin's undertaking establishment. Mr. Haggins, with grave mien and sombre garb, stood at the door. Jim pretended not to see him.

"How do you do, Mr. Swagg?" said Mr. Higgins.

Jim Swagg felt himself blushing as no man had a right to blush. Mr. Haggins was the only man in town who called him Mr. Swagg. Why couldn't the fellow forget and let bye-gones be bye-gones! A man's past was always turning up, like murder.

One more block and Jim and the dog turned into a narrow passageway and mounted a flight of steep steps to the second floor of a dilapidated, red brick building.

He stopped before a closed door behind which sounded a most unharmonious medley of rough voices and noises. His hand reached for the knob but was arrested by some words which freed themselves from the general uproar. It was Billy Baker's well-known bass, at present unduly heavy.

"Poor Andy," he was saying. "I tell you, fellows, he was a man. There wasn't one month he didn't chip in his greenback—and fur treatin', there ain't a man here who war such a s-sport-t, huh?"

Here Billy's emotions or thickness of tongue caused him considerable trouble.

"Yep, it's God's truth." Jim recognized the thin, watery treble of Andy's closest crony. "He was a man. There was nothin' stinkin' about him. His heart was too large,—that's why he's left a widow and five little, helpless children, and no money to pay fur an undertaker." The man's voice wavered. Jim shifted from one foot to the other. "That's why he's got to be buried by the county."

Then Billy spoke again, deeper and more pompous with emotion than before.

"Fellows," he said (Jim could in his mind's eye see his expanding chest and heaven-inspired, red countenance). "Why couldn't we take up a-a little donation, a co-collection? I know it's agen all precedent—but think of the little ones."

A murmur of assent could be heard. Jim with difficulty kept himself from rushing into the room.

"Couldn't we give our pay-day dues?" some one suggested.

On pay-day everyone handed over a dollar to the treasurer of the Mouse for an emergency trust, which was always consumed before the end of the month. If a man from any sad compilation of circumstances ran out of the necessary nickel, the trust provided it; in fact, it was a kind of Angel of Mercy helping to tide over the black week before pay-day.

Without waiting longer, Jim opened the door and entered the room, preceded by Pies. The place was long and narrow and at present dark with smoke. At the back, stationed in front of the "Sideboard," pompous Billy Baker, fatter and redder than any other man present, was the center of attention. Five or six of the fellows lounged near him in interested attitudes. Tom Mills, who was playing cards at a side table, had turned, eyes upon Billy and the group. Tom was Jim's best friend.

"How-d'y, Jim!" Billy called out to Jim. "We're jest disgustin' a little pro-pposition."

Jim stared.

"We're goin' to contribute our pay-day fund to Andy's widow and fatherless children. What do you think of it?"

Jim straightened up, his chest expanding an inch.

"I think it's all bosh—that's what I think!" he said.

"What!"

"Bosh! Who ever heard of the Mouse sendin' money to widows and orphans! Besides, we need our fund; what do you expect a fellow to do when he runs out of a nickel? What do you take this fur—a church donation fund?"

Billy Baker, after considerable effort, regained control of his speaking faculties. His face was scarlet. Rising from his chair he shook his fist at Jim.

Jim's dog growled fiercely, his hair and tail bristling.

"Jim Swagg," roared Billy, regarding the dog out of a corner of his eye, "are you makin' fun of me? By God, you don't know what decency is."

Billy Baker advocating decency was amusing. Jim was hav-

ing an excellent time. Names were all right as long as he wasn't mistered.

"No, I guess you're right. I ain't an angel as you fellows."

The glances of many fell.

"I ain't a-spendin' a cent of my hard-earned cash fur widows and orphans."

Andy's crony, old and shaky, arose excitedly.

"Jim Swagg," he said, "you ain't got no heart! By God, not willin' to help an old friend's widow and little uns. You ain't got no heart."

Jim stared at him an instant. Then his eyes encountered the glance of Tom Mills. Big Tom's expression was not that of his best friend.

"Cut it, Jim," said Tom. "Fellows, he's only talkin'"

Good old Tom.

Billy Baker pounded his fat knee with his fist.

"If he's only talkin', it ain't the proper occasion. We've got to have some reverence for the dead."

Why couldn't they let the dead rest? Jim felt himself growing red in the face.

"Fellows," he said, "I-I'm serious;" looking at Tom, "I don't believe we ought—to start what they call a precedent."

From their expressions the men had expected something better. Billy again bounced from his chair; again he brandished his fist.

"Jim Swagg, you ain't a man. You hain't got no heart, and you're stingy. The Mouse hasn't said nothin' bein' as you are a charter member; but, now, you might as well know what we think of you. You're a dirty, stinkin' skunk; you treat about once in three months and half the time never pay your dues."

Jim looked at the others, trying to read the atmosphere. Big Tom's eyes fell.

"You say you ain't got the money," went on Billy. "But we know better. You're buildin' up a bank account, I guess, with intentions to give it to charity when you croak. Ain't it so, fellows?"

"An' one thing more—if you don't like the decision of the Mouse, why not git out?"

A dead silence ensued. Then Tom Mills rose from the table.

"Fellows," he said awkwardly—Tom was always as awkward as he was tall and homely—"we mustn't forget that Jim's a charter——"

"Set down, set down!"

Jim drew himself up. "Don't worry about me, Tom," he said. "I guess I ain't fit to 'sociate with the Mouse. I ain't grown wings yet. Good-day, Mr. Baker. Good-day, gentlemen." Turning, he left the room, loyally followed by Pies.

Jim hesitated on reaching the pavement. Where should he go? Pies started back toward Bunny's.

"Come on," bellowed Jim, immediately taking the opposite direction.

He walked several blocks, hands in his empty pockets. He didn't know where he was going; he was probably out for fresh air, taking a little stroll for his health.

And then he laughed aloud. He, Jim Swaggs, ousted by the Mouse, by the Mouse turned humanitarians or whatever you called them. In fifteen years of history they had never been such boobs. Of course Andy had given his life, had devoted his days and his money; and drunk with the Mouse's whiskey, had left the rooms the night before to be cut down by an express. But did that require a whole lot of sentiment?

Turning, Jim glanced back towards the club. Out of its door were coming a number of men. He saw Billy Baker's pompousness undulating up a side street. A few minutes and all the men had left the rooms, and it was only two o'clock. Jim wondered what it meant.

He lounged around the corner for ten minutes trying to solve the mystery. And then he knew. They were going home to change their working clothes; and then they were going in a body to make the presentation of the money to Andy's widow.

A few minutes later Jim was unloocking the door to the Mouse. He was making his last visit.

He listened on the second floor landing before opening the

door. Not a sound could be heard and he entered. The room was rather dark and ill ventilated; the air was heavy with tobacco smoke and more inspiriting odours. The gas stove had been left burning. The room though close felt warm and comfortable in comparison to the out-of-doors. Jim, dropping into an easy chair by the fire, sat silently gazing into the steady, blue flames for a few minutes.

But he might not linger. Rising he went to an old desk in the corner, opened a secret drawer, and took out the money it contained—fourteen dollars in all. All the men except himself had contributed.

Suddenly a noise came from the door. Looking up from the wad which he was rolling he saw the red, puffy face of Billy Baker. Billy's eyes were bulging like a frog's.

Jim started for the door, but was blocked by the appearance of three or four more of the men.

"Stop where you are, Jim," commanded Billy. "When you leave here you're goin' to Florida for the winter. I knew you weren't worth much, but I didn't know you'd steal."

Jim, who had been collared by two of the men, tore himself loose, and aimed for Billy's nose, missing it by half an inch. Pies, in the grasp of the enemy, was going through a similar spasm; he quieted down when Tom Mills took him.

"Thief!"

"Stop, fellows—maybe he has an explanation," said Big Tom.

"I—I was goin' to take it to Andy's widow," Jim attempted.

The anger and disgust on the men's faces increased.

"He was goin' to take it to Andy's widow," said Billy. "What do you say to lettin' him take it, and then take his winter vacation?"

Jim knew what they meant. But the being arrested and housed for the rest of the winter didn't trouble him; it was the going to see Andy's widow that he didn't like.

Jim had to yield, however, to the inevitable. Ten men as a body guard escorted him down Main street and up Spring Alley to Andy's home. Jim still retained hopes of escaping,

even in the face of the crape; but his hopes didn't carry him very far,—for Mr. Haggins opened the door.

"How do you do, Mr. Swaggs?" he said bowing. "Just step in."

With downcast eyes Jim did as commanded. The escort followed.

The house boasted no reception hall. The men entered directly the room where lay the corpse. A solemn hush fell upon all. It was the first time the Mouse in a body had ever attended the dead. Attired in their best clothes they stood huddled together feeling awkward and not quite as much at home as when at the Mouse. Nor did Andy himself look comfortable or natural, even in his own house. Strangely unfamiliar did he appear lying there in his coffin with a collar on and with his hands folded over his breast. The color was gone from his face; also, some of the deeper lines.

"I will call Mrs. Matt," a solemn voice said in Jim's ear.

Jim thought wildly of escape and turned—to face Mr. Haggins bringing in Mrs. Matt from the kitchen.

Andy's wife was little and thin and coughed at intervals. Her eyes were like many women's, sad with a story. Jim never liked to look long at them.

"Jim Swagg," she murmured, and then seeing the crowd of men looked slightly surprised.

"Mrs. Matt," said Billy Baker, pushing to the front and holding out his plump hand, "we have come today, the members of the Mouse, of which your husband was so loyal a member—" His voice was heavy with feeling and sentiment.

The woman's eyes wavered slightly.

"We have come to give you our sympathy and," very feelingly, "a little token of our respect to him. Andy was ——"

"But—"

"That's all right, Mrs. Matt."

"But," pursued the woman and glanced towards Jim.

Jim looked away.

Her voice trembled and broke.

"You are too kind. God bless you! You will be rewarded some day. Sallie Boland told me today what you uns had done fur her and about how you helped the Ritters. I don't know what I would have did—the children—" She ended with a sob and a cough.

The men stared at each other. Certain movements seemed to agitate their throats. Feet shuffled uneasily.

"That's all right, Mrs. Matt," said Billy. "We are sorry we could only bring fourteen dollars."

"Fourteen dollars more," she said.

Jim groaned.

"You are so good. It makes eighty-four dollars. Eighty-four dollars, God bless you."

"Eighty-four dollars!"

Mrs. Matt dried her eyes with a corner of her apron.

"Yes, with what Jim Swagg brought last night. He said it was from the Mouse."

She had done it! Jim would have preferred being in old Andy's boots; yes, even with his neck in a Piccadilly and his hands crossed on his bosom. Eyes fastened upon the bare boards of the floor, he did not move or look up. He had been a fool, a great big calf. He was disgraced, humiliated. But he deserved it all, he guessed. He could feel the eyes of the men burning a hole clean through the rotten soft spot in his heart.

"Yes, Jim Swagg . . . Sallie Borland told me . . . saved her from the county . . ."

The gaze of the men at last compelled him to look up. They were either grinning at him or looking embarrassed. Jim's eyes fell again to the flooring boards.

Billy Baker was about to speak and— But Jim was saved the agony. Big Tom intervened, grasping tightly Jim's hand under cover of the crowd—which meant a lot to Jim.

"Don't you think we'd better be goin'?" said Tom, shoving toward the door.

**WOMEN IN THE WAR**

Bonnie F. Taylor, '18

At the outbreak of the European War a new situation arose for foreigners in America to meet. Some of them departed for the fatherland at the first summons; others simply ignored the call to arms and became citizens of the United States. A story is being told of an intelligent, young Frenchman in this country who weighed both sides of the question carefully, and finally decided that he could better serve the world by living a good life in America than by dying a good death in France. Here many opportunities were open to him and he had built up a fairly successful business; here he could live and serve, while there he could but die in serving—and be forgotten. Some time after this decision he received a letter from his mother. In it were these words: "My son, your two brothers are at the front. Are you not coming back to fight for France?" She appreciated his position in this country; she knew absence would mean misfortune to his affairs; she loved him as a widowed mother loves her youngest son—but she wrote for him to come back.

This incident is typical of a brave, far-seeing woman's attitude toward war. It is not so spontaneous in all cases, because we are not used to war in these times; but the result is always the same.

After the war had been going on for several months, a young German officer wrote to his mother expressing disappointment at her lack of enthusiasm. She replied, "I can't help it, my son. I can't hate my enemies. I have spent my whole life trying to learn a different lesson." Within a few, short months this same little mother, seized with a passion for sacrifice and service, was working as a hospital orderly. She contracted a fever and died soon after. Her son wrote of her: "She thought that war was unrighteous for all countries, yet she went. Being what she was, she could do no other."

And what does all this mean? It means that women realize war is unavoidable; that they feel their responsibility in keeping up the spirits of the men whom they influence; and, above

all, that they are rising nobly to meet a circumstance which is within no one's power to control.

This attitude of women increases in significance when one considers what the war means to them. The trouble begins with the levying of soldiers, when the men march away at the command of the fatherland, leaving the women with no means of support. Often the last cent is pitifully expended in order that father or brother may have as handsome a uniform as the others. Instances are known where articles of household furniture were sold to provide the men with warm, comfortable clothing. War means the breaking up of the home unit, the disregarding of all the traditions which women have held dear, the destroying of the sanctity of marriage, and the leaving of women in their primitive state of self-defense.

The Armenians were ordered at an instant's notice to leave their villages. Right into the midst of the peaceful, peasant daily life came this messenger of destruction and death. Women, one moment quietly washing their clothes at the banks of the little river, the next instant were compelled to leave them in the water and to take to the road, half clad and bare-footed as they were. Often an opportunity was not even given to collect the family; mothers were driven cruelly along, weeping and struggling to get away at the thought of their children left behind. The young Armenian girls wore the Turkish costume, that the veil might serve to protect them from the rude stares of the soldiers. Many carried poison to take in order, if necessary, to save themselves from a more terrible fate; some bore picks and shovels to bury those who fell by the wayside. The sturdy, peasant women stood the journey remarkably well, experiencing all its horrors and discomforts. It was the women of culture and refinement, the young girls who were accustomed to every luxury, that gave out on the way. To these no more mercy was shown than to the others—wealth, birth and social position were all disregarded, and if they were unable to go on, they were simply left to starve.

Conditions differ greatly with different localities. Let us take a typical scene in Warsaw. It is bitter cold and people

are thronging the place where daily rations are distributed by the government; women with small children have been waiting in line as long as five hours, waiting for a meagre portion of ill-prepared food; many have no shoes or stockings and are blue from the cold; some have wrapped their feet in old bags or even newspapers to keep them from freezing; every once in a while the wail of a hungry infant breaks the submissive silence.

The Berlin conditions are very unlike this. Few people take advantage of the bread line. Those who come, probably two or three in fifteen minutes, are warmly dressed and do not seem to be in want. They do not gather around and eat their ration there, in the ravenous manner of the half-starved Warsaw people, but take it home and serve it hot at their own tables.

Women are doing the heavy work of men in the Berlin subway, but conditions are the same there. They seem perfectly capable to do the work they are undertaking. It is anything but a depressing spectacle such as one might expect. They are, without exception, healthy and robust and have on stout, whole garments. The sight is still sufficiently new and unusual to cause a crowd to collect. Berlin people do not like this, and a stolid, old policeman soon comes up and scatters the crowd with "Shame! Shame! Don't stand there looking at women doing such work. Do it yourself if you have time to loiter."

This is one of the most interesting outgrowths of the war—the way women are doing the work of men. They are serving as street car conductors, hotel clerks, waiters, porters, custom officers, ticket sellers, in fact, in almost every position that men formerly occupied. That they are amazingly successful in these new lines of work is testified by every one traveling through the warring countries. A prominent editorial writer, but lately returned from France, says: "As porters, baggage-shifters and workers among the trains women greatly excel men. They work faster and more systematically, and think nothing of taking risks that men would be afraid to take."

Nearly every club and society, every political party, every statesman and most college professors have given to the world a neat parcel of carefully labeled "Causes of the War." It is

amusing to see how many ways there are of accounting for the war. For instance, the Feminists claim that the whole cause of it is man's incompetency to rule. It means that women must come to the front and take the responsibility of governing. Then there will be no wars! Let women have a voice in the government and all will move in peace and concord (discord!) forever more. And thus they settle the question.

The Anti-Feminists claim that the war is for the sole purpose of putting woman back in her proper sphere—to revert mankind once again to primitive conditions. Before the war broke out, woman was most certainly in the foreground. Women's activities filled the newspapers, women's advance in the professions, the arts and the sciences was amazing the world. And woman does not belong out there in the limelight; she belongs at home in the fire light. This war is to bring man once more into his own place—the front—out of which position woman has gradually but surely crowded him. If he can't get back by any other means, if he finds her excelling him in all his own lines, he must needs get out like the primitive cave-man and engage in bloody combat, combat more barbarous and more inhuman than ever conceived of by cave-man himself.

But whatever the cause of the war, however great and horrible its suffering, whatever it may mean to humanity as a whole, let us be glad that women are doing nobly the work they find to do. Let us realize that they are not weakly pining away for the beloved father, brother, or husband, but that they are sacrificing their lives in the service of their country, just as bravely as any man at the front.



**LOUIS XV.**

Eulalia Fournier, '18

Louis XIV. died in 1715 and this date marked the close of one of the most glorious reigns France had ever known. The last words of Louis XIV. to Louis XV. are not only interesting, but also give us an idea of what Louis thought of his own reign.

"You will be a great king, but your happiness will depend upon your submission to God, and the care you take to relieve your people. For this reason you must avoid war as much as possible. It is the ruin of the people. Do not follow the bad example which I have set for you. I have undertaken war too lightly and have continued it from vanity. Do not imitate me but be a pacific prince, and let your chief occupation be to relieve your subjects."

Louis had truly been a great king; after a long reign he had left France unconquered and dictator to almost all Europe. For the acquisition of all this power he had been engaged in numerous wars, which cost the country not only vast sums of money, but also great numbers of lives. Added to the expense of conducting these wars were the amounts of money spent in carrying out Louis' system of diplomacy and in keeping up the pomp and splendor of his court. So at the end of Louis' reign the treasury was almost exhausted, the people were overwhelmed with misery and discontent, and France was on the verge of falling from the great height of power to which she had been raised. All these unfortunate conditions were the inheritance of Louis XV.

Louis XV., the great-grandson of Louis XIV., was born in 1710. His birth is mentioned in Saint-Simon's "Memoirs" as "causing great joy among the court." Little is to be said of the childhood of Louis. He was usually silent, and impressed one as being a very unhappy child. He is said to have been particularly fond of one of his tutors, Fleury, for the simple reason that Fleury never talked much to him and did not urge him to talk.

In the case of Louis XV., France again had the misfortune

of having a child king, as Louis was only five years old when he succeeded his great-grandfather. This, of course, made a regent necessary, and the first regent under Louis was the Duke of Orleans.

Two days after the death of Louis XIV., the Duke of Orleans was declared regent by the French Parliament. He was an intelligent man, liberal in his views; but his frivolous and vicious life made it impossible for him to contribute much toward raising France from her miserable financial and economical condition. Saint-Simon describes his personal appearance and his character at great length. He says:

"M. le Due d' Orleans was, at the most, of mediocre stature, full bodied without being fat; his manner and his deportment were easy and very noble; his face was broad and very agreeable, high in color; his hair black and wig the same. He was gentle, affable, open and of charming access. He had a surprisingly easy flow of words upon all subjects and to hear him you would have thought him a great reader. He was naturally good, humane, compassionate and indeed this man who has been so cruelly accused of the blackest and most inhuman crimes was more opposed to the destruction of others than anyone I have ever known; it may be said that his gentleness, his humanity, his easiness had become his faults."

This estimate of the regent's character is very high and one might think that Saint-Simon did not see his faults. He did see them, however, and he says in speaking of them: "The regent then lost an infinite amount of time in private, in amusements and in debauchery."

The regent was alive to the real needs of France. He wanted to recall the Protestants and suppress the Jesuits, but he could not carry out his plans. In the beginning of his rule he was brought face to face with religious controversy, with the old struggle between Jansenists and Jesuits. He tried to settle the question, but failed.

He was free from the restraints of Louis XIV.'s policy; he recast the government, forming an administration on an aristocratic basis. For this purpose he appointed seven councils, each

composed of ten men chosen usually from among the nobles. These councils were: Finance, Foreign Affairs, War, Navy, Conscience, Commerce and Home Affairs.

This plan might have worked out more successfully had the Regent had the support of Parliament, but such was not the case. During the reign of Louis XIV., Parliament had been greatly suppressed, but at the accession of Louis XV. it immediately reasserted all its powers. There was much quarrelling between the Regent and Parliament, Parliament usually refusing to ratify an edict and the Regent refusing to withdraw it. Saint-Simon speaks of the proceedings as "a nice game of shuttlecock."

One of the most interesting phases of the Regent's rule was the financial. It resembles some of the financial problems of today. It involved speculation in a sort of imaginary company and, finally, complete collapse. Its central figure was John Law. The whole scheme is known as the "Mississippi Bubble."

In 1718, D'Argenson was made president of the Financial Council. John Law, however, was the real manager. Law was a firm and an almost fanatical believer in credit, and he knew the great value of paper money. He attributed the great wealth of England and Holland to national credit, and he saw no reason why France should not have credit. He knew that neither paper money nor credit could exist without guarantee and confidence, but in his great ambition he seemed to overlook these fundamental truths. He was socialistic in his views in that he wished to put the control of finance and commerce into the hands of the government. His first step was to establish a large national bank and then to establish a company for controlling commerce. In 1716 he established a bank, modeled after the Bank of England, and it proved a success. In 1717 he began his famous Mississippi Company, whose object was to gain control of foreign commerce. The company grew rapidly and was later called the "Great India Company." In the meantime Law's bank had become a state bank and was issuing paper money, not realizing that it must be redeemable. In order to increase the use of paper money an edict was passed stating that all paper money was to be redeemable in gold or silver in certain cities where

there were state banks located. The company now agreed to lend the government a huge sum of money at three per cent. to pay off a national debt. This loan was beneficial to the state, but fatal to private speculators. Great speculation followed, the shares selling at ten times their original value; but a reaction soon followed, and in 1721 came the collapse. D'Argenson speaks of the whole affair as "a royal lottery, used to ensnare Frenchmen by impatience and illusion." Saint-Simon says:

"The bubble finally burst in the year 1720. Law, who had no more resources, being obliged secretly to depart from the realm, was sacrificed to the public. \* \* \* Thus terminates all I have to say of Law. But a painful truth remains. I have to speak of the woeful disorder in the finances which his system led to,—disorder which was not fully known until after his departure from France. Then people saw, at last, where all the golden schemes which had flooded upon the popular credulity had borne us;—not to the smiling and fertile shores of Prosperity and Confidence, as may be imagined, but to the bleak rocks and dangerous sands of Ruin and Mistrust where dull clouds obscure the sky, and where there is no protection against the storm."

The Regent died suddenly, in 1723. His rule had been unpopular in France, but it was not wholly without value. It had been free from foreign wars and had shaken the old monarchial system.

At the death of the Duke of Orleans, Fleury, who still had charge of Louis' education, was appointed First Minister. However, from 1723 until 1726 the government was in the hands of the Duke of Bourbon, and Fleury remained in the background. It is said that as soon as the Duke of Bourbon heard of the Regent's death he hastened to the king and demanded his appointment. He was wholly unfit for his position and thought only of his own gains. He was not particularly intelligent and France suffered during his rule. In 1724 he passed a severe edict against the Huguenots. Persecution and emigration followed, but it was much more difficult to enforce religious persecution now than it had been in former years.

The Duke of Bourbon was very much interested in the king's

marriage. He knew that if the king died without an heir the Orleans House would succeed to the throne and the Bourbon control would disappear; for that reason he considered it his duty to arrange for the royal marriage. Finally Marie Leszczynski, daughter of the ex-king of Poland, was chosen to be Queen of France. The marriage took place in 1725. From then on France found that she had to support the claims of the Queen's father in Poland.

In 1726 the Duke of Bourbon was dismissed from office and ordered to retire to Chantilly. He obeyed; thus ended his political career.

Fleury assumed control of affairs in 1726, but he did not assume the title of Prime Minister because Louis said that he would be his own Prime Minister from then on. Fleury was a favorite of the king and was soon made cardinal. Although he was seventy-three years old when he took up his duties, he enjoyed a ministry of seventeen years, which were in general beneficial to France. He was a cautious, economical man and improved the finances and the administration. He was also an advocate of peace; it was only in obedience to circumstances that he declared war with Austria in 1733. This war is known as the War of the Polish Succession and lasted from 1733 until 1735. In this war France supported Stanislaus Leszczynski, Louis' father-in-law, while Austria supported Augustus III. The results of the war were a blow to France; her only gain was the accession of the duchy of Lorraine.

Again in 1740 Cardinal Fleury was forced to break his peace policy and enter the War of the Austrian Succession. Maria Theresa, a young girl, had just ascended the Austrian throne; this seemed to offer a chance for war and conquest. For quite a while Cardinal Fleury refused to enter the war, but, finally, under the influence of the war party, which included almost all the nobles, he was forced to yield. This war involved almost all Europe for about eight years. Frequent attempts were made to obtain peace but not until 1748 did the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle put an end to the war. France then recognized Maria Theresa and withdrew without any gain. Frederick the Great

said of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle: "This pacification resembled rather a truce in which all the parties profited by a moment of repose to seek new alliances in order to be in better condition again to take up arms."

In the meantime changes had been going on with respect to the administration. Cardinal Fleury had died in 1743. In general, his rule had been wise; he had bettered the condition of the people and had sought to maintain peace. His only unwise act had been his participation in the War of the Austrian Succession.

At the Cardinal's death, Louis assumed full control of the government, and from now on we have administrative anarchy. There was no longer a Prime Minister even in name. As soon as the death of the Cardinal was announced to the king he said, "I am now my own Prime Minister." Louis tried to imitate his predecessor by declaring himself head of the government, but he soon grew tired of managing affairs and the country was then left without any head at all.

In order to understand Louis' personal rule, if we may call it that, it is necessary to first understand his character, and his attitude toward the duties of a king. In the first place, he was a weak, frivolous man, spoiled by praise and flattery from all, even from the pulpit. Apathy or indifference seems to have been the keynote to his character. He found no relief in ceremony or in any useful work. The grandeur of the court displeased him, he shunned all his duties, and it is said that from youth to old age he was always bored. His failure to rule well was not all due to lack of intelligence, because he could discuss political questions well; but he was just indifferent—indifferent to everything except his own amusement. Tencin wrote: "Nothing affects him in the council, he appears to be absolutely indifferent. He signs unread whatever is presented to him. One is paralyzed by the little interest the king takes, and by the profound silence he observes." L'Argenson says of him: "The king is gentle, naturally inclined to think right but very lazy in thinking and reflecting; everything that escapes his first glance never comes to him afterwards, even superficially \* \* \* obstinate and haughty as princes are trained to be, his firmness degenerating

into influence." Louis also led a very immoral life, which is severely criticized, even by his own contemporaries. It is not strange then, that with such a man as king, France now declined rapidly.

During the War of the Austrian Succession France had lost no territory, but her commerce had suffered and her navy had been almost annihilated. After the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle all Europe realized that France was no longer a power to be feared. But even if her power on the continent had been declining, her influence in the New World and in India was increasing. All during the reign of Louis XV. French colonial expansion was going on. England also had colonial possessions and even the old rivalry between England and France shifted from the continent to the colonies.

Disputes soon arose as to the boundary lines between the possessions of the two countries. D'Argenson tells of a dispute over the boundary between Canada and New York:

"There is a dispute between ourselves and England touching the boundaries of New York and Canada; we are building a fort on St. John's River which displeases them; their general has orders to prevent it; both sides say that these orders are wise and there is no intention of quarrelling about them."

Conditions gradually grew worse until war was declared between England and France in 1756. This war is called the Seven Years War. In it Prussia sided with England, and Austria with France. It is the most important war during the eighteenth century because it determined whether America and India were to be French or English.

France exerted every effort to maintain her power in the Seven Years War, but, unfortunately, she had a weak king who was entirely unable to meet the occasion. The power in England was then in the hands of the capable William Pitt. One English victory followed another, both on the continent and in the colonies.

The French were finally driven from the Ohio Valley in 1758, after they had been defeated by the English at Fort Duquesne. D'Argenson says:

"The account of the combat at Fort Duquesne is this: it took place July 9. The English conceal their loss, but admit that it was great. Their army was of two thousand men. They think that we lost many also. They blame the Irish troops who, they say, did not do their duty."

The English had also captured Quebec, thereby gaining control of the St. Lawrence. In India, too, they were victorious. The Peace of Paris, in 1763, closed the war. By this peace England gained from France, Canada, territory east of the Mississippi, and reduced the French possessions in India to a few trading posts.

About the time of the Seven Years War, Mme. de Pompadour, who was a great favorite of the king, was acting almost as a Prime Minister in France. It is necessary to mention her as an example of the many favorites who greatly influenced Louis.

About 1750 we again have religious controversy coming into the foreground. This time it was not between Jansenists and Jesuits, but between Jesuits and the French government. The society founded by Layola had greatly changed in character. Its members were no longer poor men, they were now rich and influential. They held positions in most of the courts of Europe; especially in France was their influence at the court felt. Wealth and power to this religious society meant its ruin. During the reign of Louis XIV., they had been very influential, and continued to be so in the early part of the reign of Louis XV. The first blow against the society came in 1753 when the king's confessor died and a man who was not a Jesuit was put in his place. About this same time the ill will of Mme. de Pompadour was also aroused against the society because a Jesuit father had doubted her sincerity of repentance. Events now followed rapidly. In 1757 the attempt of Damiens to assassinate Louis was attributed to Jesuit influence. Evidence does not prove this intrigue, but, nevertheless, general suspicion was aroused. D'Argenson has recorded the attempted assassination:

"Last night at six o'clock in the evening, as the king was getting into his carriage to spend the Epiphany at Trianen, he was struck by the dagger of a wicked assassin, who, they say,

is named Damiens—a man from Artois, who sold stones at Versailles to take out stains. He was instantly arrested. The guard watched badly; one of the valets and a mousquetaire seized him. The king had noticed him in passing and said, ‘There is a drunken man.’ Then the traitor, who was fifteen feet behind the king, rushed quickly on his sacred person and struck him with a dagger between the hip and ribs. There are different accounts of the wound: some say it is not deep, others the reverse. It has been proved, they say, that the blade was not poisoned. It cannot be got out of people’s heads that this attack has been instigated and they attribute it to the Jesuits, on account of their eagerness for the reign of the dauphin, who is wholly on their side.”

Another thing against the Jesuits, as I have said, was their continued attempt to acquire more wealth. These attempts seem to have reached their highest point in the financial enterprise of Father Lavalette. It seems that for some time the society had been carrying on a very profitable trade with the West Indies, and by so doing they had aroused the jealousy of other French merchants. Father Lavalette was the Superior General of this trade and in 1753 he was summoned to Paris to answer a charge for engaging in an enterprise forbidden to those of his calling. He promised to refrain from this business, but it was not long until he broke his promises and began to work on a larger scale than ever. He borrowed huge sums of money and dealt on the money market. Everything went well until his creditors began to press him for money; then when he found that he could not meet their demands he went into bankruptcy. Parliament immediately took up the affair and said that the society should be responsible for all the debts of Father Lavalette. The society said that they would not be responsible for these debts because Father Lavalette had concealed his operations from his superiors. A long trial followed and Parliament passed measures against the society. These measures were usually annulled by the king, and it was not until 1764 that Louis finally signed the decree for the suppression of the Jesuits. By it they were obliged either to live as private citizens or to leave the coun-

try. This suppression was welcomed by many people in France, as the Jesuits had aroused a general hatred.

Since the beginning of Louis' reign he and his ministers had always been having trouble with the Parliament. It seems that the powers of king and Parliament were always overlapping with the result that nothing could be accomplished. The king's right to impose taxes without the Parliament's consent was questioned; also his right to hold a bid of justice. Parliament often refused to agree to edicts suggested by the king and the king for his part often refused to sign measures passed by Parliament, as in the case of the Jesuits. Affairs grew worse, Parliament refusing to perform its legal duties, until, in 1771, the king suppressed not only the Parliament of Paris but also the provincial Parliaments.

In going over Louis' reign I have almost neglected to say anything about his private life and about the personality of the queen. Louis had been married to Marie Leszczynski in 1725. She was seven years older than Louis but was pious, gentle and sympathetic. She was intelligent and had received a good education. Louis at the time of his marriage had been the most beautiful youth in the kingdom. Marie was joyfully received as the queen of France. She loved her husband and the early days of marriage were very happy. Nothing in the life of the young king at that time could have foretold the vice and crime into which he was to sink in later years. But these years of happy married life were soon over. The queen, who was older than her husband and not at all beautiful, is said to have lacked diplomacy. She was prudish and did not try very hard to make herself agreeable to her husband. She did not make her company pleasant and the king grew tired and disgusted. At first he spent his evenings with men, but finally he turned to other women. From then on the weak king sank into the blackest sins and vices. He was fascinated by one mistress after another, women who had great influence over him. The most important of them were Madame de Pompadour and Mme. du Barry. It is unnecessary to go into details on this subject; we wish only to note the light it gives us on the king's character.

The suppression of Parliament in 1771 was about the last

important act in Louis' reign. It now remains for us to look at the condition of France at the end of such an inglorious reign.

The first thing to do would be to study the king himself. Utterly broken down he in a way symbolized his own country. He was now old; still more, he was ridiculous. His people jeered at him, they had lost all respect and affection for him long before; enfeebled in body and mind he was looked upon as a child, and treated as such.

And now let us turn to the court at which this monarch presided. It was out of fashion and it also appeared ridiculous to the people. Versailles no longer commanded admiration. Luxury and debauchery had been its ruination. D'Argenson says: "Oh, the court, the court, the court—in that word lies all evil. The court has become the sole senate of the nation: the commonest valet is senator, the waiting-maids have a share in the government, if not in ordering, at least in hindering law and order, so that by dint of hindering there are no longer laws, orders, or orderers."

The financial condition of the country is almost evident. The treasury had been in poor condition at the accession of Louis XV., and neither the regent nor the king had done anything to better conditions; in fact their poor management had made conditions worse. Added to this was the episode of the "Mississippi Bubble," which had plunged the country into great debt. Then there was also the case of the bankruptcy of Father Lavalette. All these things had drained the treasury, and France was in such a condition that she could not recover herself from the financial strain.

The system of government, too, was at fault. Louis had declared himself the sovereign authority. In him was to rest all legislative power, and, since he was nothing, what could be expected of the government. The result was that it fell into the hands of greedy courtiers and adventurers who had no interest whatever in the state.

The military system which had met with such brilliant successes during the reign of Louis XIV. also was declining. This was proved by France's failure to make any gains what-

ever in the Wars of the Polish and Austrian Succession, and also in the Seven Years War. The troops were no longer eager to fight for their country and were deserting. D'Argenson says: "Desertion increases more and more among our troops, and at the same time recruiting is more difficult; coin is lacking, people say, while the price for enlisting grows higher. They count more than 30,000 men shot for desertion since the peace of 1748." All this shows that France was no longer to be ranked as a great military power.

The condition of the people at the end of Louis' reign could not have been good under the prevailing circumstances. Society was divided into classes and the feeling between these classes was very marked. Most of the public life was intolerable. The peasants were in a miserable condition. Their obligations to their superiors exceeded all justice and reason. They were taxed heavily by the overlords, the church and the king. As a result they did not have enough to live on and were starving and diseased. Among all there was a general discontent.

In 1774, at the age of 64, Louis XV. died of the miserable disease of small-pox. His old age had been unhappy and at his death there was no one to mourn.

I have tried to give the condition of France at the end of Louis' reign. I began with the king himself, then considered the court, the treasury, the system of government, military affairs and finally, the people. It is easy to see that decay and deterioration spell the general state of the country. Everything was demanding reform, and it can well be said that Louis XV., by a very indifferent, inglorious reign, had paved the way for the French Revolution.



**INDUSTRIAL PITTSBURGH—BEGINNINGS AND GROWTH**

Martha E. Taylor, '19

In 1749, Celoron de Bienville, the first white man in this district, to substantiate his claim, nailed to a tree a sheet iron plate bearing the royal fleur-de-lis. What is now known as Pittsburgh was then a beautiful site ruled by a vigorous, old squaw named Aliquippa. Four years later a young officer in the service of the British was sent to make an investigation around Shannopins Town. Although tactful in securing the friendship of Queen Aliquippa, he had, nevertheless, many narrow escapes from the Indians.

No spot in America is richer in historic associations than the Pittsburgh regions. Here Washington began his career; here the first important action of the French and Indian War was fought, at the place then marked as Fort Duquesne; here, where now the blast furnaces and rolling mills are massed most thickly, General Braddock was defeated in 1758.

It was not iron that first doomed Pittsburgh; it was whiskey. After the British had driven out the French, a little handful of Scottish and Irish settlers made a poor living by exchanging liquor for furs. At that time there were only three iron smiths in the village.

The iron-making of Pittsburgh began with a tragedy. A Frenchman and an Englishman built, in partnership, the Alliance Furnace, and for five years made iron. But the Frenchman cared more for his hunt than for the furnace; he forgot his creditors and a crash came to his business career. Before the furnace went out of blast the Frenchman called his hounds around him, flung them, one by one, into the blazing depths, and then sprang headlong after them.

By 1810 Pittsburgh was the busiest town in the Ohio Valley. It was the center of western immigration and trade. Everything and everybody going west from Philadelphia went by way of Pittsburgh. During its seven summer months its unpaved main street was thronged with motley caravans of pioneers. In 1816 the first bar of iron was rolled. In the same year Pittsburgh

was made a city, with a population of seven thousand, under the leadership of Mayor Denney. Its manufacturing business had risen to one million, eight hundred and ninety-six thousand dollars a year; the iron trade was booming, and a few optimists went so far as to prophesy that the day would come when Pittsburgh would not be obliged to import iron from Great Britain at the price of two hundred dollars a ton.

Pittsburgh, of today, is more than a city; it is "the acme of activity and an industrial cyclone." For the steel mills and furnaces there is neither rest nor sleep; the blaze of its lurid fires is as ceaseless as the roar of Niagara. In Pittsburgh, the three half-tamed monsters, fire, steam and electricity, are shackled and goaded into a frenzy of omnipotence.

What radium is among metals, so Pittsburgh is among cities; there is nothing with which it can be compared. As a manifestation of human power over the hostile forces of nature, as a region of industrial magic, Pittsburgh takes first place. No other American city works so hard, with both muscle and brain, to make an honest living. Thirty-seven of the states out of the forty-five have less to show than the region of this one city. In twenty-four hours the toiling Pittsburghers send away five hundred and seventy million pounds of useful commodities, for which they receive about one million, four hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

No map of this changeful district, to be reliable, can be more than five years old; fifty miles up and down its rivers young towns are being created around new industries. In one of these little towns the workmen roll out more than two hundred new steel cars every day, as their contribution to the wealth of the world.

Pittsburgh feels herself to be more than local. From a far, northwestern wilderness comes her ore; her steel rails cross Siberia, connect Alexandria with the Pyramids and link Joppa with Jerusalem; her dynamos light up St. Peters at Rome, the mosques of Constantinople and the pagodas of Peking; in time of war, battleships are protected by her armour plate and pierceed by her shells.

What Pittsburgh has done for American civilization can never be measured. Until Pittsburgh furnished steel for rails and bridges, this was a twenty-mile-an-hour country; cities were little, three-storied communities until it gave sky-scrappers. In fact, in the whole United States of America, there is scarcely a street or even a furnished room which does not contain some article that was made in Pittsburgh.

In Pittsburgh there exists no industrial decay, no lagging, no looking towards the past, no decrease in energy and improvements. Back of its iron and steel business is the irresistible push of two billions of capital.



### THE ROAD FROM HOME

(After the Destruction of Brussels in 1914)

Mary Crawford, '19

I stood aside to let it pass, the great army of exiles, those people turning their backs forever upon their country and their homes. The day was beautiful—a golden October afternoon, a calm, blue sky overhead, with its fleecy, drifting clouds, all peace and loveliness—and it mocked the people of earth.

But the great stream flowed on, unheeding, steadily, without sound save the noise of plodding feet, the creaking of over-taxed wheels, or the scraping of boughs and yellow autumn leaves against some article of household goods heaped high upon a passing vehicle. On and on they surge, here, a mother and son driving their patient cow to an unknown pasture, which, perhaps, they'll never reach; there, a sturdy peasant boy, his baby sister seated upon his shoulder, makes his way, while close upon his heels follows a lean horse dragging a wooden cart laden with all that is left of furnishings of a once happy home; and, trudging alone in the rear, comes a sorry old woman, a bundle on her back, eyes bent upon the dusty road, while the unseen wind plays with the gray hairs that stray from beneath the edge of her tight-fitting cap.

"Oh, the injustice of it all! Why are these people here,

and in such a condition? Why? Why?" was all I could think in my dazed mind. It was another of the mysteries of life that I was trying to solve. But I had my answer from the passing cavaleade. There were no tears, no murmurs of complaint; the faces of all bore the same expression, that of dazed resignation—"Not my will, but Thine, O Lord, be done."

And when I looked again they had passed from sight.

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### BUTTERFLY LIFE

Emily S. Kates, '18

Heigh ho! for the days of summer,  
So careless and gay and free;  
When the birds sing meaningless ballads  
As they flit from tree to tree.

Among the daisies and clover  
The butterflies flutter all day;  
They live and love in the summer,  
And die when the skies turn gray.

Let me live and rove in summer,  
Let me squander the golden hours  
Flitting about in the sunshine;  
Then let me die with the flowers.

Life without flowers is barren,  
Is dreary when no bird sings;  
So let me live in the summer  
And die with the fairy things.

**HOW TO APPLY FOR A POSITION**

School Director—What would you like to teach?

Applicant—Everything; I can teach everything.

D.—What! You say you would like to teach everything?

A.—I—I mean I specialized in Latin—but I know everything.

D.—I see, I see!

A.—I—I mean, I don't mean I know everything, but that I can teach everything.

D.—I don't quite understand—

A.—Oh! I mean I know everything and I can teach everything.

D.—You know everything. That's extraordinary. Sie koennen deutsch sprechen?

A.—Ya, ya! Sehr gut.

D.—Das ist gut. Sie koennen sich im deutschen gar nicht verlieren, koennen Sie?

A.—Was?

D.—Sie koennen sich im deutschen gar nicht verlieren, koennen Sie?

A.—Was, Herr?

D.—I said you couldn't lose yourself in German.

A. Oh! No, I couldn't.

D.—Yes, I see you couldn't.

A.—I—I can teach the grammar. Ich kann it sprachen. I can es sehr gut lehren.

D. Then you apply as teacher of German?

A.—Ya.

D.—But we don't need a German teacher.

A.—What do you need? I can teach it.

D.—I believe you, my dear young lady.

A.—Is it French? I can teach it, too.

D.—No, unfortunately we don't need a French teacher.

A.—Oh, I'm so sorry! Je puis parler français. Do you need a-a chemistry teacher?

D.—Can you teach chemistry?

A. Oh, yes, I have studied chemistry.

D.—For how long, may I ask?

A.—I-I went as far as Group I. I—

D.—Yes, but unfortunately we don't have need of a teacher of chemistry at present.

A.—I'm so sorry. I would love to teach chemistry. I thought you had a vacancy; I must have been misinformed.

D.—No, you're perfectly right. We have a vacancy.

A.—Is it in-in botany? I can teach botany. I just love flowers. Violets are my favorites—I-I mean blood-root and spring beauties.

D.—No, unfortunately it isn't in botany.

A.—Oh, I'm so sorry! But you say you have a vacancy. Is it in—

D.—Yes, we have a vacancy, a vacaney in the Latin department.

A.—Oh!



# THE SOROSIS

## PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

### The Staff

|                             |                            |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| Rebekah L. Crouse, '16..... | Editor-in-Chief            |
| Leora M. Lewis, '16.....    | Business Manager           |
| Estelle Shepard, '17.....   | Literary Editor            |
| Emily S. Kates, '18.....    | College Notes              |
| Louise Reinecke, '17.....   | Assistant Business Manager |

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| Olive Wolfe, '18.....     | Clubs and Lectures   |
| Eva Weston, '19.....      | Exchanges            |
| Marjorie Errett, '19..... | House and Athletics  |

THE SOROSIS is published monthly by the students of the Pennsylvania College for Women.  
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Entered in the postoffice at Pittsburgh, Pa., as second-class matter.

This is the last issue of the Sorosis under the management of the Board of 1915-16. Now, we do not want to make our May number doleful and sad, full of weird, dark-enveloped moanings and groanings, sighings and yearnings over the **SAILING** past, lamentations for the days that are no more, tearful farewells to the ship that embarks never to return. No, we are all alive; the ship is still sailing, and the sky is a heavenly blue with little, white, fleecy clouds floating around in it, and with no Zeppelins in sight; and there are no submarines beneath us—yes, we are perfectly sure of it. We are sailing and we do not care what the barometer read when we left New York. The last number of the Sorosis! Yes, but with no sentimentality attached to the word. It is May, and

next September another number will be issued; under another management, it is true, but we shall be sailing, living, breathing the air of Spring, (although the calendar reads September) and doing something. That is the point, we shall be doing something, too busy to dream of what we have accomplished in the past; we shall be sailing, and to sail is not to drift.

We wish merely to say that we are glad for the success of the past year. We have not realized all our ambitions of last fall, but we have not stood still. We have advanced, we believe; and we thank all those who have helped to make our progress possible. We have appreciated the interest both of the students and of the faculty. The Editor wishes to take this opportunity of expressing to the other members of the staff and to the reporters, her appreciation of their efficient work of the year and of the hearty co-operation which they have given.

One word concerning the future. Next September, when the grass shall still be green, the sky, blue, and it is really May, those of us who shall have embarked for distant harbors, shall be glad to receive wireless messages from over the waves. May they read something like this: "The Sorosis is going fine"; "New contributor, a marvel"; "Large Alumnae department"; "Best issue in the history of the school"; "The merits of school journalism exemplified in the Sorosis, Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa." Yes, we know that we shall be accused of dreaming, not of the past, but of the future. However, is there not some excuse for it; the vision comes first, does it not? And in this case, it is a flesh and blood dream, not impossible of fulfillment.



Let us not forget to honor the old soldiers this year. If you don't march with the school children as you once did, carrying bouquets of flowers to strew on the graves of the dead, yet do something. Get out

**HANG OUT THE STARS AND STRIPES** your flag and hang it up high where the old soldiers can see it as they pass your door, and where you yourself may gaze upon it for a whole day. We don't see the Stars

and Stripes enough. We need to get out our flag and meditate once in a while upon its real significance, upon the true meaning of the old words, freedom, liberty, equality, lest for us and for our nation they become little more than sounding brass.

Yes, even though you may be an advocate of peace, strongly opposed to the national policy of preparedness, get out your flag and hurrah for the soldiers of the sixties. Those men met the need of their country; and in their day it was war that required their services. It may not be the need today, but it was then. So, get out the Stars and Stripes, and as it floats in the breeze in honor of the old soldiers, do not associate it with war, do not think of the horrors of the Rebellion; but, remember that the soldiers in fighting for Old Glory were responding to the need of their land. Yes, from the men of the sixties we can one and all take example; they served their country.

We may all agree with General Sherman that "war is hell," we may advocate enduring insults rather than engaging in war, or we may be ardent militarists, ready to shoot the first man that doesn't look altogether pleasant; but the lesson is one and the same. Serve your country; meet its need. If you desire peace, yet, if war must come, give of yourself as the men of the sixties; and if you are burning to throttle another nation and your country decides that it is either dangerous or un-Christian, why calm down, be willing to serve your country, not as you might choose, but as your services are required.

So, hang out the flag, and let us meditate upon the real nature of patriotism. If ever our country needed the loyalty and true devotion of her people, it is now. Three cheers for the old soldiers!

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#### MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The fifth annual recital of original compositions was given Thursday afternoon, April 27th, with the following program:

"Cradle Song".....Katharine Herschberger  
"The Spell".....Katharine Herschberger

Miss Katharine Herschberger

|                                             |                                |
|---------------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Song—"It Is Not Always May".....            | Florence Farr                  |
|                                             | Miss Margaret Armstrong        |
| Songs—                                      |                                |
| “Lullaby” .....                             | Isabel Becker                  |
| “Song of Awakening”.....                    | Isabel Becker                  |
|                                             | Miss Elfa Norman               |
| Reverie for Organ.....                      | Alice Horrocks                 |
|                                             | Miss Alice Horrocks            |
| Song—"A Maiden's Wish".....                 | Mary Walton                    |
|                                             | Miss Mary Walton               |
| Song—"Birds in the Night".....              | Ruth Seaman                    |
|                                             | Miss Ruth Seaman               |
| Gavotte .....                               | Mary Richards                  |
|                                             | Miss Mary Richards             |
| Songs for Alto—                             |                                |
| “Morning Song”.....                         | Kathryn Robb                   |
| “The Sea Gypsy” (Richard Hovey).....        | Kathryn Robb                   |
|                                             | Miss Kathryn Robb              |
| “Halloween Frolics”.....                    | Elfa Norman                    |
| “The Resurrection”.....                     | Alice Horrocks                 |
|                                             | Mrs. Lillian Frederick Kickley |
| Songs for Soprano—                          |                                |
| “A Chinese Lyric”.....                      | Elfa Norman                    |
| “Oh, Merry, Ah Merry”.....                  | Elfa Norman                    |
|                                             | Miss Elfa Norman               |
| Trio—"Coming of Spring" (Horace Smith)..... | Kathryn Robb                   |
|                                             | Misses Norman, Seaman and Robb |

Mr. Whitmer became organist and director of the Sixth Presbyterian Church, May 1st. An elaborate series of organ recitals and special music services has been arranged.

The motet for solo, chorus, harp, organ, and violin, written by Mr. Whitmer, was presented by the Cecilia choir of the Western Theological Seminary, May 3rd.

**SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL**

Arranged and directed by Vanda E. Kerst

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**Saturday Afternoon and Evening, May 20, 1916**  
**2:30 and 8:00 o'clock**

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|                            |                   |
|----------------------------|-------------------|
| Festival Poet.....         | Melba Martin, '16 |
| Director of Music.....     | T. Carl Whitmer   |
| Director of Chorus.....    | Charles E. Mayhew |
| Director of Dancing.....   | Helen Abbott      |
| Director of Orchestra..... | Carl Bernthalier  |
| Chorus.....                | College Glee Club |

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**Program**

Prelude—Shakespeare's Flowers.

Wood Nymph..... Katharine Wood  
 The Wood Nymph lures the spring flowers from their hiding  
 places by his piping.

"Flower Dance"..... Early English Music  
 "The Flowers of Spring"..... Dilworth Hall Third

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**PART I.**

May Day Revels of English Village Folk on Village Green  
 Song—"Greensleeves"

Crowning of Maid Marian Queen of the May

Song—"It Was a Lover and His Lass" ("As You Like It")

May-pole Dance—"Sellenger's Round," by College Freshmen  
 and First and Second Dilworth Hall.

Morris Dance—"Robinhood"..... Florence Farr

|                                                   |                     |
|---------------------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Maid Marian.....                                  | Margaret Thoburn    |
| The Fool.....                                     | Elinor McEllroy     |
| Friar Tuck.....                                   | Henrietta Shoemaker |
| Little John.....                                  | Lillian Applestein  |
| The Piper.....                                    | Virginia Hooff      |
| Twelve Dancers.....                               | College Freshmen    |
| "Summer Is a-Comin' in" (The Oldest English Song) |                     |

**THE SOROSIS**

- Dance—"Milk Maids".....First Year Dilworth Hall  
     "“Gathering Pease Cods”"  
 Early English Game.....“Thread the Needle”  
     Interlude: “The Hunt”  
 Song—"The Hunt Is Up"  
 Song—"Under the Greenwood Tree" ("As You Like It")
- 

**PART II.**

**May Day Revels at Court of Queen Elizabeth**  
**Court Procession**

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- Queen Elizabeth.....Betty Shipley  
 Shakespeare.....Estelle Shepard  
 Master of the Revels.....Helen Bennett  
 Courtiers, Lords and Ladies.....  
     College Juniors and Fourth Year Dilworth Hall  
 Dance—Pavane.....College Juniors

The Master of the Revels presents the Poet William Shakespeare to the Queen. Shakespeare has prepared the entertainment for Her Majesty. He presents his players in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The play is presented by the College Seniors.

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**A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM****Dramatis Personae**

- Theseus, Duke of Athens.....Martha Gibbons  
 Egeus, father to Hermia.....Grace Woodrow  
 Lysander, betrothed to Hermia.....Kathryn Robb  
 Demetrius, once suitor to Helena—now in love with Hermia  
     .....Mildred Nicholls  
 Philostrate.....Rebekah Crouse  
 Hippolyta, betrothed to Theseus.....Leila Hill  
 Hermia, daughter to Egeus.....Leora Lewis  
 Helena, in love with Demetrius.....Helen Steele

|                                    |                  |
|------------------------------------|------------------|
| Quince, a carpenter.....           | Mary Stratton    |
| Bottom, a weaver.....              | Ethel Bair       |
| Flute, a bellows mender.....       | Frances Boale    |
| Snout, a tinker.....               | Edna Gaw         |
| Snug, a joiner.....                | Dorothy Errett   |
| Starveling, a tailor.....          | Margaret Lee     |
| Oberon, King of the Fairies.....   | Alice Laidlaw    |
| Titania, Queen of the Fairies..... | Melba Martin     |
| Puck or Robin Goodfellow.....      | Gertrude Frame   |
| Peaseblossom.....                  | Alice Greer      |
| Cobweb.....                        | Seba South       |
| Moth.....                          | Alberta Bannerot |
| Mustard Seed.....                  | Rosemarie Geary  |

**Other Fairies**

|                    |                |               |
|--------------------|----------------|---------------|
| Amelia Slater      | Helen Thompson | Lillian Weihe |
| College Sophomores |                |               |

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**Synopsis of Scenes****ACT I.**

Athens. The Palace of Theseus.

**ACT II.**

The Wood at night.

**ACT III.**

The Wood.

**ACT IV.**

Athens. The Palace of Theseus.

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The Play ends with a dance of the Fairies  
followed by the Court Recessional.

## THE SOROSIS

## Y. W. C. A.

Margaret Lee led the Y. W. C. A. meeting on April 5th. "Real Efficiency" was the subject. Kathryn Robb sang a solo.

The meeting of April 12th was led by Martha Temple. The subject was "A Budget of Time."

The Easter meeting on April 19th was led by Helen Pardee. Dr. Fisher gave us a very helpful and inspiring talk. A beautiful Easter solo was rendered by Ruth Seaman.

On April 26th the meeting was led by Janet Hill. Kamala Cornelius gave an interesting talk on the caste system in India.



## COLLEGE NEWS

It was decided at a recent Student Government meeting that the Senior colors shall be given into the keeping of the Sophomores for the incoming Freshman class, at the last chapel service of the college year in the spring. In addition to the color exercises we shall have a "moving-up" day, and celebrate in songs and yells.

The constitution of the Sorosis has been revised and adopted by the student body. The main changes are: the addition to the staff of an associate editor, who shall be appointed by the editor-in-chief, with the approval of the staff; the college notes editor, a member of the Junior class, shall collect and revise all the material from the reporters; the reporters, in addition to the reporting of class news, shall each have charge of a specific department—the Senior reporter of the alumnac notes, the Junior, of exchanges and intercollegiate notes, the Sophomore, of clubs and lectures, the Freshman, of dramatics, and music notes, and the house reporter, of athletics.

The ornithology class attended recently an interesting and instructive lecture at the Wilkinsburg High School. The class

also took an exciting automobile trip to the country, in search of some "rare varieties."

The new college catalogues are published; they may be secured at the office.

The Sorosis desires to extend its sincerest sympathy to Alberta Bannerot in the recent death of her father.

Miss Kerst is assisting in the direction of the Shakespeare Festival to be given at Sewickley. This is to be quite an elaborate celebration, and great success is anticipated.

A summary of the work of the year of our Dramatic Club, and a copy of our Shakespeare Festival were on exhibition at the National Drama League Convention, during the week of April 26th.

The registrations for Woodland Hall for next year are very encouraging.

Up to the present the following elections have taken place: Estelle Shepard, Student Government President; Martha Crandall, Editor-in-Chief of Sorosis; Louise Reinecke, Senior Class President; Jane Errett, Y. W. C. A. President.

At a meeting of the Student Government it was voted to award the purple sailor-ties to those girls earning their college letters in basketball who had previously won the letters. By awarding the college tie to these girls, it became necessary to pass a law forbidding all girls wearing the tie who have not earned it in college athletics. The tie is the sign of "one step higher" in P. C. W. athletics, and no one is entitled to wear it unless she has first won the P. C. W. letters. There are four girls this year entitled to the tie: Louise Kindl, Dorcas Beer, Mary Stratton and Jo Herald; those earning the P. C. W. letters are Jane Errett and Eleanor McEllroy.

On Friday evening, May 26th, Mildred McWilliams and Elfa Norman, graduates of the School of Music, will give a recital in the assembly hall.

Friday evening, June 2nd, the commencement concert will be given in the assembly hall.

The Dilworth Hall alumnae will hold a meeting on Wednesday, June 7th, at 3:00 o'clock.

The Dilworth Hall commencement exercises will be held on Wednesday evening, June 7th. Rev. Dr. John Ewers, of the South Highland Avenue Christian Church, will deliver the commencement address. A reception will follow the exercises.

June 9th will be College Alumnae Day. There will be a meeting of the Alumnae Association at three o'clock, and an alumnae dinner at six.

The Senior graduates of the School of Music—Helen Steele and Kathryn Robb—will give a recital Saturday evening, June 10th.

On Sunday morning, June 11th, the baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Rev. Dr. McEwan, in the Third Presbyterian Church.

College commencement exercises will be held Monday evening, June 12th. Rev. Robert McKenzie, D. D., of New York, will deliver the address. The commencement reception will follow the exercises.

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#### CLASS NOTES

##### Senior Farewell

Half forward turned and half backward,  
We meet almost the parting of the way,  
Soon our Alma Mater leave behind us  
And face the dawning of an untried day.

To you, dear friends, with whom we've spent  
So many hours of busy work and play,  
We say farewell with saddened hearts,  
But with hopes eager for life's fray.

Dr. and Mrs. Acheson entertained the Seniors on May 1st at a delightful tea.

Question—What is a “round about college man”?

A Slam—“I have written to Markleton Sanitarium for an ‘ad’ for the Year Book.”

“Oh, is that an insane asylum?”

---

#### Junior Jokes

Dr. Fisher—“Do you know how large the orchid family is?”

Estelle—“No, I’m not acquainted with the family.”

In Economics Class (speaking of the Workmen’s Compensation Act)—“I read this morning of a doctor to whom a charge has been brought against.”

Stranger, to Official (on way to Junior-Senior dance)—“Will you please direct me to the Pennsylvania College for Women?”

“Certainly, sir. Take a Hamilton car, go to the end of the line, and walk a couple of blocks.”

“Oh! it isn’t that far, is it?”

“You’re right, my young man. I am mistaken. I was thinking of the Old Ladies’ Home.”

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1918

“Have you a little fairy in your home?” The Sophs each have one in their homes. For several weeks now we have been tripping the light fantastic in order to properly carry off the honor of participating in the Senior play—a distinction of which we are proud. (If you have seen any Sophs gazing intently at signboard pictures of Pavlava, we hope you have been charitable in your conclusions, for they probably were merely studying the “arabesque.”)

Three Sophomores have lately become members of the Omega Society—Rachel Alexander, Ellen Crowe and Eulalia Fournier.

In less than a month we shall have reached the half-way point—with only two more rivers to cross! We hate to see our sister class leave, but we do like the feeling of being “upper-class.”

One of our members is a “real sport.” “Jo” Paul spent ten days in Atlantic City recently.

On Friday afternoon, May 5th, Dr. and Mrs. Acheson entertained the Sophomore Class at a delightful tea.

Good-bye, Seniors! Bon voyage!



### The Freshmen

Dr. and Mrs. Acheson entertained the Freshmen Class at a very enjoyable tea, on Tuesday, May 2nd.

We are glad to have Virginia Hoof back with us again.

The Pittsburgh Dispatch tells us that the play given at the Freshman party was a high success. How about it, Miss Bennett and Miss Green?

Helen Ailes and Eva Weston are house girls now.

Have you noticed the Freshman tree lately? It will make a wonderful background for our Morris Dance. Be sure and get some rose-colored handkerchiefs to wave. (Beware of yellow ones.)

Miss Green’s party was one of the hits of the season. Reading, exhibition dancing, portrait exhibit, and who said pink lemonade!!

**HOUSE**

Virginia is back with us after an absence of ten weeks.

Bonnie Taylor's father made her a short visit on Monday, April 24th.

On Sunday evening, April 9th, Mr. George Duff, assistant minister of the East Liberty Presbyterian Church, gave a delightful talk at Vespers.

Mr. Gabriel Carroll, of the Calvary Episcopal Church, spoke in Vespers on Sunday, April 16th.

Judge Buffington, of the United States Court of Appeals, gave a very beautiful and touching talk on the Easter Story, on Sunday, April 23rd.

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**INTERCOLLEGiate NEWS**

Bryn Mawr College has sent out announcements of the seventeen resident fellowships and twenty-one graduate scholarships offered by that institution. Candidates for fellowships must have completed at least one year of graduate work after obtaining their first degree.

Rev. Mr. W. Charles Wallace, pastor of the First U. P. Church of Braddock, has accepted the presidency of Westminster College.

Every member of the graduating class of Princeton University has agreed to take out an insurance policy at commencement time, in favor of the University. It is hoped that by making this an annual custom \$60,000 can be raised during the next twenty-five years.

Harvard University authorities have been notified by the War Department that rifles have been shipped for the newly-formed regiment of the Undergraduates of that university.

**THE SOROSIS****EXCHANGES**

There have been so many unusual short stories in our exchanges this month, that it is hard to chose the best. "Some Day," in the Washington-Jeffersonian, is a pretty love story of the present war. "The Wooden Bayonet" is well out of the ordinary, and the writer need have no qualms as to taking the personal property of Mr. Kipling. In the Mount Holyoke, "A Novel Method" gives us the story of the trials and triumphs of a rich girl who goes to Mount Holyoke with a bank account of only one hundred and fifty dollars a year. Besides being a good, all-round story, it brings us a picture of life at Mount Holyoke. Many and varied are the attempts to portray childhood; about the best story that has reached us is "The Pretender," in The Pharetra."

The Sorosis acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges: Mount Yolyoke, Cornell Era, Washington-Jeffersonian, Allegheny Literary Monthly, Pharetra, Echo, Spectroscope, Holcar, Searchlight and Pitt Weekly.

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the most pleasant vacation, and trusts that  
among the summer pleasures will be  
included many visits to

## THE REGENT



Student tickets will be  
accepted during the Summer and new ones  
will be issued at the opening of the fall term

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"REYMERS' MESSENGER

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